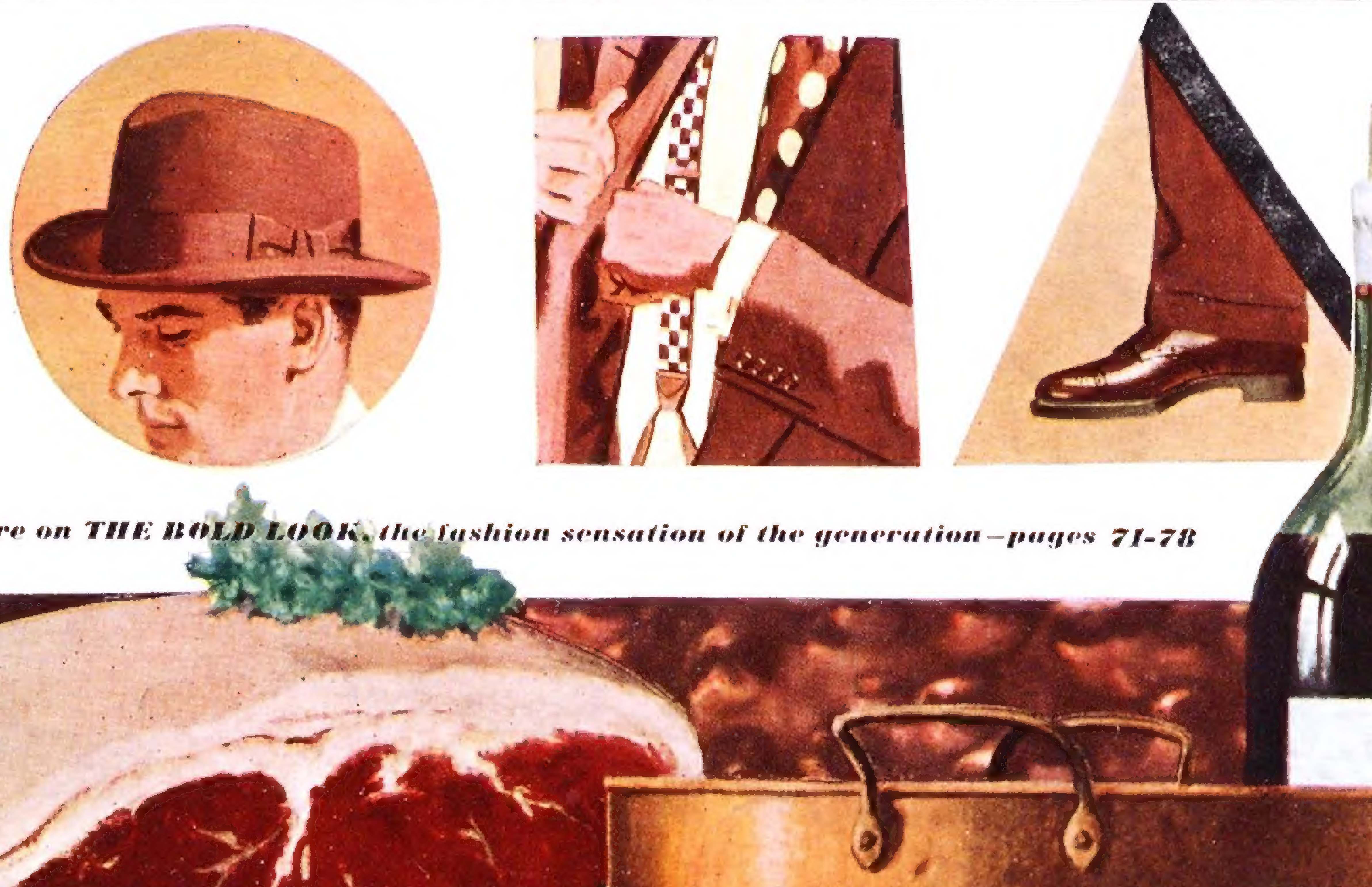
NOVEMBER, 1948
PRICE 50c
CANADA 35c

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Esquire's Thanksgiving Dish—page 61

"Cloak Across the Blood"—Murder, sex, wit, and ?—page 68

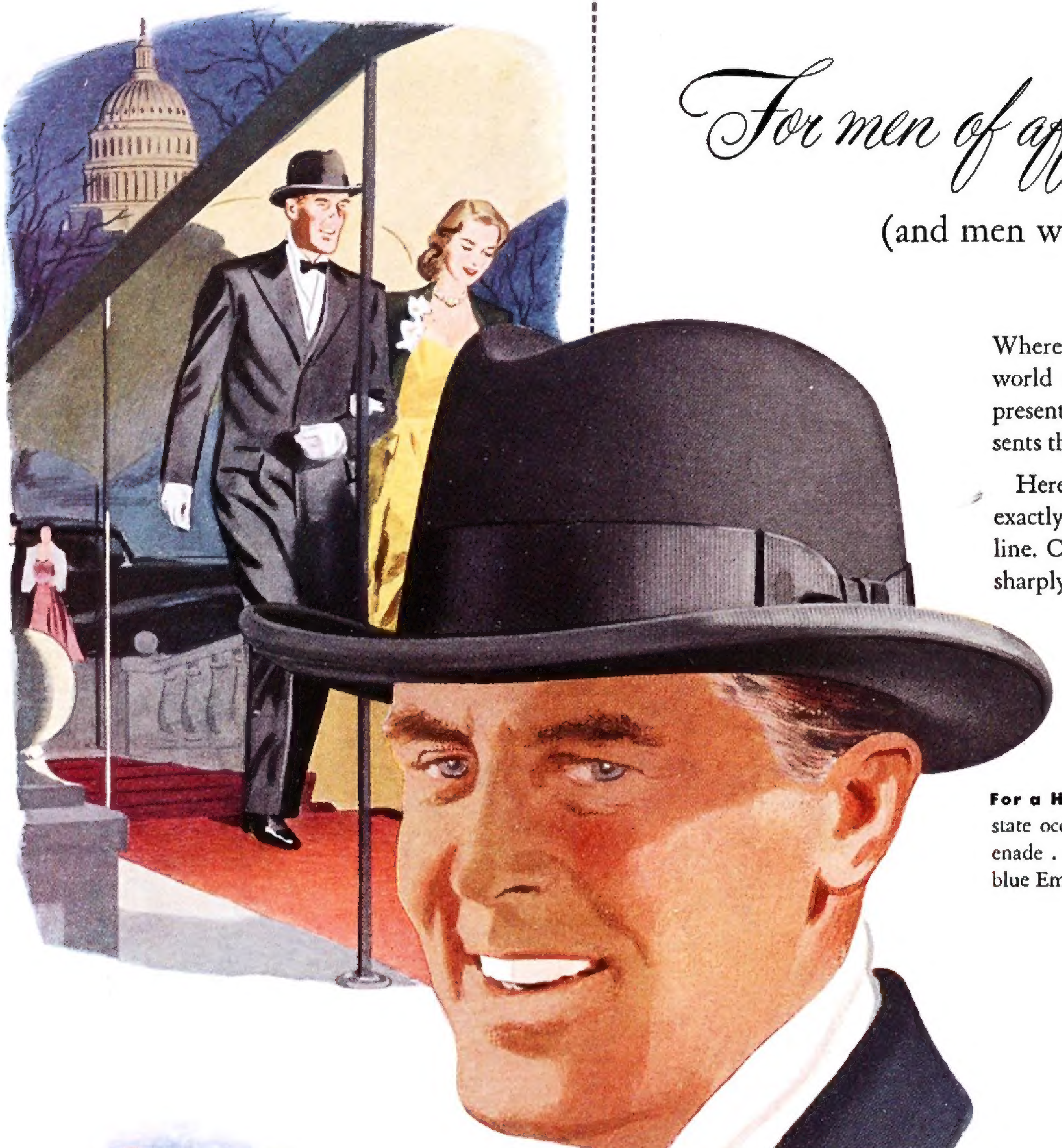


More on THE BOLD LOOK, the fashion sensation of the generation—pages 71-78

SPECIAL 12-page
"Chef's Guide For Hosts"

For men of affairs...

(and men who want to be)



Wherever your scene shifts — 'round the world or 'round the town—your Homburg presents your credentials. And Dobbs presents the peer of Homburgs . . . the Embassy.

Here is precision in a hat. Brim width is exactly right. Brim curls in a clean, classic line. Crown tapers not too broadly, not too sharply . . . but shows the true Dobbs touch.

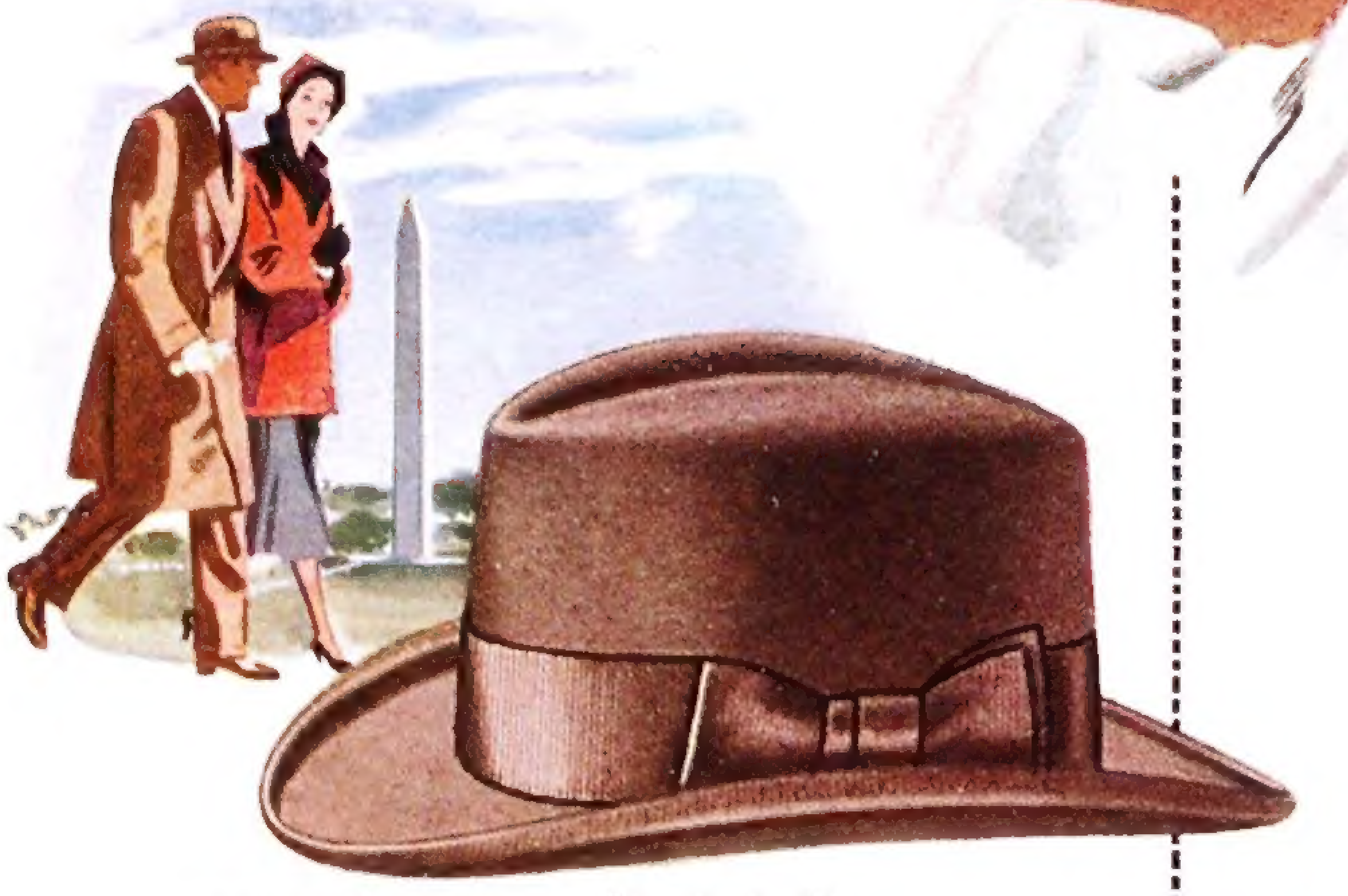
For a Homburg that measures up to state occasion or Park Avenue promenade . . . step out under a black or blue Embassy!

It's the

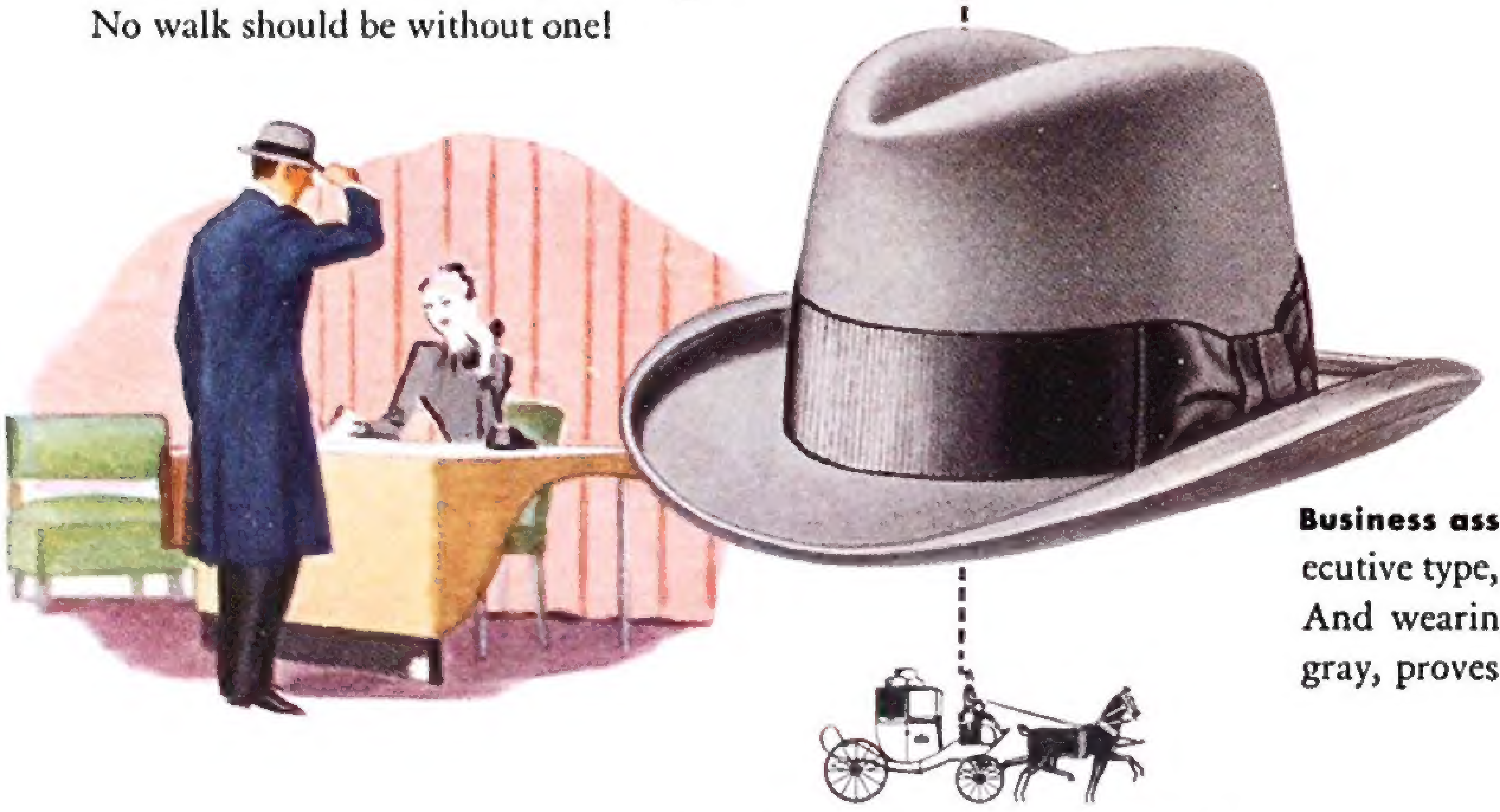
DOBBS

Embassy

$12.50, $16.50 and $20.



Promenade partner—Here's the Embassy in town brown, for city strolling. No walk should be without one!



Business associate—If you're the executive type, you're the Homburg type. And wearing the Dobbs Embassy, in gray, proves it!

Other Dobbs Hats $8.50 to $40.00

Available at the finer stores

DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

FREE

AND ALSO

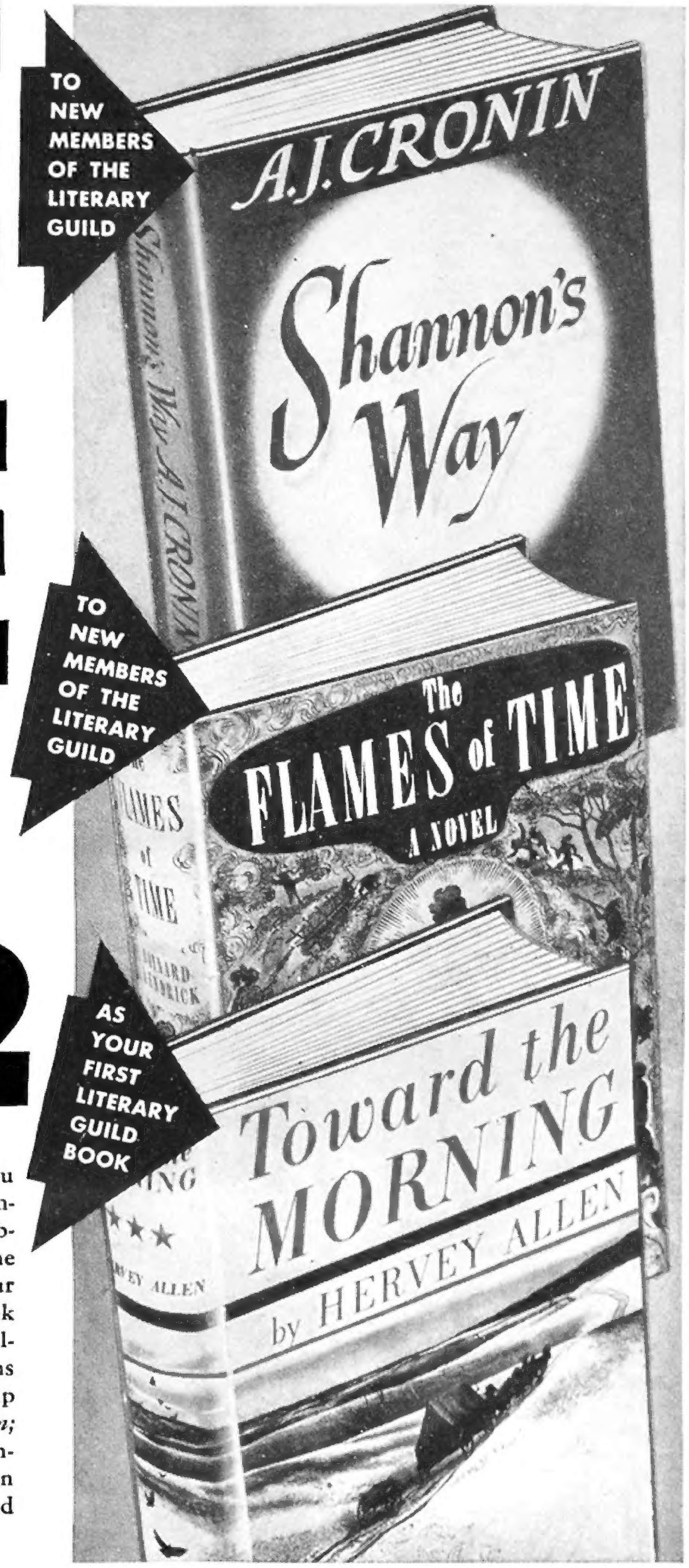
FREE

Yes, you may have these TWO new best-selling novels FREE with membership in the Literary Guild! You would have to pay SIX DOLLARS for them in the publishers' editions, but on this offer they will come to you free! Furthermore, you get a copy of Hervey Allen's superb "Toward the Morning" as your *first Guild selection* for

ONLY $2

WHY WE MAKE THIS UNUSUAL OFFER

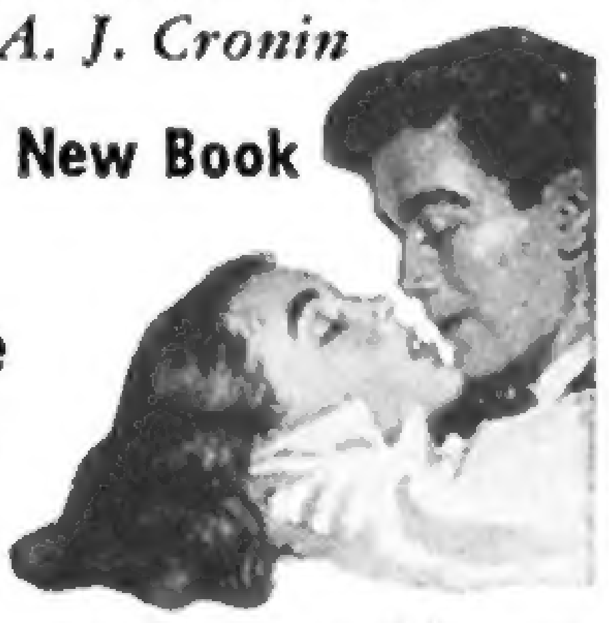
Here is an offer no book-lover can afford to miss! You get TWO new $3.00 best-selling novels FREE with membership in the Literary Guild—and you start your subscription with another new $3.00 best-seller at the Guild's special price of only $2.00! Furthermore, your first Guild selection counts towards a FREE Bonus Book—one of the beautifully-printed, handsomely-bound volumes which members receive with each four selections they purchase. Read, below, how Guild membership brings you *the books you want when you want them;* read about the *convenience, economy* and other advantages of joining the world's largest book club. Then mail the coupon—without money—to join the Club and get your *TWO free books!*


TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD
A.J. CRONIN
Shannon's Way
Shannon's Way A.J. CRONIN
TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD
The FLAMES of TIME
A NOVEL
AS YOUR FIRST LITERARY GUILD BOOK
Toward the MORNING
by HERVEY ALLEN

SHANNON'S WAY

By A. J. Cronin

The Powerful New Book That Asks: "Can Love and Duty Mix?"



She was only a student—and he was Dr. Shannon, the research scientist! She wanted marriage and family; he was hopelessly lost in his work. *What happened when they fell in love?* Here is the long-awaited book by the beloved author of "The Citadel"! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

THE FLAMES OF TIME

By Baynard Kendrick

A Story of Love and Violence In a Tropical Paradise!

You'll thrill to glorious adventure as you follow the fortunes of this tall young intriguer who stole the fabulous Florida territory for his adopted country, yet could not tame the fiery forest girl who laughed at him! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

TOWARD THE MORNING

By Hervey Allen

The Magnificent New Novel by the Author of "Anthony Adverse"

Over a decade has passed since "Anthony Adverse" burst upon the literary world, and no real book-lover will miss this new novel! It tells the story of a boy grown to manhood with the Indians and forgotten by his own people—until a beautiful girl brought him out of the wilderness to teach him the ways of women! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

HOW GUILD MEMBERSHIP SAVES YOU UP TO 50% ON NEW BOOKS

You may have decided long ago to join the Literary Guild, but forgot or just "put it off." Well, here is an offer which we believe will induce you to act *now!* Just mail the coupon—and with your Guild membership you will receive the three new best-sellers shown above—retail value $9.00—for only $2.00.

Then, each month during the year, you will receive without charge a copy of "Wings"—the Guild's attractive, informative book review magazine which describes the current Literary Guild selection. It is not necessary for you to accept a Guild book every month. If you do not want the current Guild selection, you may return the special form provided and specify any one of the *alternate* books offered thereon, or simply indicate that you do not wish to receive *any* book at all that month.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase four Guild selections, or alternates, within a year. There are no dues or membership fees except for the books you decide to purchase, and you pay *only $2.00* each for Guild books (plus a few cents for delivery) instead of the retail prices of $2.75 to $3.50 for the publishers' editions.

Bonus Books Free to Members

As a Guild member you will also receive a free Bonus Book for each four Guild books you purchase—yes, even if you accept only *four* Guild books in a whole year! If you decide to continue as a member you can obtain an additional Bonus Book free with each four Guild selections, or alternates, you accept thereafter.

As stated above, it is not necessary for you to purchase a Guild book every month. Each month the decision is up to you—but the amazing record of acceptance of Guild selections during the past twenty years *guarantees* that you will always receive a new best-seller—a thrilling, entertaining, *worthwhile* story every time you choose to receive a Literary Guild selection. No wonder the Literary Guild Book Club is the largest in the world, with more than a million members!

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Including the free Bonus Books, Guild membership saves you up to 50% of your book dollars—and you get the *new books you don't want to miss!* Why not join NOW while you can get the TWO sensational best-sellers described above, FREE with your membership—plus your copy of Hervey Allen's "Toward the Morning" as your first Guild selection for only $2.00!

Despite increasing prices, we guarantee NO increase in the price to you of Guild books for a full year. This offer may be withdrawn at any time. Mail the coupon *now!*

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, New York

Mail This Coupon

BOTH FREE — **Shannon's Way and The Flames of Time**

WITH MEMBERSHIP

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 11EM, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once the TWO BOOKS listed above as my Membership Gift books and enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild, beginning with "Toward the Morning" as my first Guild selection. Send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only $2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher price of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I am entitled to a Bonus Book without charge.

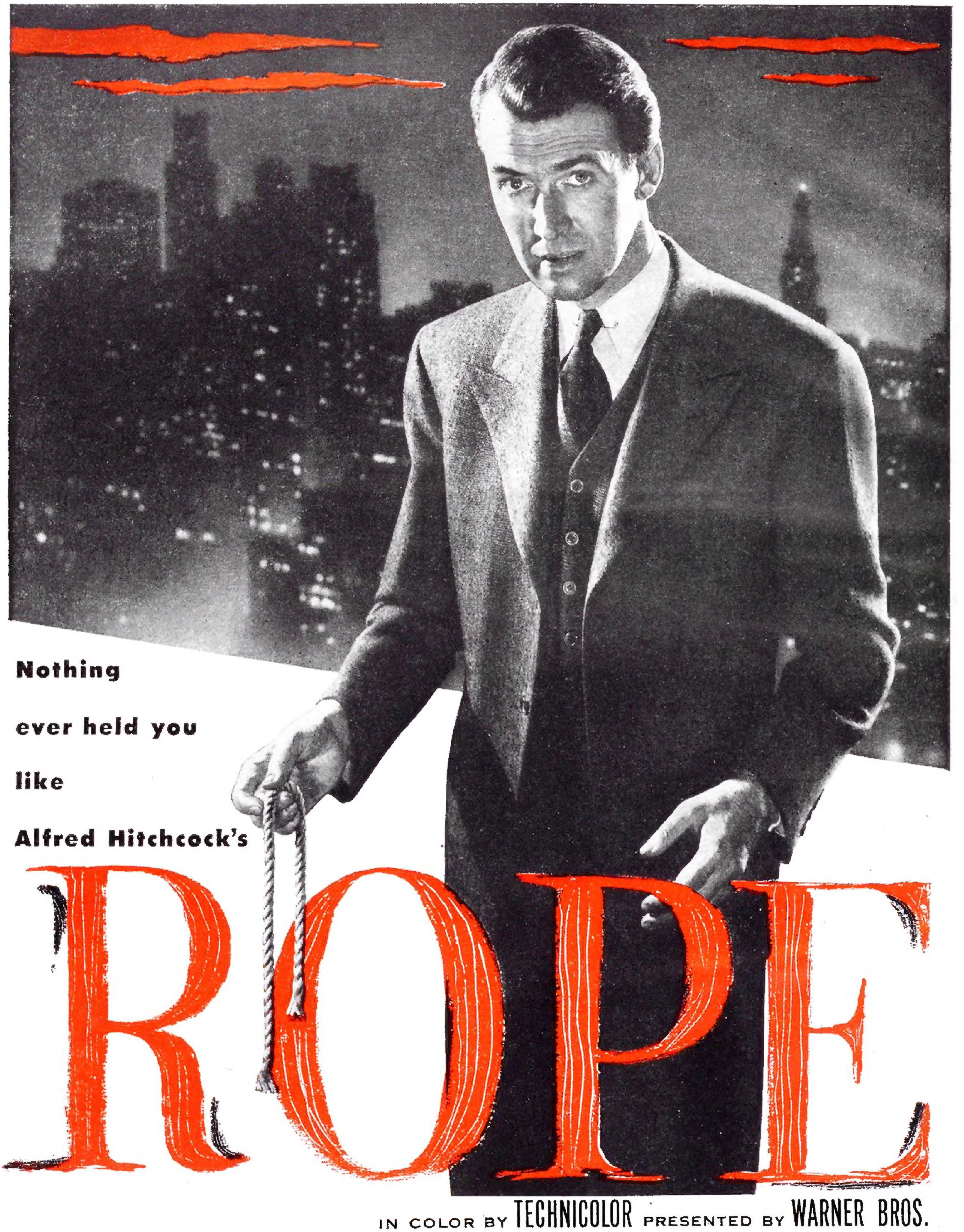
Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No. ....

City .... Zone .... State ....

Occupation .... Age, if under 21 ....

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.



Nothing

ever held you

like

Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

WB

STARRING JAMES STEWART WITH JOHN DALL FARLEY GRANGER SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE CONSTANCE COLLIER AND JOAN CHANDLER

Screen Play by Arthur Laurents • From the Play by Patrick Hamilton • Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION

Coming in December

Gifts! . . .
The December Esquire, by tradition, is beautiful, bountiful and literally bursting with all the good things of the season. And one of its classic leading features has always been the glamorous Gift Guide—eight pages in color photography of the smartest and most unusual gifts for men and women that have ever been gathered into one spot for leisurely inspection and decision. As usual the whole issue is laden like a Christmas tree with the suggestions and prize packages of the nation's most enterprising and exclusive advertisers. It is no secret that Esquire's advertising makes enjoyable reading in itself. Even our best fiction writers admit it. The show alone is worth the price of admission.

Entertainment! . . .
The Christmas issue is also, by tradition, one of the most stunning packages ever published for holiday-loving Americans. This year's is a prize you'll want to keep for many a year. Too beautiful, too much in it, you'll admit, for just a single reading or two. It'll take many sessions, lightened by Lucius Beebe's suave comments on Manhattan's Christmas traditions, the irresistible satire of F. Hugh Herbert, the rising arc of Budd Schulberg as one of America's brightest storytellers, the thousand and one flickering facets of humor and punch and surprise and delight that are always Christmas in Esquire.

Features! . . .
Yousuf Karsh, photographer of the world's great, opens a series entitled "*Faces of Achievement*" with an unforgettable portrait of Albert Einstein.

The traditional Esquire Gatefold brings you the gift of an Al Moore Esquire Girl, *Red and Green*, and John Sharp's lovely and serene painting of Christmas morning at Solebury Meeting House.

Kodachrome sequences of *Christmas in New York*, of *Hickory Heaven*, cartoon splashes as thick as raisins in plum pudding, glamour toys for tycoons whose sons won't give up their toy trains: these are a bit of the icing on the December chef d'oeuvre.

SPECIAL!
A New Esquire Bedside Mystery . . .

Another great Henry Kane whodunit, as Peter Chambers, private eye, sticks out his own in *Hang By Your Neck*, and has trouble with rope, women, tough guys and his own conscience. Another Kane-break for readers who want the best in mysteries, by Esquire's own specialist in murder and mayhem.

DAVID A. SMART
Chairman of the Board

ALFRED SMART
President

G. T. SWEETSER
Publisher

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM
Managing Editor

GEORGE SAMERJAN
Art Director

OSCAR E. SCHOEFFLER . . . . . *Fashion Editor*
S. S. FIELD . . . . . *Features Editor*
GUS BERKES . . . . . *Production Director*
A. L. BLINDER . . . . . *Circulation Director*
JOHN SMART . . . . . *Business Manager*

Associate Editors:
DONALD BERWICK . . . . . C. H. McBRIDE
G. E. PFLEEGER . . . . . HENRY W. PLATT
H. A. RICHARDS . . . . . GEORGE WISWELL

EDMUND BURKE . . . . . *Editorial Associate*

JESS W. SWEETSER
Advertising Director

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1948 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fiction articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for November, 1948 Vol. XXX. No. 5 Whole No. 180

articles

PAGE
THE CASE FOR THE UNWED FATHER . . . . . J. B. Rice, M. D. 47
HOW TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY . . . . . H. S. Rummell 63
CHINA'S CAPTAIN KIT . . . . . Robert Shaplen 80
MICHIGAN'S SHERLOCK HOLMES . . . . . Karl Detzer 83
TIME OF YOUR WIFE . . . . . Herb Graffis 121

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 42
Fashions: THE BOLD LOOK "Go-With" . . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 71
Discs: THE WAXWORKS . . . . . Herbert Kubly 138

fiction

THE KEEPER OF THE KEY . . . . . A. B. Guthrie, Jr. 49
A HEART CONDITION . . . . . William L. Gresham 54
AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THIEVES . . . . . Timothy Fuller 58
THE NOVEL OF MR. AURACH . . . . . Joseph E. Shaner 79
EDGAR AT THE GATE . . . . . R. I. Berrens 102

bedside murder mystery

CLOAK ACROSS THE BLOOD . . . . . James West 68

personality

HOTTEST THING IN SHOW BUSINESS . . . . . Lee Rogow 66

sports

THE LARGE MR. LITTLE . . . . . Arthur Daley 51
TONY ZALE: WORKING MAN . . . . . Jimmy Cannon 56
AT THE CRACK OF DAWN 84
WHO'S TO BLAME FOR BOXING DEATHS? . . . . . Georg Mann 86

pictorial features

"I GET YOUR POINT, SIR" . . . . . Kodachrome from I. N. P. 48
HOMESTRETCH . . . . . Kodachrome by Peskin Bros. 52
AH, SWEET MYSTERY . . . . . Kodamontage by Gleb Derujinsky 55
TWO ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE . . . . . Painting by John Cullen Murphy 59
THANKSGIVING DISH . . . . . Painting by Al Moore 61
WHY TELEVISION WON'T REPLACE THE MOVIES . . . . . Drawings by Sam Cobean 67
JEROME ROBBINS, ESQ. . . . . . Photograph by Eileen Darby 66
AT THE CRACK OF DAWN . . . . . Kodachrome by Ted Koepper 84
ROMANCE—VINTAGE STYLE . . . . . Kodachromes by Marjory Collins 100

wearables

THE BOLD LOOK "Go-With" 71
FIT TO BE TIED . . . IN A WINDSOR KNOT! 73
THIS BOLD LOOK JEWELRY KNOWS THE ROPES 74
THE NEW BOLD LOOK SWEATER WITH KEYSTONE NECK . Kodachromes by Esquire Studios 76
THIS IS YOUR BOLD LOOK IN LEATHER — PIGSKIN 77
KNIGHT-OF NIGHTS . . . . . Drawing by Martin Burniston 78

the Esquire chef's guide for hosts

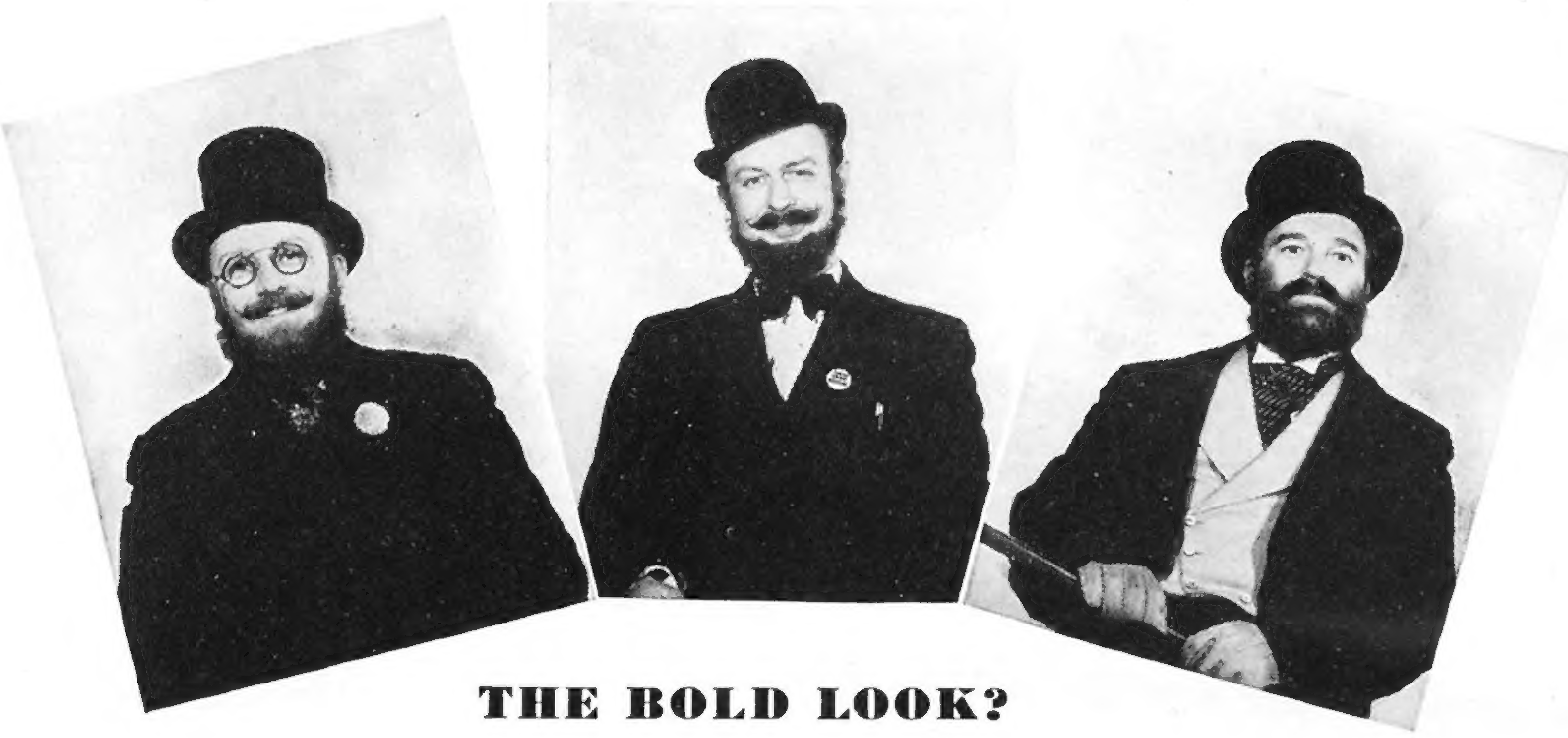
OF VIRILE VICTUALS AND VIANDS 88
THE CHEF'S CULINARY GUIDE 90
COOKING OUTDOORS 92
THE WHAT AND WHEN GOURMET'S GUIDE 94
GOURMET'S GAME BOARD 96
THE ESQUIRE HERB DIRECTORY 98

ADVERTISERS' INDEX 187

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Circ., Bus., Prod. Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933 under Act of March 3, 1879. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts, drawings and cartoons should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing their addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

T. M. REG.

Editorial: Of Rice and Men



THE BOLD LOOK?

Men everywhere will face the east and salute Dr. Rice for his *The Case for the Unwed Father* which appears in this issue. Too many pictures of too many good-looking guys have been turned to the wall, it seems, without just cause, and we're glad that someone so witty and so wise has finally appeared for the defense.

In other fields, the men are also doing nicely, thanks. We couldn't resist showing you the radiant faces and luxuriant undergrowth sported by the principals of our favorite society, Whiskers Universal, Inc. These virile characters (billed on their letterhead as the Sponsors of World Beard Championship) wrote a letter from Vicksburg, Michigan, which brightened the morning for all of us in these effete Eastern offices. Penned in a strong hand with plenty of weight on the downstroke, it reads as follows:

> Dear Sir:
>
> We were most pleased to note your editorial—The BOLD LOOK. We feel that we have something to add to the BOLD LOOK. What with long skirts and now button shoes coming back, it is timely and not unappropriate that mustaches, sideburns and whiskers should hit the fashion road again. We are meeting considerable success in promoting whisker growing and we certainly feel it contributes to the BOLD LOOK—the Male Look—the so-called New Look.
>
> Here's to the BOLD LOOK and more whiskers!
>
> Sincerely,
> Leo. B. Rasmussen, President

Dr. Rasmussen is the guy with the genteel glasses in the photographs on this page. In the middle is Mr. Newkirk, First Vice-president of the august corporation; on the right, Mr. Moore, last year's champ in the six-months-or-less class. And a finer spread we never ran in this magazine.

* * *

Mr. Leland Stowe, the distinguished author of our lead piece in September, *What's Wrong with Our Women?* is, for all we know, currently raising a crop of whiskers fit to compete with Champion Moore, and also to serve as a disguise and a protection from face-scratching, horsewhipping, or worse, by legions of outraged females. We thought that he presented his case with good-natured point, scoring at ease, but without overflowing vitriol. Some of the responses aren't quite in the same vein. We have lived since September, to tell the truth, in a welter of screeches, speeches, and rebuttals which rush in over the phone, in the mails, and sometimes in the form of a spinster breathing fire down our very necks. We note with regret, and a certain sorrow, that at this time of writing no one has come anywhere near giving Mr. Stowe any kind of competition, and that for the most part indignation has been the fuel of these rebuttals rather than any of the more even-burning combustibles.

At the moment, then, Mr. Stowe stands embattled, but still serene.

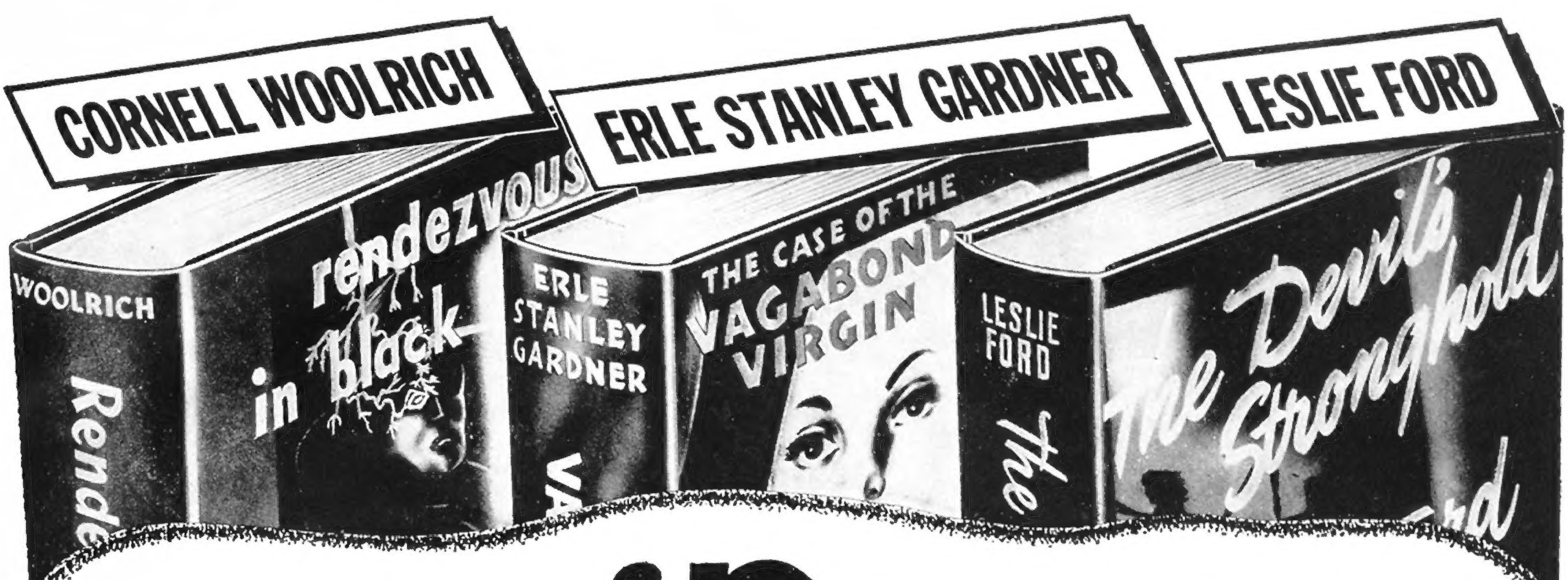
* * *

In this issue, we draw the reader away from his private bar—where he has been mixing one drink after another, with loud cheers at each result, ever since the Esquire *Liquor Intelligencer* in August—and put skillet and carving knife in his hand for the Esquire *Chef's Guide for Hosts*. After cocktails, you have to feed them (or preferably her, alone) and it just won't do to scramble up a few eggs or open another can of beans, after you've escaped with this simplicity theme just once. So to the rescue, lads, starting on page 87.

To tell you something we shouldn't, we missed a bet while doing the October issue by not holding over one of the ducks we shot for the hunting section. They were eaten in high style by a group of the editors, in solemn conclave in a joint on 46th Street, and not until the last feather had disappeared down the gullet of an associate editor did we realize that we needed the bird for the November issue, too. After drawing lots with a few wishbones, we dispatched the loser on a duck-hunting expedition, and just to make it tougher, he was requested to bring home a couple of rainbow trout, too, to fry in a pan in four colors. After roaming the wilds for a few days with gun and rod and bagging little more than a severe case of poison ivy, he retreated to the big woods around the Fulton Fish Market and Washington Market, and cast about for his fish and fowl. Even there, with an expense account bolstered to take in the higher cost of food shopping, he was hard put to find the niche where fresh duck and fresh trout await the eight million New Yorkers who think of them mostly as something on a menu, with a slice of lemon on the plate. Well, our man bagged his game, all right, and what's more, cooked it himself (those are his hands holding the frying pan on page 93, hands grown horny and calloused, like a woodsman's from slipping change to doormen and taxi drivers). He even boned the trout, a delicate operation comparable to fine surgery, and we ate the fish with all the indelicacy of an urchin popping peanuts into his mouth. It was very good, and very fresh. Straight from the Pocono streams, the man in the fish market said.

* * *

Speaking of men, Jimmy Cannon does it in his piece on Tony Zale in this issue. Tony, says Jimmy, who should know, is the kind of a guy who is a champion even when he loses, and maybe the fight game needs a few more like that. This is a great piece—almost a classic—on a great fighter. Skip the fights tonight on your television and read about Zale: Cannon has a punch in every line. ⧺



Free! 3 BRAND-NEW MYSTERY NOVELS!

TO NEW MEMBERS

IMAGINE! Yours FREE—THREE new, exciting mystery novels by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, LESLIE FORD, and CORNELL WOOLRICH! These are their *very latest books,* complete and unabridged —three baffling classics of crime by three great masters of mystery! *Each* is selling right now at $2.50 or $2.00. But you can get all 3 FREE—as a membership gift from the Detective Book Club!

1

The Newest Chiller by

CORNELL WOOLRICH
RENDEZVOUS IN BLACK

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, STRICKLAND?

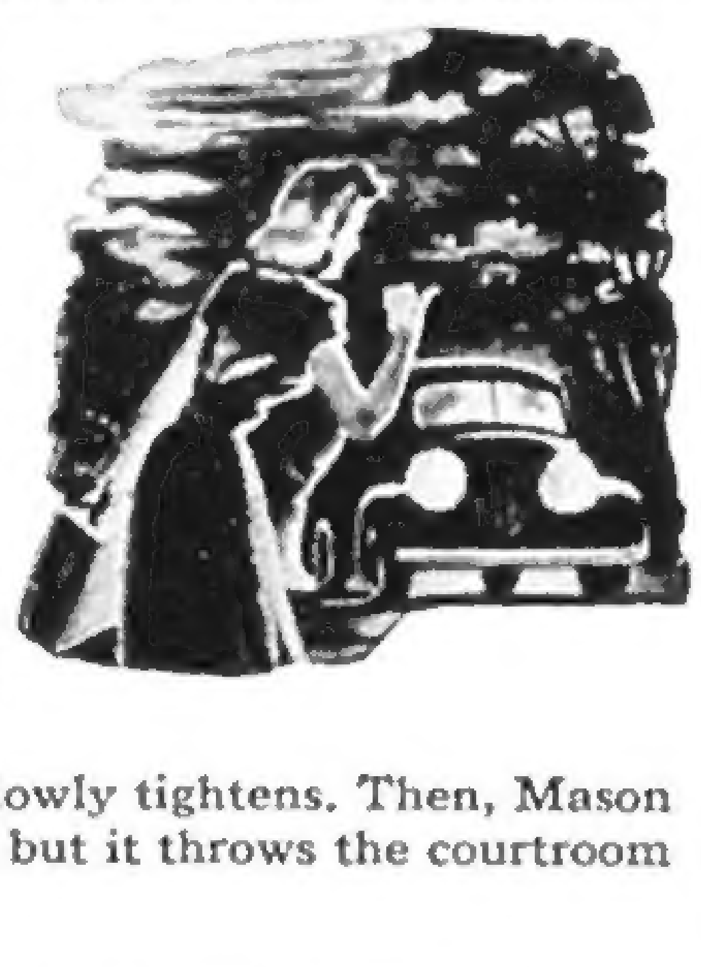
THE only time that appealed to *this* killer was May 31st!

The *time* was always the same. Only the *method* was different. In 1941, it was "Death By Lockjaw." In 1942, Victim #2 was strangled. In 1943, the word "Shooting" appeared on *two* death certificates. In 1944, the victim was left unguarded—and became #5!

Now — again on May 31 — Inspector Cameron was about to keep *his* long-delayed rendezvous with the killer!

2

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S
NEWEST *Perry Mason* MYSTERY
THE CASE OF THE VAGABOND VIRGIN



SUPPOSE YOU gave Veronica Dale a hitch. Then you helped her find a room and—feeling like a dutiful Boy Scout — went merrily on your way.

When Veronica is arrested for vagrancy you hire Perry Mason to clear her. But soon you're in another jam—blackmail.

Next, you're facing the D.A. and *Veronica Dale* is his chief witness. This time the charge is Murder! And the gun is traced to YOU!

The D.A. bears down; the noose slowly tightens. Then, Mason asks Veronica one little question . . . but it throws the courtroom into an uproar!

3

The Newest Puzzler by

LESLIE FORD
THE DEVIL'S STRONGHOLD

YOU hear that your son is going berserk over the worst female in Hollywood. You rush out there.

You get a note: "GO HOME. WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY!" Then a girl walks into your room. Ten minutes later she is found murdered! *You were the last person seen with her!*

Colonel Primrose, detective, works fast —but not fast enough to stop ANOTHER MURDER! Yet his solution leaves everybody gasping — including police and KILLER!

Imagine! ALL 3 BOOKS FREE! Full-Size Publishers' Editions. A $7⁰⁰ Value

WHY DOES THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB MAKE THIS UNUSUAL OFFER?

THESE three top-flight, full-length mystery novels are the VERY LATEST books by three great mystery "aces"—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, LESLIE FORD, and CORNELL WOOLRICH. These books are selling right now for a total price of $7.00—but you may have them ALL FREE, as a membership gift from the Detective Book Club!

Here is action, danger, daring—stories that keep you in suspense from the word *go.* Split-second situations that bring you "that feeling" in the pit of your stomach. Murderous plotters and diabolically shrewd criminals for you to trap *with* the authors—or *ahead* of them, if you can!

Good books? Good authors? They just don't come any better. And now you can have them FREE — yes, all THREE of them, mind you—as a membership gift from the Detective Book Club. We make this astounding offer to introduce you to the many advantages of the Club.

How This Club Brings You The Best NEW Mysteries

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner, Leslie Ford, Agatha Christie, Cornell Woolrich, Ellery Queen, Mignon G. Eberhart, or Carter Dickson is *sure* to be good. ALL OF THESE, and many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves.

Club selections are ALL newly published books. As a member, you get three of them in one handsome volume (a $6.00 to $7.50 value) for only $1.89. You do not have to take a volume every month to maintain your Club standing; you may take as few as four each year, and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you buy.

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest brand-new detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly triple-volume selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) Your volumes are so well printed and bound that they will grow into an attractive lifetime library of detective masterpieces.

Mail Coupon NOW For Your 3 Free Books

Accept your FREE copies of these three top-flight mysteries NOW! Here are the rules: You are not obligated to take every month's three-in-one selection. A description of the next month's selections will be sent to you with each month's triple-volume, and you may reject in advance any volume not wanted. You may cancel membership whenever you wish; to maintain your Club standing, you may take as few as four triple-volumes each year you are a member.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon promptly and receive your THREE membership gift books FREE—and receive, also, the current triple-volume containing three complete new detective books! Address coupon NOW to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

FREE—3 Brand-New Mystery Novels 19

Walter J. Black, President LO
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, in regular publishers' editions, the THREE new, full-length mystery novels pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, which contains three complete new detective books.

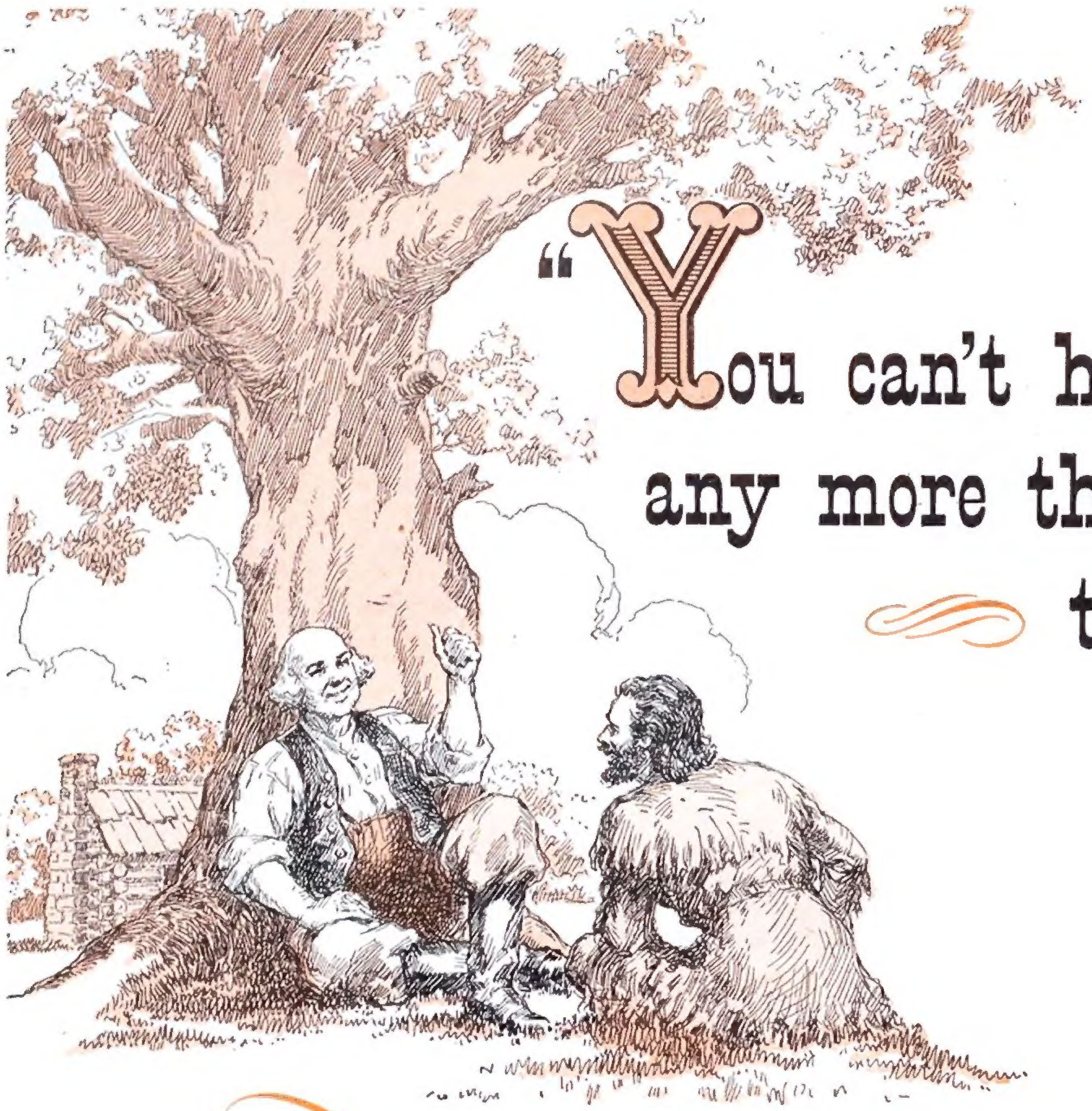
I am not obligated to take every monthly triple-volume, and may cancel whenever I wish. I may maintain Club standing by taking as few as four selections during each year of my membership.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only $1.89, plus few cents mailing charges, as complete payment within one week after I receive it. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .... PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address ....

City .... Zone No. (if any) .... State ....



"You can't hurry my whiskey any more than you can hurry this tree"

said *James Crow*

There's no substitute for time in mellowing whiskey like Old Crow. That was true a hundred years ago, according to the man who founded this great brand, and it is true today.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A. Gaines

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Most amazing offer in Fiction Book Club history

BOTH

of these new best-sellers

FREE

as a new member of The Fiction Book Club

Yes, as a special introductory gift for becoming a new member of The Fiction Book Club, we will send you absolutely free—not just one—but BOTH of these outstanding best-sellers specially prepared for Club distribution and currently selling in publishers' editions at retail for $6.50!

Both Books — Yours Free!

This is a mighty expensive offer for us, but it's the best way we know to prove to you what wonderful books you will be offered regularly as a Club member—at savings up to $1.61 on each book you select.

Don't Delay! Mail Coupon Today!

Hurry! Make sure that you get your two FREE new best-selling novels! Act now!

There's A Shocking Name For A Woman Like Melissa!

She sold herself in marriage to the man she hated most— then refused for two years to honor her bargain as a wife!

MELISSA
Author of
Scribners

Here's the haunting story of a beautiful woman who doesn't know she's beautiful—or even how to be a woman. What makes "Melissa" so different? Why is she still unkissed . . . still unawakened even 2 years after her weird wedding night? And why does this strange, strong-willed girl hate all men yet marry the one she hates most? Is it for money—for revenge—or because of the sinister spell that warps her every thought? Only that great writer, Taylor Caldwell, author of the million-copy success, "This Side of Innocence," could write this powerful story of strange, tortured Melissa and her even stranger marriage. How Melissa is reborn — how she finally finds herself a complete and happy woman through a love greater than the great evil that almost wrecks her life—makes a novel you'll never, never forget. And this dramatically powerful new best-seller is now yours FREE, together with that other terrific new smash-hit, "Such as We," — yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon below.

"A SUPERB NOVEL ...surpasses all her earlier efforts!" says the New York Sun. And that's saying plenty—for Taylor Caldwell's last novel, "This Side of Innocence," sold over a million copies!

Even to her brother and sister, Melissa is a wicked cheat!

Melissa's nightmare world falls apart when she finally discovers the truth about life and love — and learns how greatly she's cheated as a wife. But as she seeks escape in the flood-swollen river . . . even as the waters swirl about her very lips . . . there comes the amazing revelation that shows her the way to rebirth as a woman . . . and a wife.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

So Rich, So Beautiful... and Utterly Damned!

Even at 21, this restless "Park Avenue debutante" has lived, loved, and lost more than most women in an entire lifetime!

Such as We
PIERRE SIC

Nothing published in the past 20 years quite like this intimate story of a girl's desperate search for amorous excitement! What's behind her reckless pursuit of pleasure . . . and romance? Is it to spite her mother, that ardent lynx of love who is never satisfied with what she has? Or is it to find in some man the love and devotion her dissolute father couldn't give her? And what is the scandal that causes her to be expelled from a fashionable girls' school? You'll find the answers in this fast-paced, fascinating portrayal of Elaine Chickering, the modern Park Avenue debutante heroine of Pierre Sichel's great new novel, "Such as We." You may find Elaine's story shocking at times in its frankness, but you will certainly agree with the N. Y. Times that the author displays "a remarkable fearlessness in his attempt to get at the truth." And this big new best-seller that everybody's talking about is now yours FREE, together with that other great new best-selling novel, "Melissa" — yes, BOTH free when you mail coupon below.

"A 20th Century composite of Scarlett O'Hara, Amber and Duchess Hotspur...practically everything that could happen to a woman happens to her!" says Raleigh News and Observer.

What is the secret that makes Elaine so sure of her power over men?

And why is her life so crowded with excitement and tragedy as she goes from man to man in her frenzied search for love — or escape? Discover the inside story of Elaine in Pierre Sichel's great new novel, "Such as We." Then you'll know why everyone's talking about this book!

Membership is FREE in The FICTION BOOK CLUB

And you get 2 best-selling novels FREE to introduce you to all the many other advantages of Club membership listed below:—

You will be sent immediately FREE your copies of these two new best-sellers when you mail the coupon. You'll also become a member of The Fiction Book Club with your choice of the Club's monthly best-seller selections and you'll get these four big advantages, too:

1. You save up to $1.61 on every book!

Fiction Book Club contracts for big special editions—prints from original plates and in return for mass distribution, authors accept lower royalties. These savings are passed right on to you. You save up to $1.61 on every book you get. And you get two current best-sellers FREE as an introductory gift!

2. You Get Outstanding New Books!

Selections are made only after a careful study of current books from all publishers. From these reports of top-quality novels at $2.75 to $3.50, our editors select the best available books that are "the cream of the crop." No guesswork. No opinions. Fiction Book Club selections are always outstanding best-sellers . . . books by leading authors . . . brand-new, beautiful books you will be proud to add to your library.

3. You Pay No Special Dues or Fees!

No trick obligation clauses. You simply agree to accept any six of the twelve outstanding novels offered in a year. You do not have to accept every book offered—just those you decide you want after you have read a detailed description well in advance.

4. You'll Find Plan So Simple and Easy!

If you decide you don't want any monthly selection simply notify us not to send it. Otherwise simply do nothing, and it will be mailed to you. For each monthly selection YOU decide you want you pay just $1.39 plus a few cents postage.

SO ACT NOW!

Get your FREE copies of the sensational best-sellers described above plus all the conveniences and savings of free Fiction Book Club membership! But hurry—offer is limited! It's first come—first served. Mail coupon NOW to The Fiction Club, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N.Y.

First Selection!
Great new novel of adventure, intrigue...blazing romance!
"Bright Feather"
by Robert Wilder
Only $1.39 to Club members

Everybody Knew Her Scarlet Past... Except Her Husband!

But nobody knew why she left him . . . why she gave up his wealth and power, to run away with his best friend, renegade Jamie Beulow! Yes, beautiful Claire Lechane, of "Bright Feather," is ruthless, exciting, thoroughly wicked . . . laughing at consequences, even risking her life . . . in her feverish search for the love she longs for. Meet her— along with some of the most unforgettable characters you've ever encountered in all your reading—in this turbulent tale of Florida's Indian wars in the lusty, gusty 1830's.

MAIL COUPON NOW! HURRY ... OFFER LIMITED!

Send No Money! Mail Coupon!

E-11

BOTH FREE!

"MELISSA" and "SUCH AS WE"

The FICTION BOOK CLUB (Dept. 390), 100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

I want to take advantage of your gift offer to send me FREE—BOTH "Melissa" and "Such as We." At the same time enroll me as a member of The Fiction Book Club which entitles me to receive your best-selling selections at only $1.39 (plus a few cents shipping) — a saving up to $1.61 a book from the retail price of the publisher's edition. It is understood, however, that I do not have to accept every book offered—I may accept or reject selections as I please; so send me regularly FREE the Club's ADVANCE, in order that I may choose from more than one hundred books listed in the course of a year, the six I agree to purchase at only $1.39 each (plus shipping) within the next twelve months. Since this amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time—rush my free copies of "Melissa" and "Such as We" and begin Club services with that smash-hit new best-seller, "Bright Feather," by Robert Wilder.

NAME________________________________
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY________________________ STATE______
Zone No. (if any)

OCCUPATION____________________ AGE (if under 21)______

(Slightly higher in Canada. Address 136 Merton St., Toronto)

The Sound and the Fury

oh pioneer

America and the English-speaking world may now breathe sighs of relief after having noted Ilka Chase's article, *It Was Good Enough for Father*. It took monumental courage, and we are eternally grateful to Miss Chase for her blanket endorsement of sex for married people.

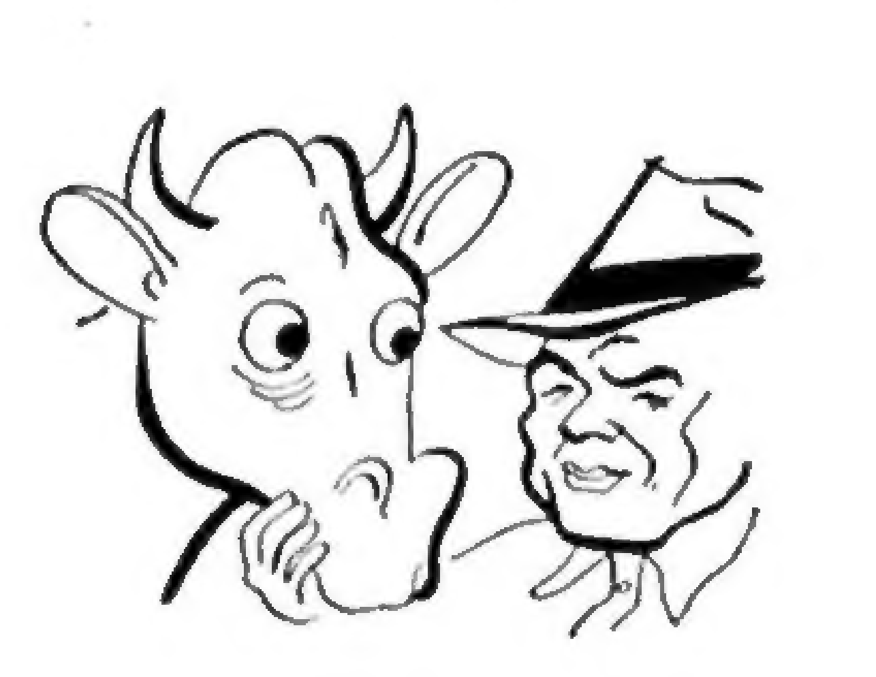
RAY D. WEISBOND
Syracuse, N. Y.

Bold Look on tour

You will recollect that in a recent issue of your magazine prominence was given to a new style of men's clothing known as the Bold Look. We were very much impressed with both the article and the suggestions to such an extent that we decided to feature the Bold Look, and to introduce it to the people of Australia, and to the best of our knowledge we have the initial honor of being first in Australia to broach the public on this subject.

It will no doubt interest you to know that the Bold Look has created a widespread interest and we anticipate that the venture will be entirely successful.

G. J. REILLY, Manager
Reilly's
Exclusive Men's Wear
Sydney, Australia



postman's beef

When the August issue was left at my door by the envious mailman, I settled down for my usual period of art appreciation. (I don't think our postman likes the way Esquire is mailed, by the way. Most other magazines are mailed unwrapped and if he wants to leaf through the pages while resting under the shade somewhere—the sun shines 360 days a year in these parts—he can do so without violating any law. Sometimes, I meet him at the door and he silently hands me my Esquire with a look of real reproach in his eyes.)

I glanced at page 27—and caught my breath sharply. Staring at me from beneath bushy eyebrows was an old friend—Phil Tovrea. Caricature or not, there was no mistaking that rugged face. My glance swept upward swiftly—another intake of breath. The author of *Beef Baron on a Corral Fence* happens to be one of my best friends—Oren Arnold.

Prejudiced though I am, I insist that *Beef Baron on a Corral Fence* is tops. The country is full of he-men like Phil Tovrea, and there must be a few dozen at least who are worth pieces in Esky. Give us more, and a lot of us will cheer if you publish a few pieces about other guys out here in the West where men are men and women have no use for softies.

I had just one bad moment in reading the Arnold piece. In the second paragraph, Tovrea is described as being about as "suave as a Holstein bull." I understand he's out of town, but wherever he is, I'll bet he let out a bellow that could have been heard for miles. That's as bad as comparing him to a sheep. No beef-cattle man like Phil Tovrea wants to be compared with a Holstein bull. A white-faced Hereford, or even a rangy Mexican steer, but none of your Ferdinand-personality Holsteins.

Otherwise *Beef Baron on a Corral Fence* was accurately drawn, the kind of a thing any editor should feel proud to have published.

LARRY ANDREWS
Glendale, Ariz.

kiss and kill

When a girl marries, she not only acquires a husband, but the remaining issues of the magazines due on his Christmas subscriptions.

I never glance at a copy but that I don't feel a bit dishonest—sort of how you might react to thumbing through the *Woman's Home Companion*, or one of the other women's magazines.

To date I had been happy and content in my trespassing, but suddenly I find myself thinking any number of unkind thoughts.

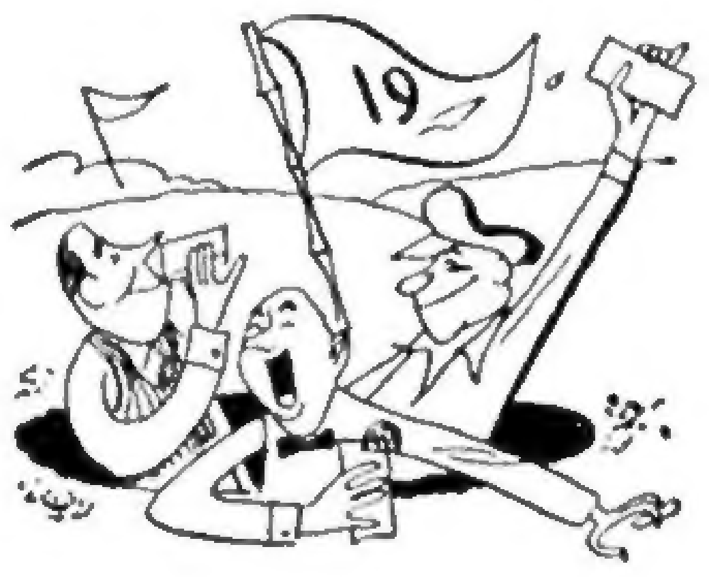
For many years I have been a tried and true mystery fan (having passed all of the requirements such as registering electric bills galore to check on "who done it"), but as a result of your epics I am on the verge of "taking the cure."

"I kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm and busy. I didn't defend myself; it would have been wasted effort." (July, 1948—*Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde*) Don't these private "Richards" of yours ever meet up with a lady who doesn't want to feel their muscle, doesn't pucker up as soon as the hero has a foot over the doorsill—or give out floor plans of where their boudoir is located? And why oh why do all of these muscle men have to slap down all and sundry that happen to casually ask for a match?

MRS. W. G. GRONBECK, JR.
New York, N. Y.

course that got away

If all the tales recorded in Gordon Cooper's *Stories for Harry's Bar* are as true as the last one, I am inclined to believe they were written after a rather long stay at the 19th hole, which apparently Mr. Cooper found so pleasant in the golf club near Madrid that he forgot all about the course.



Up to 1936 there were two country clubs near Madrid, "Real Club de la Puerta de Hierro" and "Club de Campo"; they were both ruined during the Civil War and the last one was never rebuilt; as for the first one, the golf course was promptly repaired and later rearranged by the English leading golf architect, M. Simpson, who had originally designed it; this was done before the clubhouse—which I agree is magnificent—was rebuilt; therefore, there was for some time near Madrid a golf course with no clubhouse but *never* a clubhouse minus a course.

M. VITURRO
Oslo, Norway

still a good story

My memory of the Madrid "19th hole" (actual) and its embryo golf course dates back to 1934. I have not the slightest idea of the club's name, for all my records and papers were destroyed in the London "blitz." Perhaps, however, the club I visited never matured past the building of the clubhouse; perhaps the Civil War prevented further developments. Apparently now I shall never know. And I must rest content with my memories of a splendidly alcoholic evening's entertainment and the company of most hospitable and delightful Spanish hosts.

The clubhouse was situated some miles outside of Madrid. Anyhow I think it a most sensible idea to plan out a golf course backwards—from the 19th hole.

GORDON COOPER
London, England

free-style boxing

It is small wonder that contributor Albert E. Kahn managed to get his nose periodically broken while at Dartmouth if his ability as a boxer is in any way equal to his knowledge of fighting.

It is interesting to know, though, that men of such calibre as the Boulder Dam bullies are so sportsmanlike as to leave the $325,000 gates to softies like Tony Zale, Dempsey, Ketchell, and Wolcott (the original Joe), and Kid McCoy.

I'd like to have contributor Kahn pick his best man—he had so many he might want two—and put them in a locked room with one of the old softies. Five minutes would do—and I believe the pro would still be standing.

MICHAEL HOGAN
St. Albans, N. Y.

behold our lily pool

I read the Darrell Huff article on houses twice and even glanced at the attached plan before I realized that it was a joke.

Trouble was, the thing was so plausible. Architects are always exploding in print, though perhaps not so fervidly, as it is bad business to alienate women permanently. Magazines are full of examples of the de-luxe-hoghouse architecture, featuring one glass wall and one-way-slope roof.

In these days of air conditioning, perhaps there is some way of keeping the heat and odors of a meal from being noticeable. There may even be housewives who like to be with the family while they are cooking. I never met one; all of the cooks I know are in the habit of suggesting that guests and relatives not useful in the kitchen or dining room look at the lily pond until called.

The game table with two built-in seats in the living room was the first definite indication of travesty. What game is played by a maximum of two players seated at right angles to each other, sideways to the table? Card houses, perhaps, by players young enough to kneel on the seats, and as Mr. Huff stated that he intended to have only two children, perhaps that might pass.

The master bedroom appeared to veer toward the rabbit-hutch style of architecture, and very well planned for the purpose it was, too, with the long row of pens and a good feedbin at each end. After considering the contortions of anyone trying to make the beds at each end, I gave up.

The guest room—covering, as it did, nearly one-third of the entire floor space—shows that hospitality on a colossal scale is the architect's dream. Then the kitchen! That square to the right of the door must indicate a refrigerator, as there seemed to be no other, and only the most whimsical of humorists could think of having a cupboard door open over it.

Unfortunately, my copy of Esquire was borrowed before I had time to figure out the gadgets in the nursery and the bathrooms. Therefore my plea: please don't make a habit of publishing articles that take so long to appreciate fully. Someone else is always waiting to pounce on the magazine, and the chances of getting it back again are slim.

ANTON SHODIVY
Roswell, N. Mex.

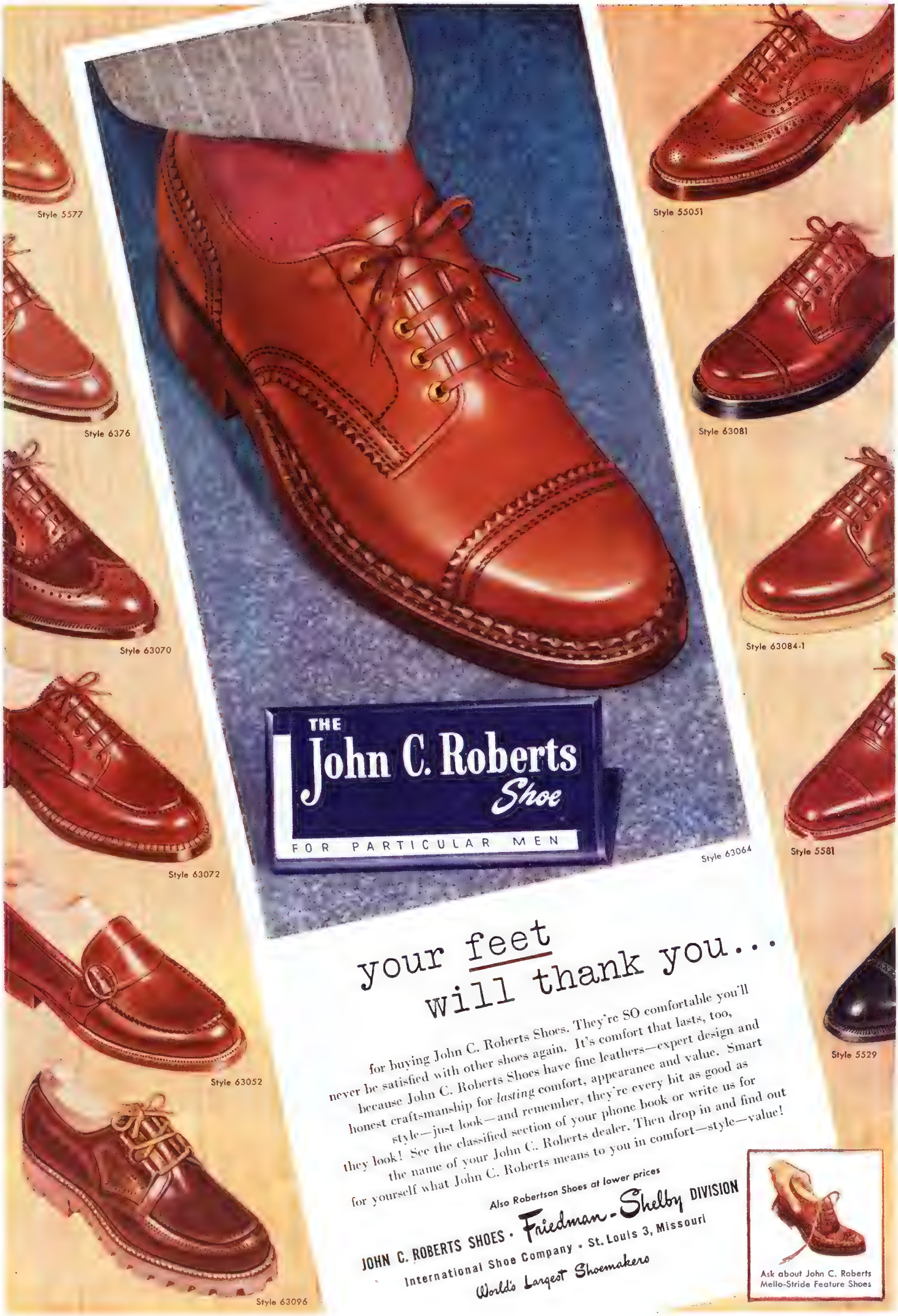
Continued on page 184

SARRA
MR. FULTON LEWIS, JR.
Distinguished Radio Commentator
and News Analyst

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Highball with a Touch of Greatness...The simple drinks especially demand the accent of Lord Calvert's superb flavor. For the incomparable zest of a really gifted highball, try this distinguished whiskey—*so rare...so smooth...so mellow!*

Lord Calvert, Supreme Achievement of America's Most Distinguished Distiller • Custom Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.



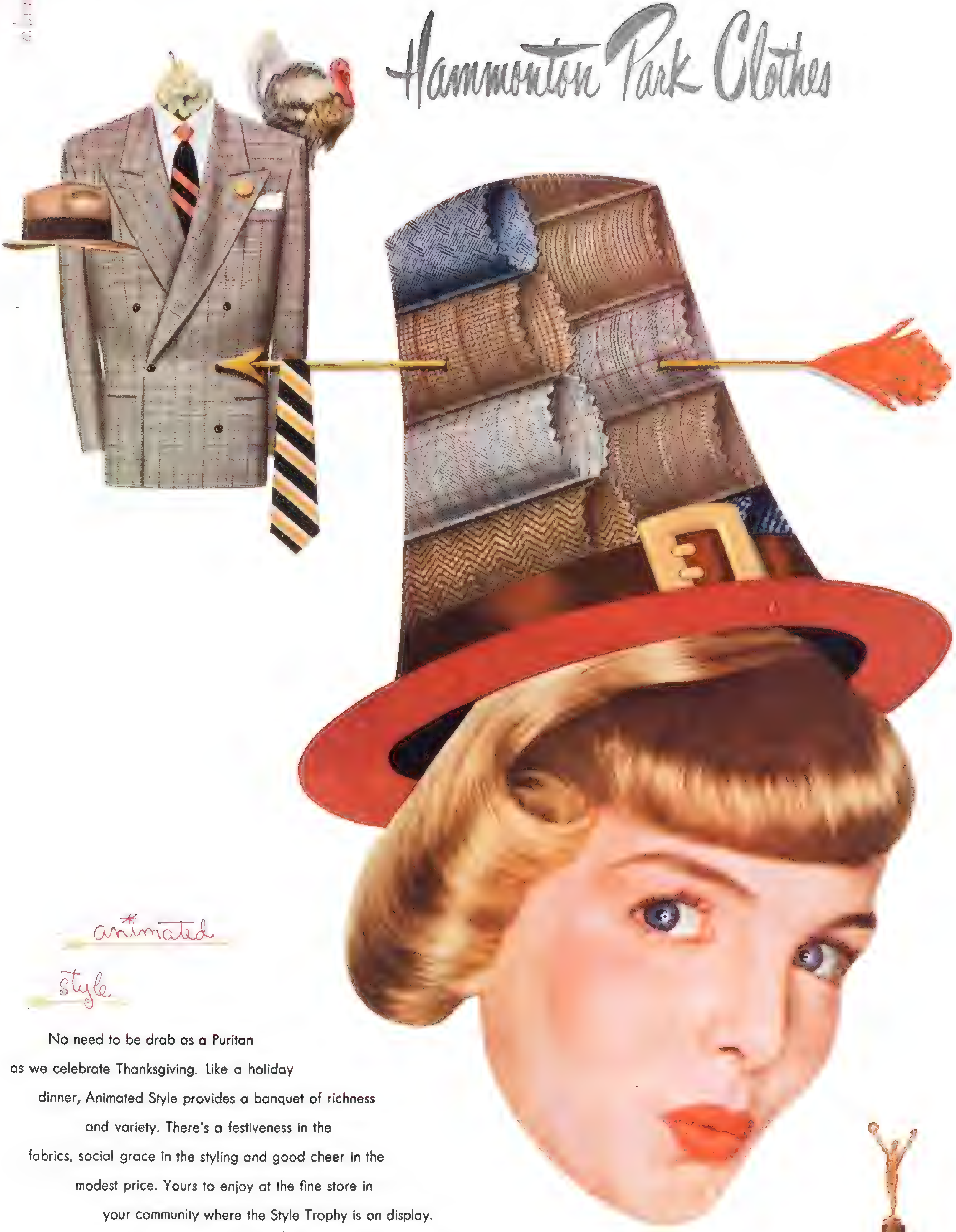
Style 5577
Style 6376
Style 63070
Style 63072
Style 63052
Style 63096
THE John C. Roberts Shoe
FOR PARTICULAR MEN
Style 63064
Style 55051
Style 63081
Style 63084-1
Style 5581
Style 5529
Ask about John C. Roberts Mello-Stride Feature Shoes

your feet will thank you...

for buying John C. Roberts Shoes. They're SO comfortable you'll never be satisfied with other shoes again. It's comfort that lasts, too, because John C. Roberts Shoes have fine leathers—expert design and honest craftsmanship for *lasting* comfort, appearance and value. Smart style—just look—and remember, they're every bit as good as they look! See the classified section of your phone book or write us for the name of your John C. Roberts dealer. Then drop in and find out for yourself what John C. Roberts means to you in comfort—style—value!

Also Robertson Shoes at lower prices

JOHN C. ROBERTS SHOES · *Friedman-Shelby* **DIVISION**
International Shoe Company · St. Louis 3, Missouri
World's Largest Shoemakers



animated
style

No need to be drab as a Puritan as we celebrate Thanksgiving. Like a holiday dinner, Animated Style provides a banquet of richness and variety. There's a festiveness in the fabrics, social grace in the styling and good cheer in the modest price. Yours to enjoy at the fine store in your community where the Style Trophy is on display.

HAMMONTON PARK CLOTHES

Dept. E 13, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

This trophy has been awarded to selected stores that have attained and maintained style eminence

free *A Manual of Modes and Manners on correct dress for business, sports and formal occasions. Also a guide to proper accessories and color harmonies Simply drop us a postcard.*

Copyright Wm. B. Kessler Inc. 1948

"Twin Fold." With removable fold. In saddle goat and black or brown morocco.

"Reserve." Removable billfold with channel. In black or brown morocco.

What does he want in a wallet? Roominess, good looks, the unmistakable feel of fine leather? All are abundantly present in this sleek foursome. Plus—the flawless craftsmanship that only SWANK *could give them. Pick one for every male in the family. All wallets illustrated, $7.50*

Price subject to Federal Tax

Leather Perfect

"The Carlton Sr." In pigskin and black or brown morocco.

"The Carlton Jr." In pigskin and black or brown morocco.

Men prefer
SWANK

SWANK—® *Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.*

Always look for the name SWANK on all our products

CROSS THE CENTURIES WITH CROSS
THE RESULT OF A CENTURY OF PENCIL CRAFTSMANSHIP
THE CROSS Century

Stone Age Writing Implements

Seventy Centuries Ago

rough hammers and chisels kept written exchanges between the Stone-age people at practically zero.

Today in 1948, it's an easy pleasure to write anything anytime with the slimmest, trimmest pencil your writing hand has ever held . . . the distinctive CROSS CENTURY!

Look for the CROSS CENTURY pencil at leading department, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere. In 1/10, 12 kt. gold filled. Just $5.00 plus tax.

A.T. CROSS Pencil Co.
FIFTY-THREE WARREN STREET
PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

Pencils by CROSS Est 1846
AMERICA'S OLDEST PENCIL MANUFACTURER

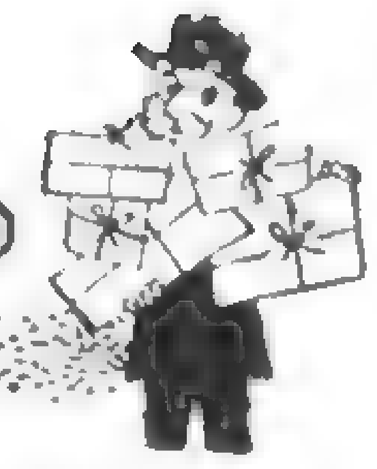
CHIPPEWA
WOOLENS
SHIRTS • STAGS
PARKAS • COATS • PANTS
In a Wide Variety of Styles, Designs and Colors

HENRI SAYS:
"LIKE THE DEER RIFLE, THIS REVERSIBLE PARKA SHE HAS 'EYE'-POWER!"

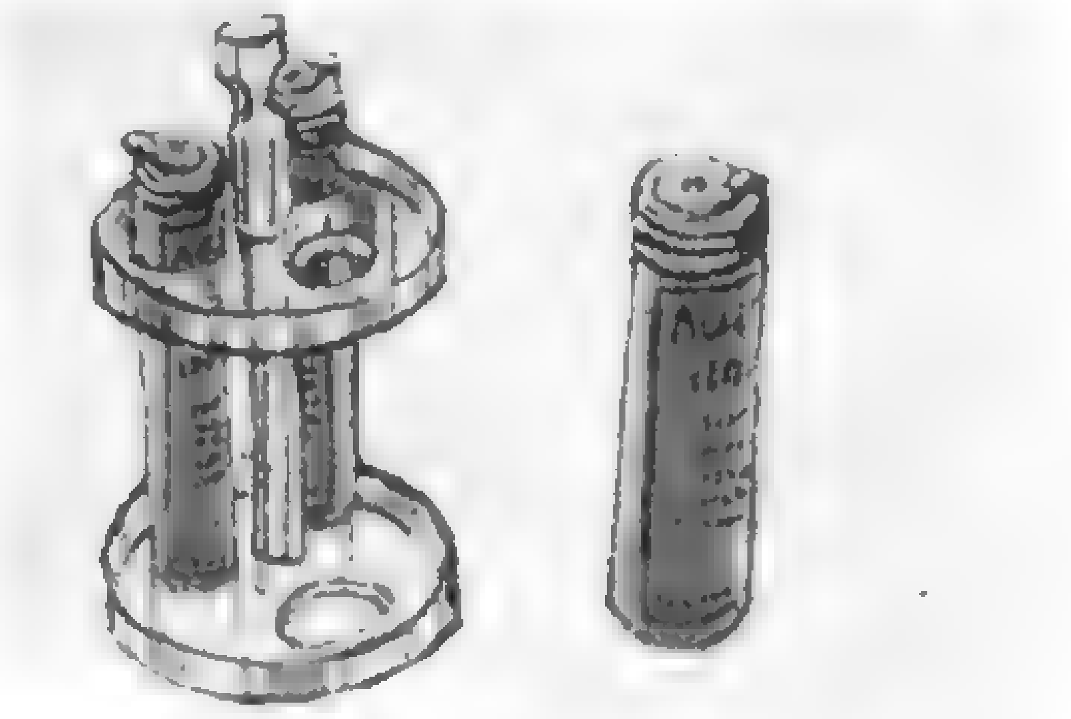
● But the *stock* reason for wearing this Bergen Reversible Parka is its comfortable full-cut and the *double-barreled* protection against winter winds afforded by its two layers—100% wool in plain red, red and black or Chippewa plaids on one side . . . water and wind repellent gabardine on the other.

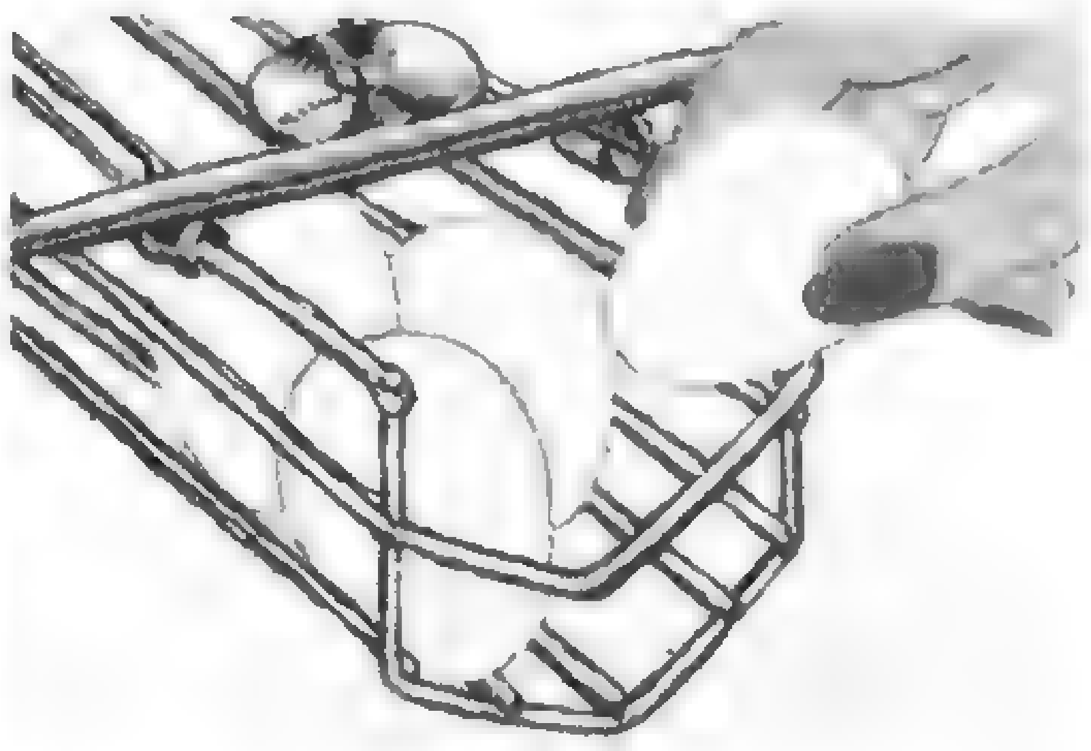
Created in the GREAT NORTHWOODS
Accepted by OUTDOORSMEN EVERYWHERE
FROM RAW WOOL TO FINISHED GARMENTS UNDER ONE ROOF
SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Talking Shop with Esquire



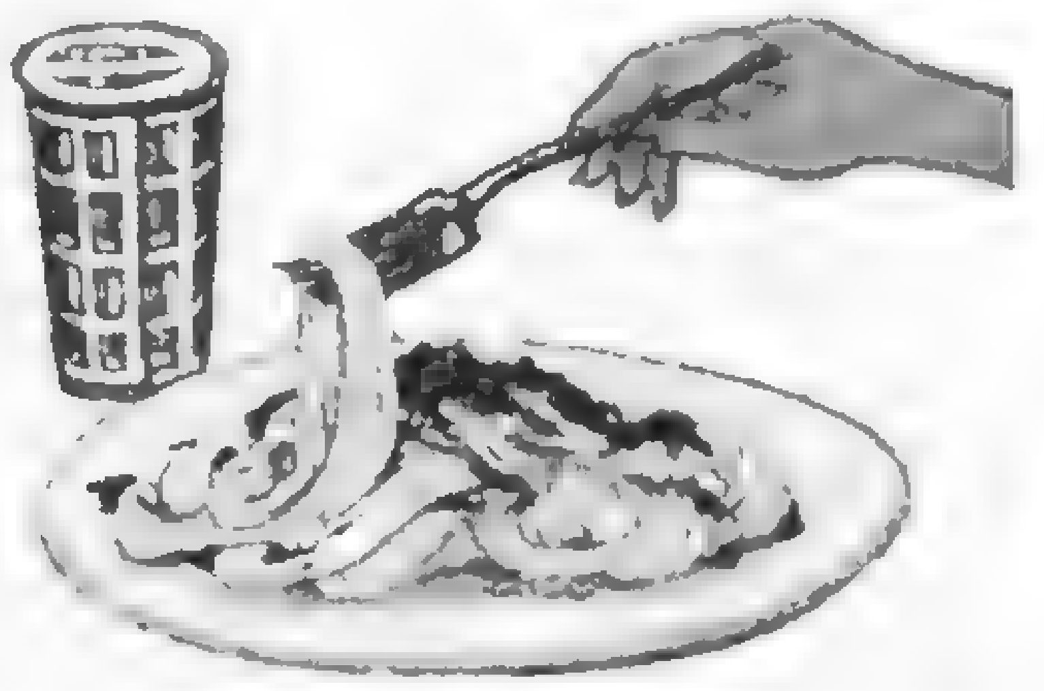
SPICY TRIO. If you want to add the Chef's touch to your prize dish, but can't tell Tarragon from Carraway, here's a help for you. Herbs are combined in 3 different blends—one that's just right for fish, one for meats; one for salads. Each is a combination of 21 different herbs, packed in unbreakable containers.





ALL YOUR EGGS in one basket. This tray fits under the shelf in the ice box and holds a dozen eggs where they won't be shoved around by the rest of the groceries. The tray surface is pitched at a slight slant so that as soon as one egg is removed, another rolls forward to take its place. Removable for easy re-filling.

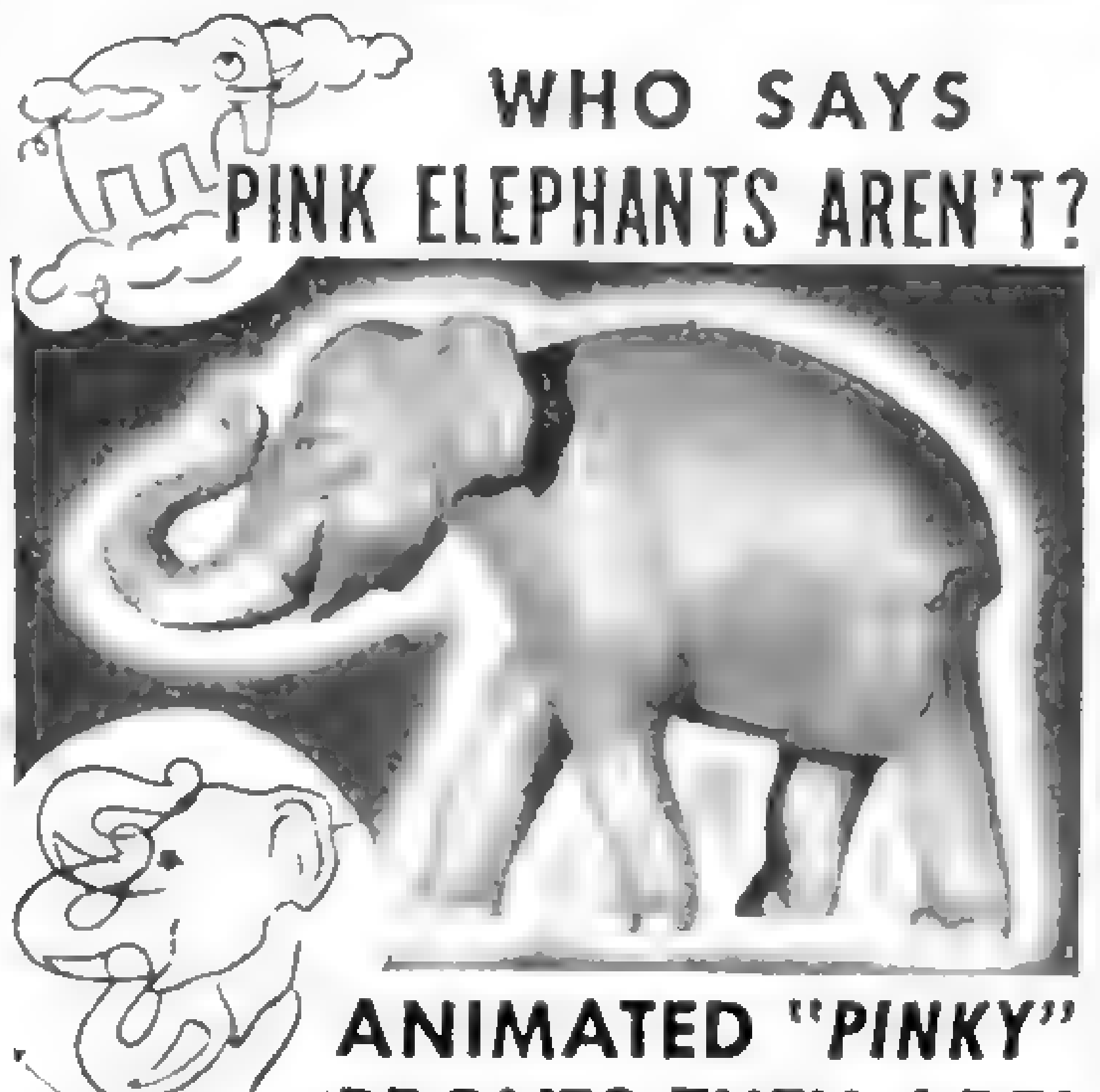
MOLTO BENE! Authentic Italian is about the best way to describe this rich meaty spaghetti sauce. It's made with beef, imported olive oil, and tomatoes, with just the right amounts of herbs and spices. Heat and pour over a big bowl of plain cooked spaghetti, and you have a rib-sticking entrée. Also good with fish.



BAG THE LIMIT? When it comes to serving that venison steak, wild duck or pheasant, there's nothing like wild rice and a tart jelly to do it justice. This special gift package contains 2 tins of wild rice and a jar each of Ligonberry jelly, Highbush cranberry jelly and wild grape jelly. Picked and packed in Northern Minnesota.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



ANIMATED "*PINKY*" PROVES THEY ARE!

POWERED BY "MYSTERY MOTOR"

Meet him in person . . introduce him to your crowd . . he's that blue-eyed *pink elephant* you've seen just before hangover set in! Dare anybody to doubt you now! Pinky's a beaut . . 6" tall, 9" long, of plastic with textured skin pink as a new baby's. Hilariously animated, lifts and dips his head in hiccough rhythm. Operates full 8 to 10 hours on one internal drink—closest thing to perpetual motion. Mysterious, intriguing—most wise-crack-provoking laugh getter of the century . . worth his weight in gags!

ONLY $\$2^{75}$ *POSTPAID.* 2 for $5.00

TICO, INC.
DEPT. E-1 ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Treat yourself to real comfort!
Custom-made
HALF-WELLINGTON BOOTS

You'll like the careful workmanship . . . the way they fit. During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now everyone can enjoy their comfort and good looks. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

John A. Frye Shoe Co., Dept E, Marlboro, Mass.
Manufacturers of Boots & Shoes since 1863

Oh, my aching back!

and for that tired stiff arm, hip, leg...

Here's fast relief...

● Tired muscles are often famished muscles because overexercise has burned up the nourishment required for work. For fast relief the thing to do is rub those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. This stimulates your local blood circulation. In turn, this enables fresh blood to bring invigorating nourishment to areas where applied. The pain eases, stiffness subsides and you feel ready to go. Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today, $1.25 at all drugstores.
W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Ah! my Absorbine Jr.!

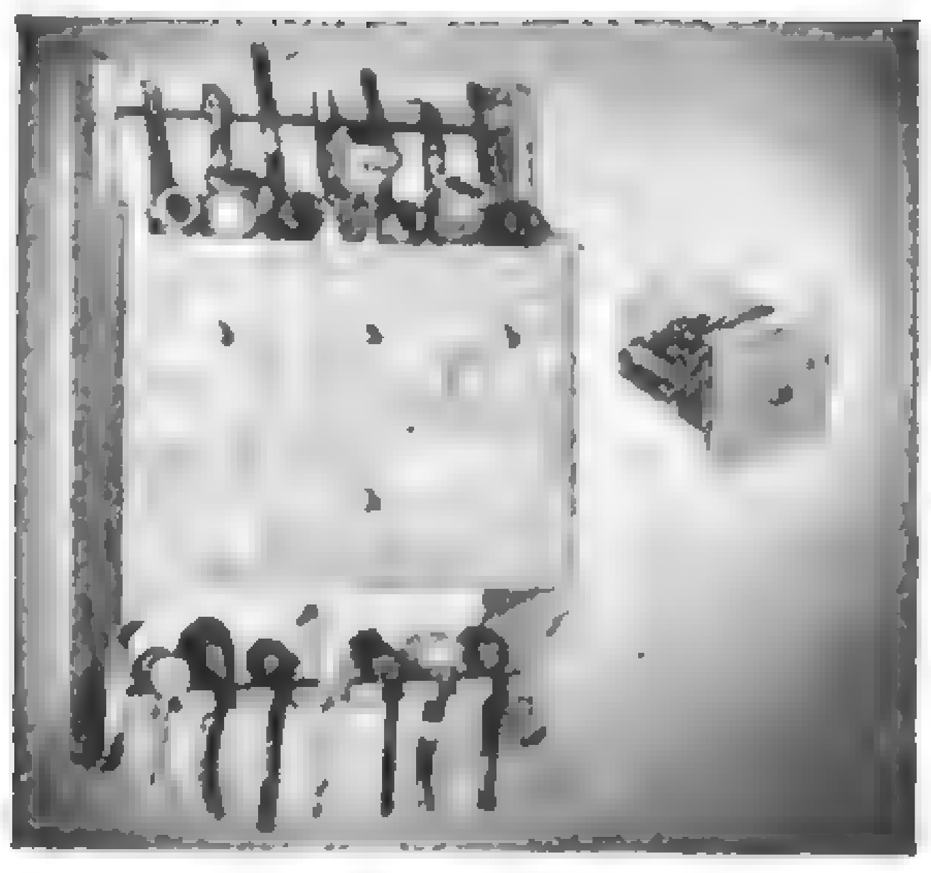
A Watch Strap a man can wear happily

THE FRESH LOOK
"TOUGHER THAN ALLIGATOR"

The NEW *Polygator*

Yes Sir! A he-man watch strap for the most active wrist. Made of the new miracle material — Polythene. *Guaranteed* not to rot, crack or stretch. No stitches. No skin irritation.
A *"tuffy"* on wear and tear — a *"smoothy"* on the wrist. Attractive tan, brown, black or white alligator finish. If not at your favorite druggist or tobacconist, pin a dollar to this ad and mail to

POLYGATOR
1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo 6, N. Y.



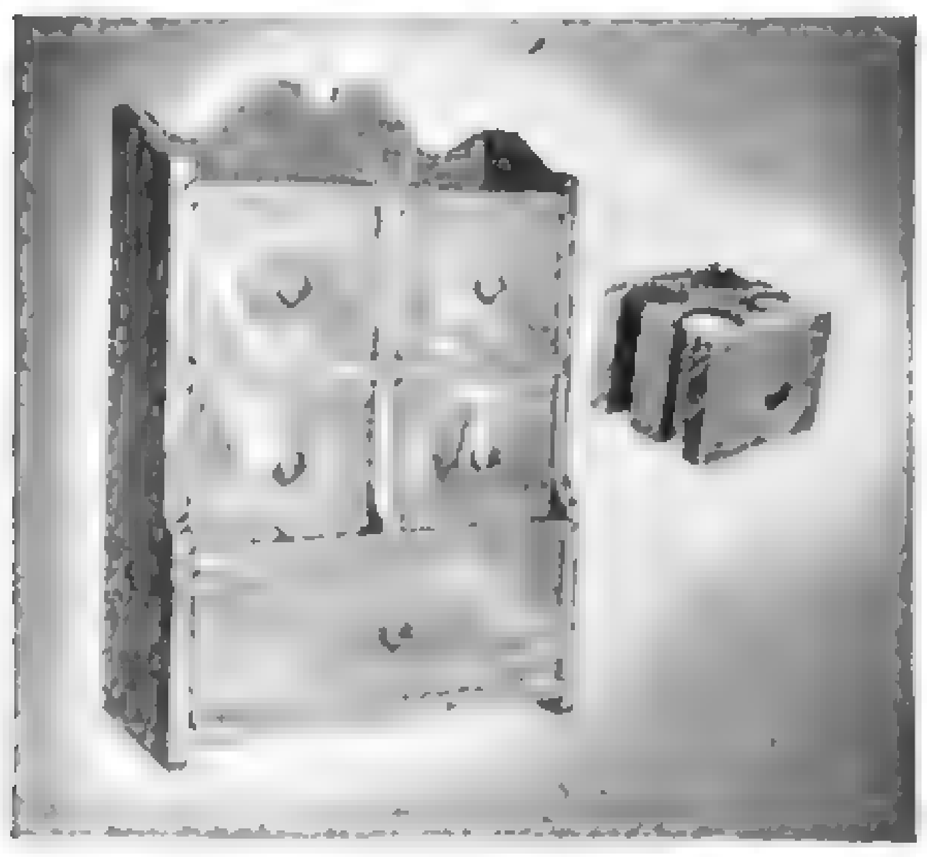
A Pipe Man's Pipe Rack

Does Everything A Good Pipe Rack Should Do

1. Hangs on wall, convenient, smart.
2. Saves precious desk or table space.
3. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes.
4. Air tight humidor jar drawers.
5. Large drawer for all accessories.

Size 13" x 18" (*Pipes not included*)

Pipe Rack $14.50 Exp. Chgs. Collect



"Ante Up" Poker Rack

Ideal for the Hook, Slice and Who's Light Boys

1. A handsome unique wall decoration.
2. Holds 400 standard size poker chips.
3. Chip holders can be used at table.
4. Large drawer for cards and accessories.

Size 11" x 16" (*Poker chips not included*)

Poker Chip Rack $18.50 Exp. Chgs. Collect

Check or money order—no C.O.D.'s please.

Both Racks in hand-crafted knotty pine.

Write for free folder of

UNIQUE WALL FURNITURE IN FRIENDLY PINE

Yield House

BOX 179 NO. CONWAY, N.H.

Dept. E-11

FIREARMS & SWORDS

You don't want to miss our new thrill-packed catalog. Fascinating background and illustrations of 8300 authentic pieces. Exceptional values in hard-to-find items. For your 180 page catalog, simply send 50c to cover postage and handling, with your name and address, to

ROBERT ABELS 860-E Lexington Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.

LINGUAPHONE

is your *Passport* to the World

in your own home, alone or in a group, you can now learn to speak

SPANISH • PORTUGUESE
FRENCH • RUSSIAN
ITALIAN • GERMAN

or any of 23 other languages by the world-famous

LINGUAPHONE
Conversational METHOD

You learn the new languages by listening to voices of native teachers. It is amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. Educators hail Linguaphone as a notable advance in simplifying the mastery of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone Sets are used in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to *fluent* speaking.

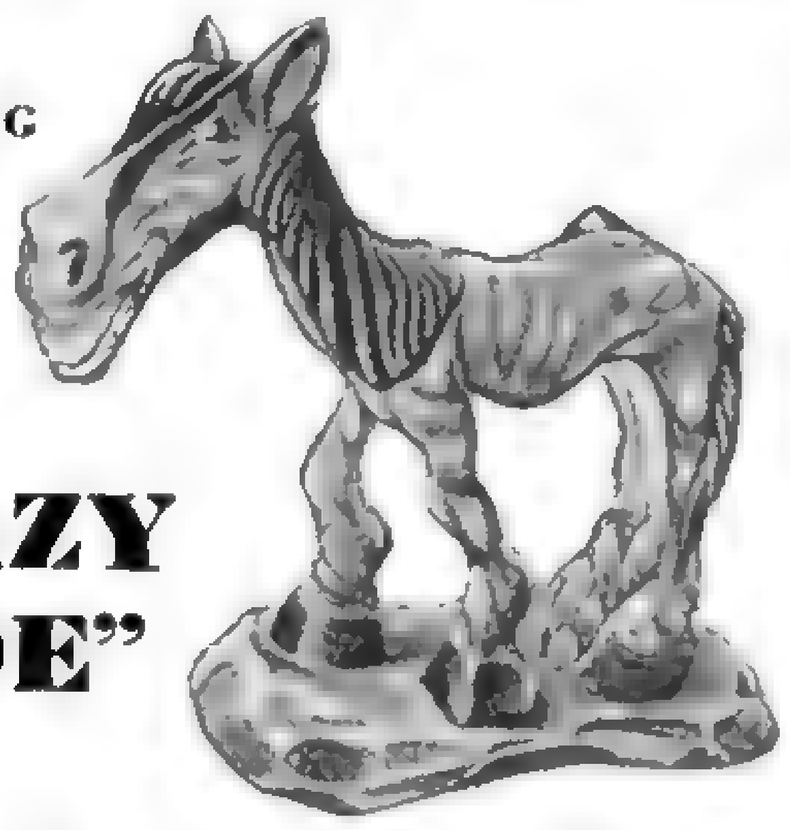
Available to Veterans under
G I BILL OF RIGHTS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA BUILDING, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
I am ☐, am not ☐ a World War II Veteran
I want to learn................language.
Name ....
Address .... City.........

An
AMUSING
Novelty



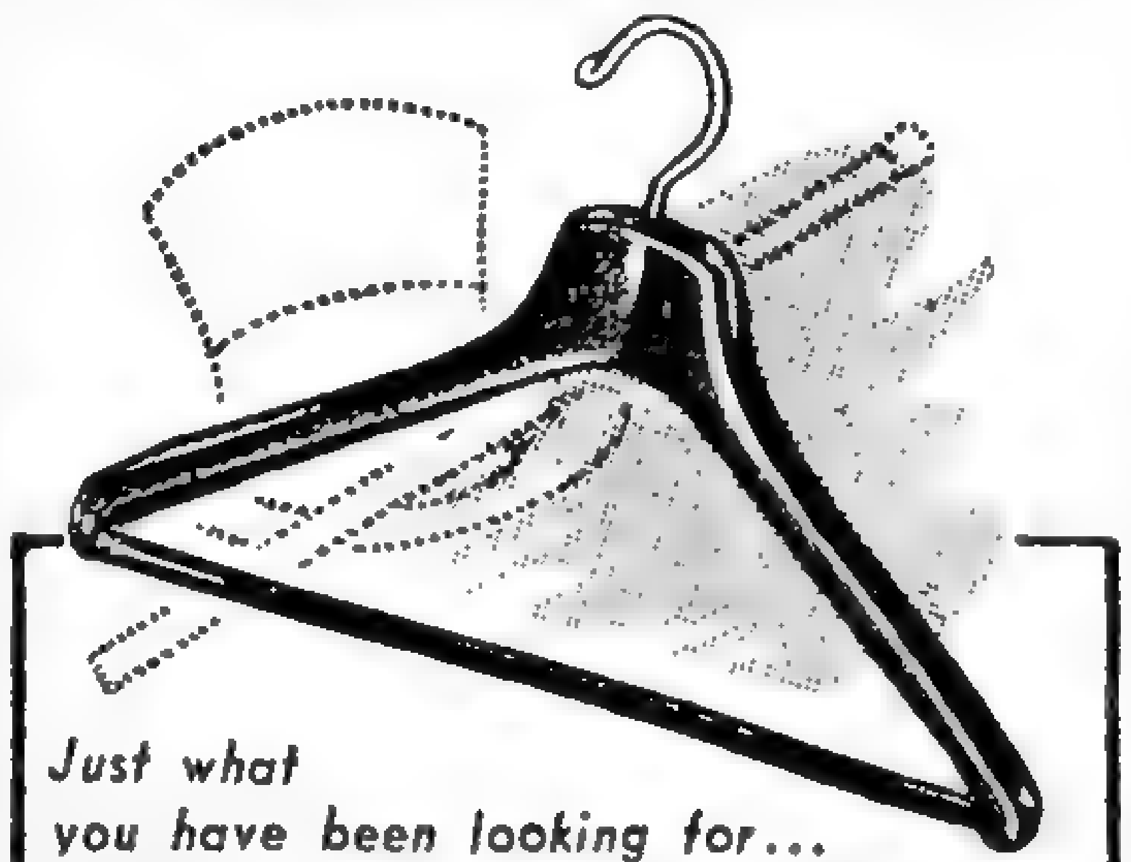
"LAZY JOE"

The Laughing Horse

Here's an amusing ornament that actually drives the "blues" away. You'll get many a laugh out of it. Great for den, clubroom or office. "Lazy Joe" gets a chuckle out of the most confirmed "sourpuss". He's hungry looking with large, white teeth protruding from laughing pink lips Seems almost alive. Painted a durable brown: About 9 inches high. Price only $2.50 prepaid. Money back if you say so.

"little joe" WIESENFELD Co.

Dept. B-47, BALTIMORE 1, MD.



Just what you have been looking for...

a MAN'S CONCAVE 18½" PLASTIC HANGER.

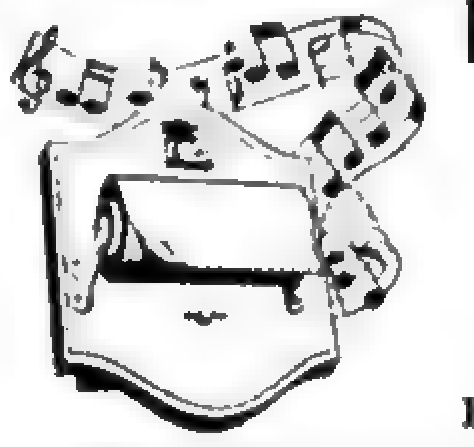
Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets, Practical, Unbreakable, Special concave construction. "Shaped like a man's shoulders" Wide full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome plated hook. Gift packed 6 to box.

MEN'S *Rainbow* PLASTIC HANGERS

Crystal, amber, onyx, sapphire, green, ruby, mahogany. $1.25 each. Set of 12-$12.00 Post Ppd. Send check or money order. No COD.

RAINBOW PLASTIC HANGER SALES CO.

205 West 34th St., New York 1, Dept. E



MUSICAL

TISSUE OR TOILET PAPER HOLDER

Only $6.80 Post Paid

Charming as Xmas Gift

Pull Paper and Enjoy Music

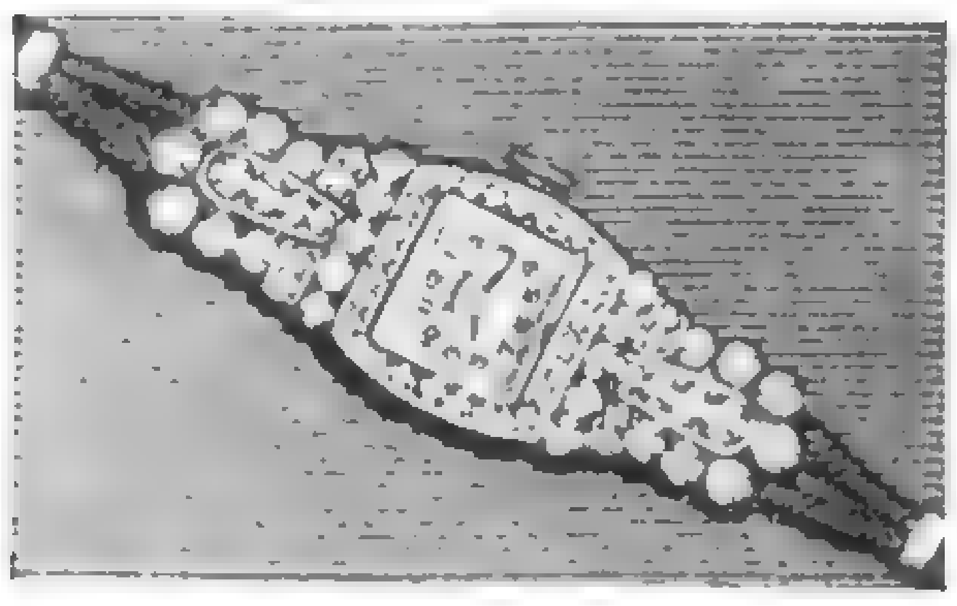
Popular Tones, Swiss Movement

Send check or money order—C.O.D. You pay postage

SIESTA NOVELTY P. O. Box 1204
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

SLENDER *and* SPARKLING!

Glamour at Your Wrist



Here is the kind of watch you've gazed longingly at in jewelers' windows, faithfully reproduced by finest craftsmen from a $1750 fabulous diamond timepiece. Hand carved and hand set rhinestone gems reflect the sparkling brilliance of their hard-to-tell-apart inspiration. Precision Swiss movement is guaranteed for one full year. Oh-so-expensive-looking—but yours for only

$27.50 postpaid • Fed. Tax Included

Richter's Jewelers

585 FIFTH AVENUE
At 48th St., N.Y. 17
Dept. E-11

Money Back Within 10 Days If Not Completely Satisfied

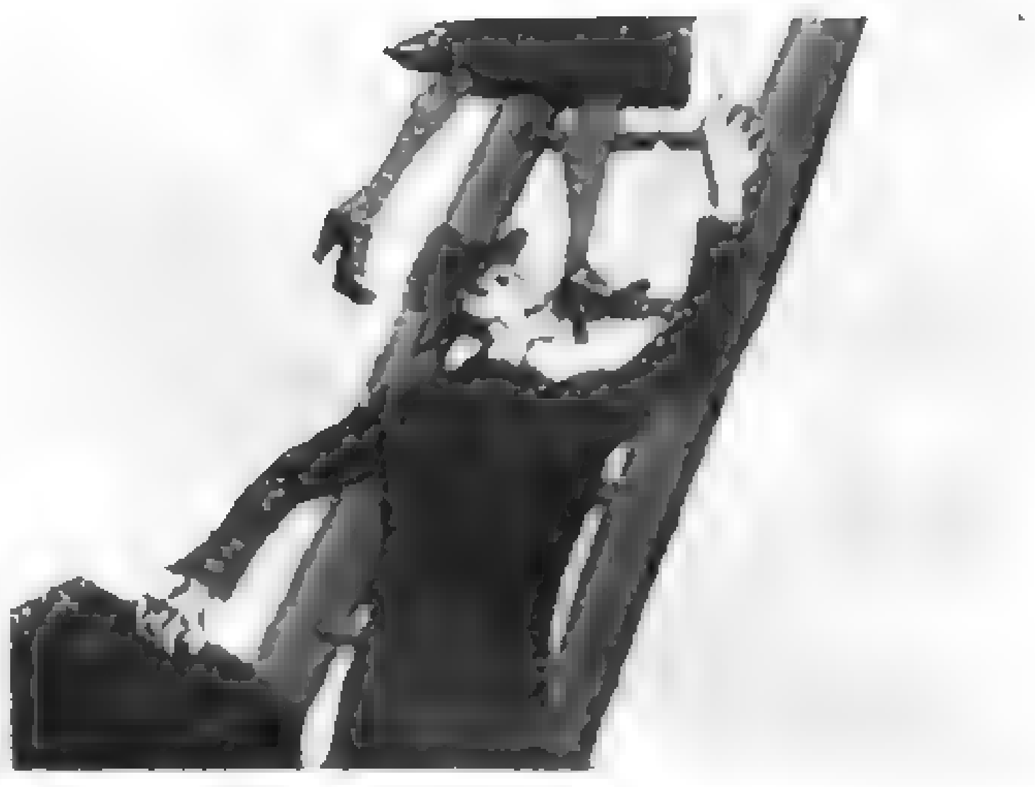
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

Please send me wrist watch as illustrated.

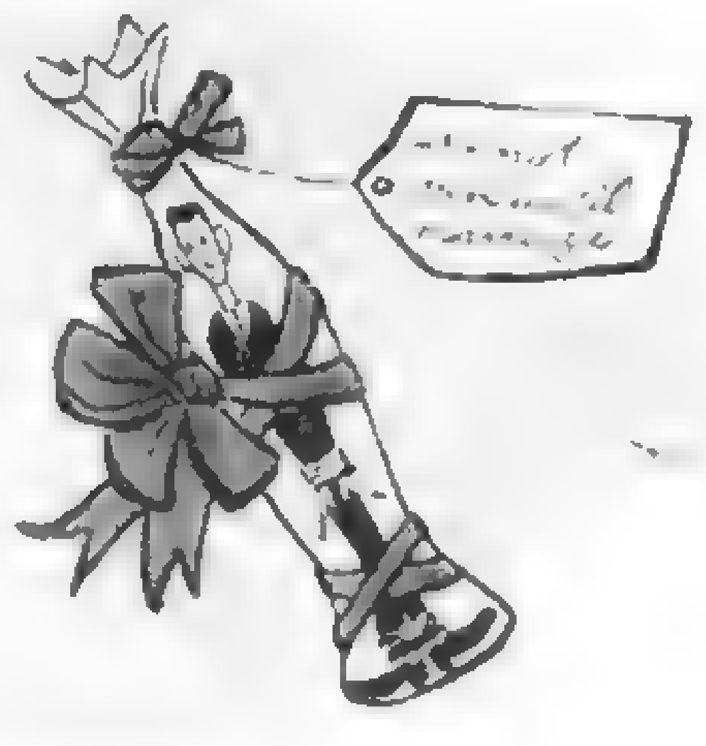
Name ....
Address ....
City .... Zone .... State ....

Please send check or money order

Talking Shop

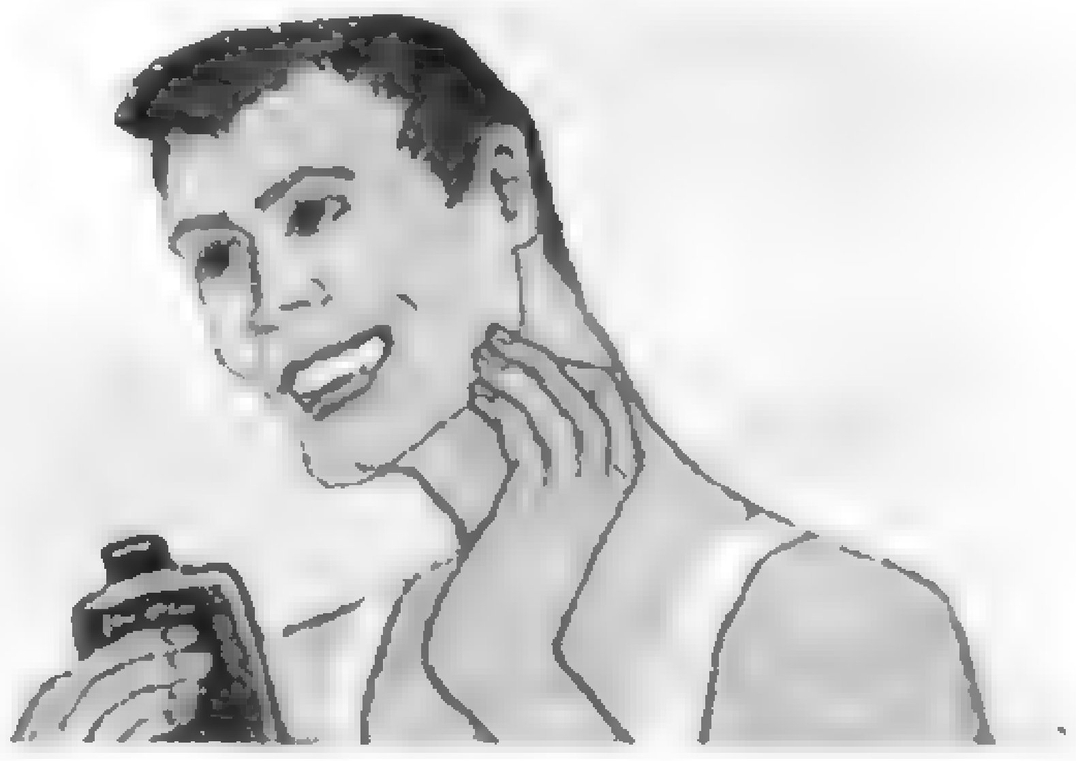


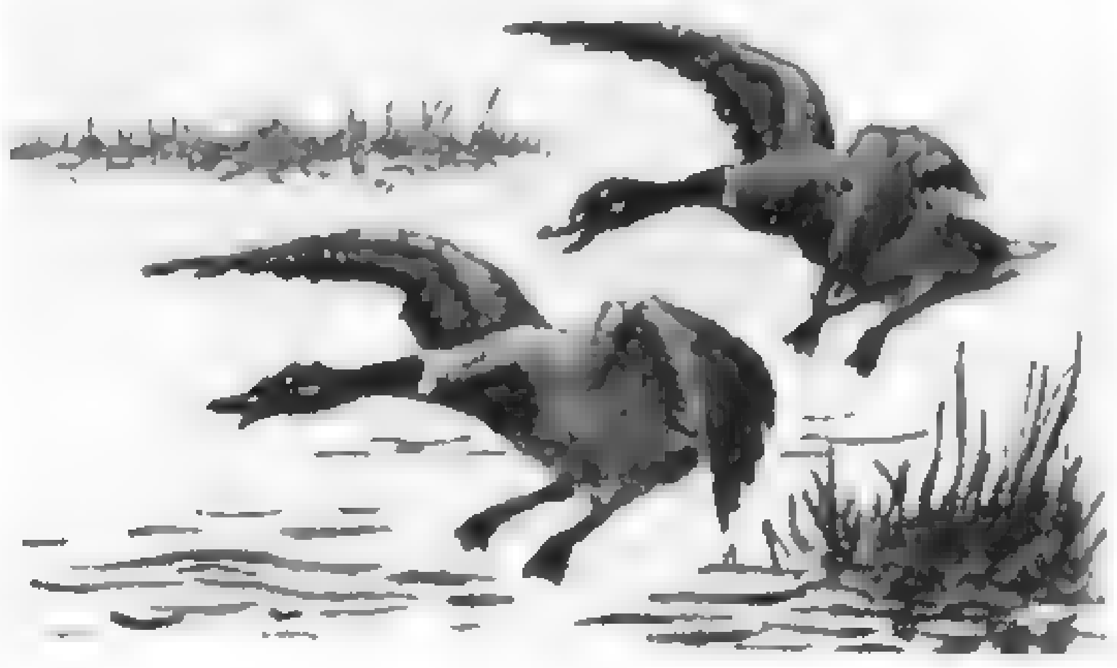
DANGEROUS GAME – Eloping, that is! Here's a tamer – and safer—version of the game, that's supposed to utilize your "romantic skill." It's all done with dice, a game board and four sets of small figures. Each player gets 3 boys, a girl, a mother-in-law, train, airplane, ring and bridal bouquet.



"FOR BRIDEGROOMS ONLY." A little book of cartoons and comments by Leo Garel, prepared especially for those who are "trapped, wrapped, and ready to be delivered." Gives the bridegroom a glimpse of what he may expect of the tribulations of married life—from the wedding to cracker-crumbs in bed!

TOUGH BEARD and tender skin? Then you'll want to know about this beard softener. It's a preshave lotion which softens up wiry whiskers by stripping them of oil promoting a good, close shave. Twice-a-day shavers will probably find it cuts down on that extra session. Can be used with lather or brushless cream.





BACHELOR'S BAIT. You'll want to invite *everybody* up to see these color etchings. They're reproduced by a special process which incorporates natural colors along with the regular, black-and-white technique. Sportsmen will go for the pair of Wild Duck prints entitled "arrival" and "departure." They'll send a catalogue.

Hand-Forged
STEAK KNIVES
...by Murphy
of Oregon

...for CHRISTMAS GIVING

There could be no greater compliment to a holiday table than distinctive Murphy steak knives! Hand-forged from high-speed tungsten steel, these perfectly balanced blades will keep their razor-sharp edge for generations of holiday dinners. Each knife is hand-ground, hand-polished, hand-honed. Beautiful simplicity marks the design. Handsomely packaged in Western style hardwood case. Makes an impressive Christmas or wedding present. Order direct. Send for free catalogue.

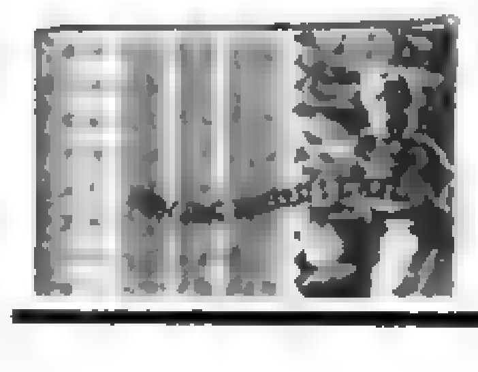
4-BLADE STEAK KNIFE SET $16.00
PARCEL POST PREPAID

FRONTIER TRADING CO., Oswego, Oregon
Please ship as directed on attached sheet.
☐ 4-Blade Steak Knife Sets @ . . . $16.00
☐ 8-Blade Steak Knife Sets @ . . . $30.00
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ Zone ____ State ______

TEMPTING PRESERVES FROM
OREGON MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
...*FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING*

No. 2 GIFT BOX. Six asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Wild Plum, Blackberry, Greengage, Prune with Hazelnuts, English Gooseberry. *Express Prepaid* $2.95

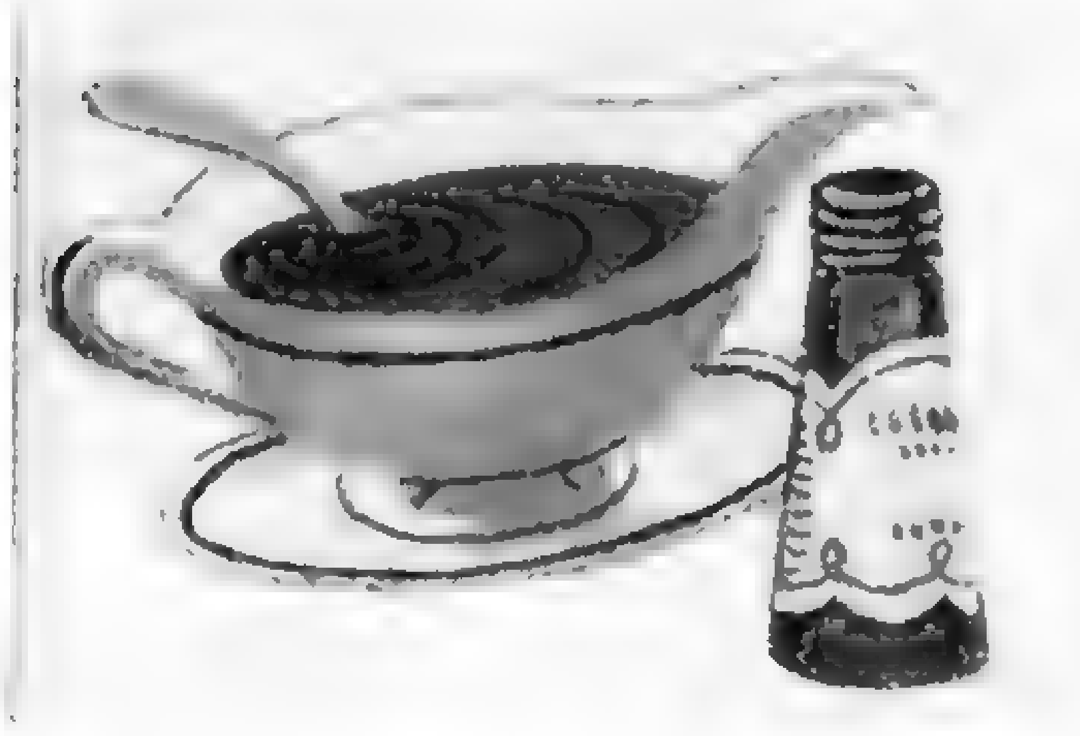
No. 3 MOUNTAIN GIFT BOX. Doz. asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Prune with Hazelnuts, Wild Plum, Tangerine Marmalade, Blackberry, English Damson, Greengage, Nectarine Preserves, Boysenberry, Red Raspberry, English Gooseberry, Seville Orange Marmalade. *Express Prepaid* $5.65



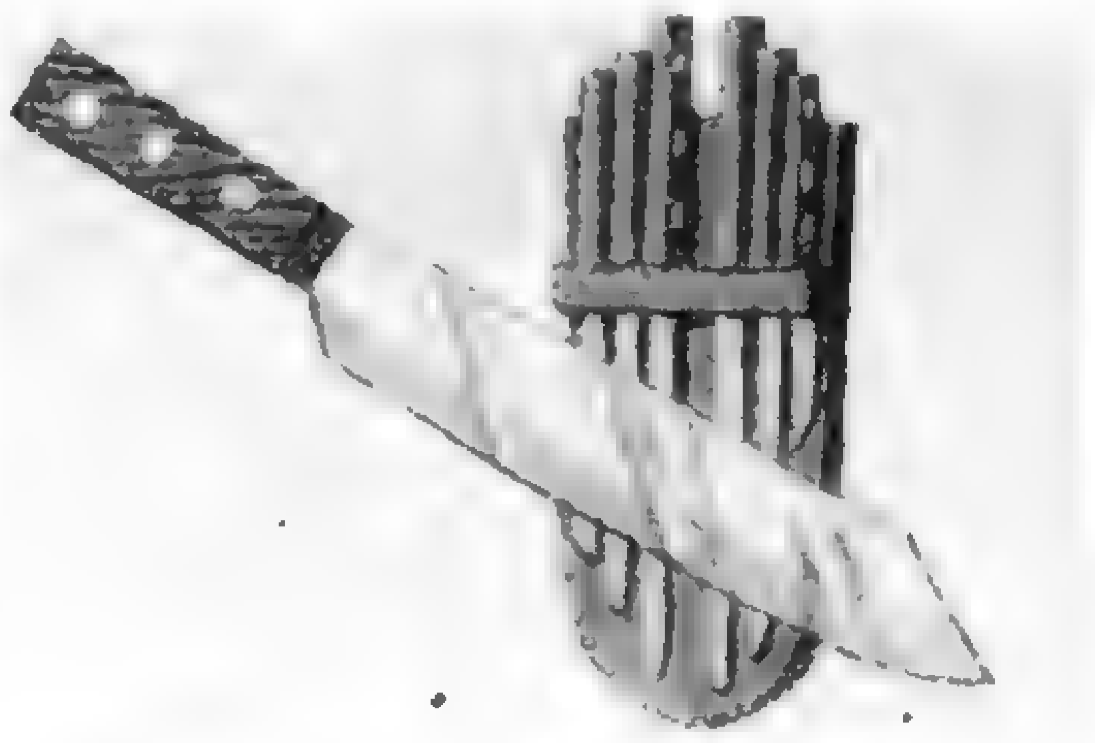
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
JANE AMHERST
1114 N. E. 47th Avenue
PORTLAND 13, OREGON

with Esquire

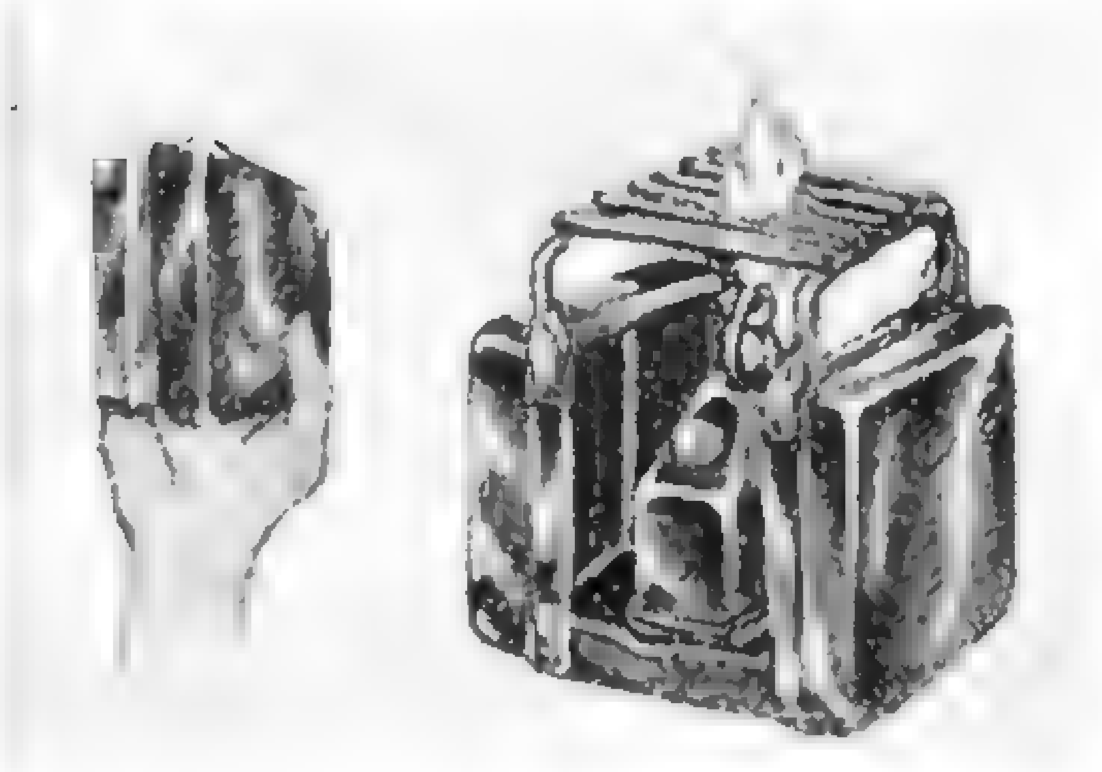
BACHELOR FARE. If you're no Cordon Bleu graduate, and prefer to stick to simple things like sandwiches when you're batching it, this nut-cinnamon spread is right up your alley. Makes a man-size sandwich, and no dabbling around with a lot of extras. There's also a cinnamon and sugar spread that's good on toast.



GOOD GRAVY! If the gravy boat gets the go-by at your house, slip the Little Woman a bottle of this vegetable-and-herb concentrate. She'll be serving rich, brown gravies in no time at all. All the regular ingredients are used, plus a shot of this stuff. Blend of herbs, spices and carmelized sugar steps up the flavors.



SHARP SET. K.P. candidates are equipped to deal with just about any culinary situation, with this rack of 7 kitchen knives hanging on the wall. There's a special cheese knife, one for poultry, one for slicing ham and another for other meats. All this and three paring knives, too. Stainless steel blades and rosewood handles.



POCKET EDITION. Here's a compact little stove that measures only 4½" x 5" x 1⅞" when it's *en route*. But set-up, ready for cooking, it holds a 4 quart pot or a good size frying pan. Burns for more than an hour and a half on 4 oz. of any gasoline. Monel metal case is heat-resistant. Fits into glove compartment or tackle box.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Broadcast through your Radio with this New WIRELESS MICROPHONE!

NO CONNECTIONS NO HOOKUPS OF ANY KIND

Completely Wireless

BROADCAST IMMEDIATELY!

ULTRA-MIKE
$9.95 complete

Carry it with you—Talk as you walk—

Broadcasts through any radio indoors—outdoors—anywhere. It's a completely self-contained wireless transmitter—a marvel of modern electronic engineering. Talk into it—sing into it and without piping in—without connecting wires your voice comes booming through any radio set within a 50-foot radius. Use it for fun at gatherings, parties, etc. *Ultra-Mike is not a toy*—it's a rugged, scientifically engineered transmitter in mike form that gives high fidelity performance.

LOADS OF FUN—AND PRACTICAL, TOO

Ultra-Mike is highly efficient over a full 50-foot range. It is completely self contained, with its own tube and long life (easily replaceable) battery. No hook-up or connections are needed. Carry it with you—talk as you walk—and you'll marvel at its fine modulation—its full-bodied volume—the clearness with which your voice is reproduced.

ORDER TODAY—SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address and we'll send C.O.D. plus postage, or send $10.00 and we ship postpaid. Don't delay.

MAIL MART, INC. Dept. EN-142
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

A Personalized Gift from Washington

TIES HAND PAINTED with initials 2.50

A custom quality tie in any color, hand-painted with his initials. A perfect Christmas gift. Postpaid and gift-wrapped. Orders filled promptly... Send check or money order. Give number of ties, colors and initials.

LATT'S TIE BAR
910 14 St., N.W. Washington, D. C.

NEW! Notched bar permits instant blade changing
See how quick and easy shaving can be!

Ultra-Modern Gillette Super-Speed RAZOR SET

● Here's the latest word in shaving convenience and comfort. With this amazing new shaving combination you change blades quick as a wink. Twist . . . the razor opens! Zip . . . there's an unwrapped Gillette Blue Blade. Twist again . . . you're shaving!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Gillette One-Piece Razor and 10-Blade Dispenser

$1.50 VALUE $1.00

GIVE A BIT OF florida THIS CHRISTMAS

● BE DIFFERENT. Make a lasting impression on friends and business associates with Cobbs famous fruits and tropical delicacies. **Gift No. 11** above, is a Mexican Hamper containing approximately 54 lbs. of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, and limes—a holiday super treat—**priced $10.00. Gift No. 35** (not illustrated) same as **Gift No. 11** except half size and weight—**priced $6.50. Gift No. 2** (not illustrated) contains approximately 27 lbs. assorted fruits and jar each of Guava Jelly, Tropical Fruit Conserve, and Pineapple-Cherry Jam—**$6.00. Gift No. 1** (not illustrated) contains approximately 27 lbs. of assorted fruit only—**$4.50.** Store fruit never tasted like this! **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Express paid. Orders must be accompanied by check or money order. No Canadian or foreign shipments. Unless otherwise instructed, orders will be shipped for Christmas. **Send for free,** gorgeous, 8-page Brochure-Price List in natural color, showing other COBBS Gift Packages.

Cobbs FINEST FLORIDA FRUITS

Christmas giving made EASY

ORDER NOW!

COBBS, Box 3-D
Little River (Miami) Fla.

☐ Enclosed is check or money order for $ . . . . . . for gift packages to be shipped names on ATTACHED LIST.

☐ Please send me your free beautifully illustrated Brochure-Price List.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

FULLY AUTOMATIC
BUBBL-MATIC
SHOOTS thousands of BUBBLES without re-loading
$2.98 COMPLETE

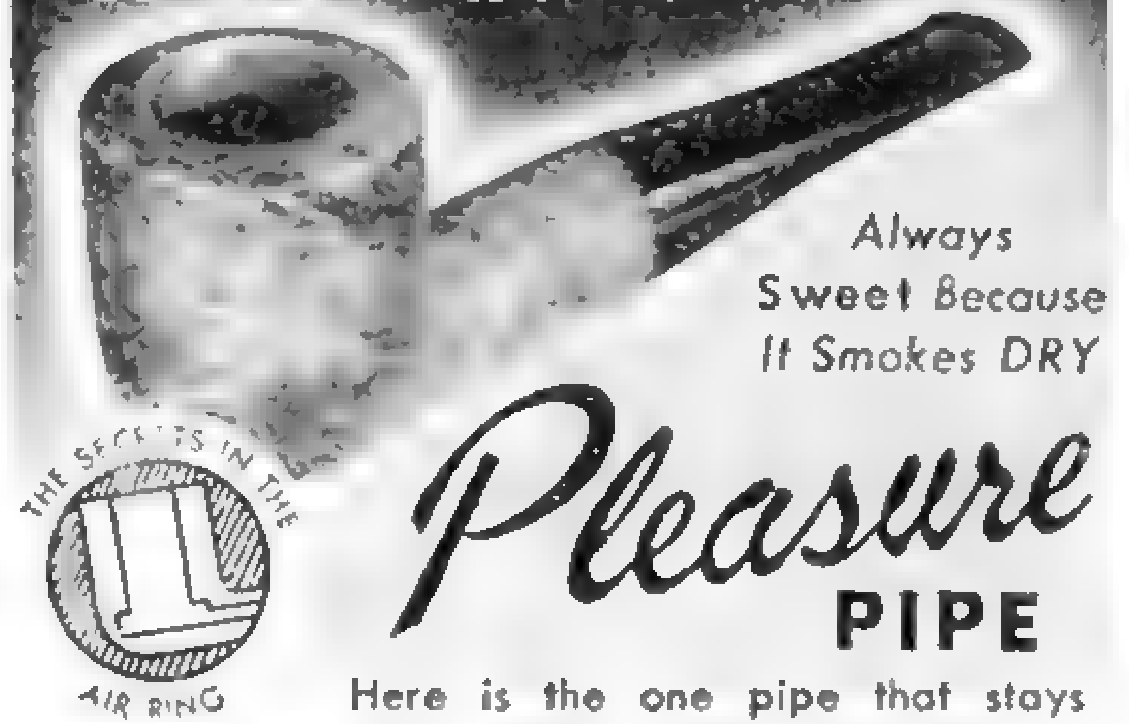
LOADED WITH FUN!

Perfect gift at Christmas or any time. New automatic gun shoots thousands of *harmless, stainless* bubbles with each loading. Fun galore for all young and old. Made of strong, light aluminum, easy to operate. Shipped with 6 refill cartridges anywhere in U. S. $2.98 postpaid. Additional refills, 6 for 30c. Send check or money order.

Add 3% sales tax to Ohio orders

NOVELTY PRODUCTS
22 W. Seventh St. Dept. DM Cincinnati 2, O.

The SMARTEST PIPE IDEA in 20 Years


Always Sweet Because It Smokes DRY
THE SECRET'S IN THE AIR RING
PAT. APP. FOR

Pleasure PIPE

Here is the one pipe that stays sweet, smokes dry without bite or dottle, and draws freely no matter how tightly you pack it.

The Pleasure Pipe is revolutionary in principle. The diagram reveals the secret—a large AIR RING is cut into the bottom of the bowl. More air means a *freer* draw, and *complete* burning. No metal gadgets. It's engineered to *multiply* smoking pleasure, and $7.50 is a mighty small price for the real smoking delight to be had from a Pleasure Pipe. Choicest imported briar. Money-back guarantee. Mail your order today. Enclose check or money order. Indicate style wanted.

PLEASURE PIPE CO.,
Box E44, East Bridgewater, Mass.

Please send me _______ Pleasure Pipes in the styles checked at only $7.50.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City and State ____________________

Listen to this Record!
CORTINA

SPEAK SPANISH FRENCH, GERMAN, OR ITALIAN

Big opportunities awaiting Americans who speak Spanish. Learn as a child learns—"by listening" to these new CORTINA recordings.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Count Cortina

Learn to **speak Spanish** like a native! The Cortinaphone Method **famous for 65 years** teaches you right in your home, relaxed and at ease. Thousands have found it the most fascinating, most satisfactory method. Here is the quick, easy way to learn Spanish for **Pleasure and Business.** Investigate!

Sent on 5 Days' Approval

"The Cortina Short-Cut" tells just what you want to know. Interesting. Get it! ***It's Free!***

Spanish Course Available Under G. I. BILL OF RIGHTS **Write NOW!**

CORTINA ACADEMY (Language Specialists for 65 yrs)
Suite 4511, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):

☐ SPANISH ☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ German

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________

Check here if you are a VETERAN

PERSONAL LEATHERWARE
by ELCO
FINEST IN LEATHERWARE
SINCE 1904

Enjoy that thrill of personal pride in wearing and showing your Elco Leatherware

BILLFOLDS KEY CASES
COAT POCKET CASES
MATCHED COMBINATION SETS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
AT LEADING STORES

ELCO THINFOLD
COAT POCKET CASE
Fine bright pinseal
Turned edges Secret
currency pocket. 16 50*

ELCO THINFOLD
BILLFOLD TO MATCH
Fine bright pinseal Turned edges
Double currency pocket. 10.00*

* PRICES RETAIL PLUS FED TAX

ELCO MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
302 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Guaranteed Travel Alarm Clock

Personalized for Men and Women

Accurate precision movement. Luminous dial and hands. Enclosed in sturdy, attractive folding case. This fully guaranteed clock will serve you faithfully when travelling, or at home and office. ***For the personal touch, your initials in 24 kt. gold or white letters.*** Colors: Brown, Maroon, or Tan.

Without Alarm: $ 8.95 We pay 20% Fed.
With Alarm: . . . 12.95 Tax and Postage

Send Check or Money Order
Mention color and initials
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

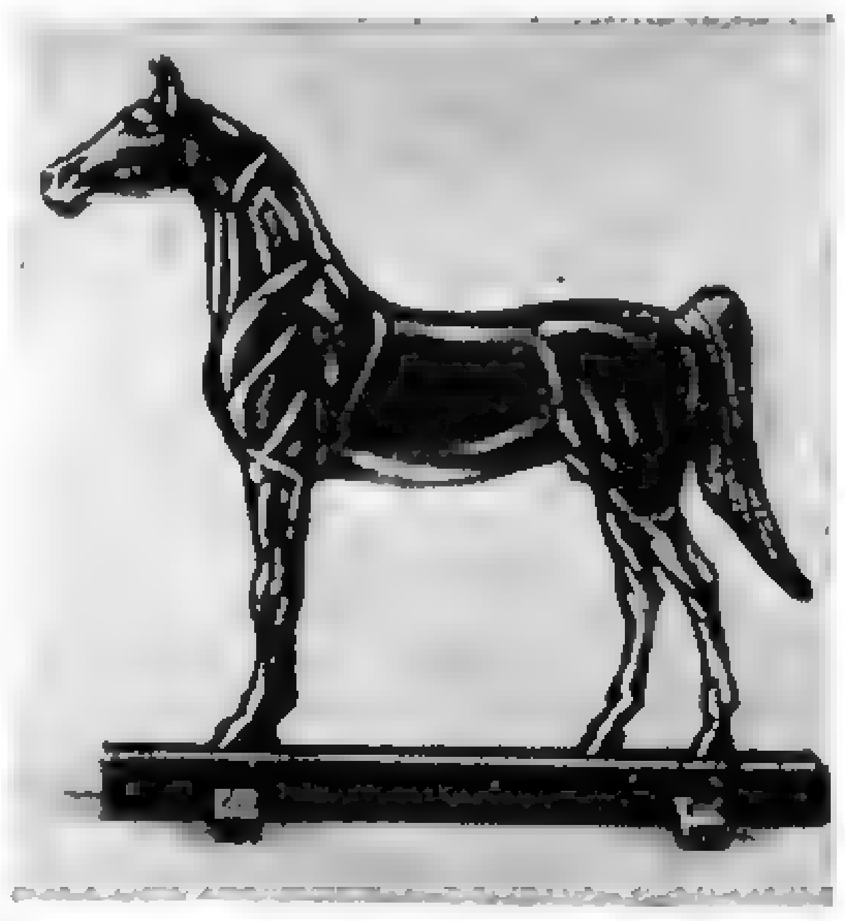
CROWN CRAFT PRODUCTS
246 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 2211, New York 1

MEN—and Women, too!
EXEROW
★
for YOUR HEALTH and FIGURE
★

RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!

Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

Battle Creek EQUIP. CO. Dept. C-118
Battle Creek, Mich.



Champion DOORSTOP

He's almost too beautiful to stand against a door, but he does it with the effortless grace of a true aristocrat. Or let him be the center of attraction on your mantel, or a blue-ribbon gift to a horse lover. Made of bronze, 12" long, he's just $6.50. Postpaid from

"little joe" WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. B47 Baltimore 1, Md.

FRATERNITY MEN AND WOMEN

The LINCOLN *Ring*

IDENTIFIES FRATERNITY MEN

Wherever you go, a crested ring identifies you as a fraternity man. Features fraternity crest or Masonic insignia. Also plain—no mounting #3434B style.

10K GOLD . . .	$25.50
STERLING . . .	13.25

20% tax and state tax additional

Other rings for men and women in Gift Book E-49

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

INVITED TO WRITE FOR GIFT BOOK E-49—FREE

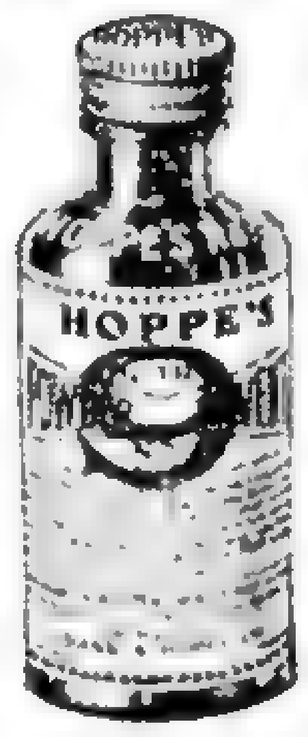
Actual Photograph
Ht. 7 in.
Wt. 36 oz.

7 x 50 PRISM BINOCULARS
BRAND NEW
$48
with COATED Lenses & Prisms
$58
Plus 20% tax

Made to rigid military specifications. Light-weight, moisture and dust-proof aluminum bodies. Richly finished case & straps. Money-back guarantee. Immediate delivery. We pay postage.

BROWNSCOPE CO.
Dept. 11ES, 24 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y.

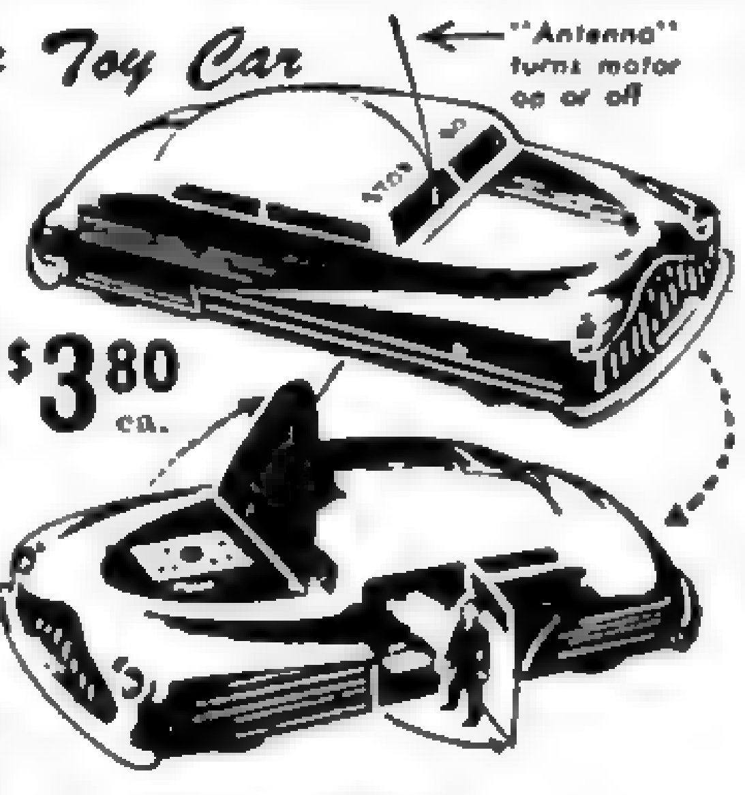
Clean Your Gun Thoroughly; use HOPPE'S No. 9



First remove all primer, powder, lead and tough metal fouling with Hoppe's No. 9—then apply a film of Hoppe's No. 9 to protect your gun from rust. Gun dealers sell it or send us 10¢ for sample. Helpful "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE upon request.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2311 North 8th St., Phila. 33, Pa.

The Miracle Toy Car


"Antenna" turns motor on or off

$3.80 ea.

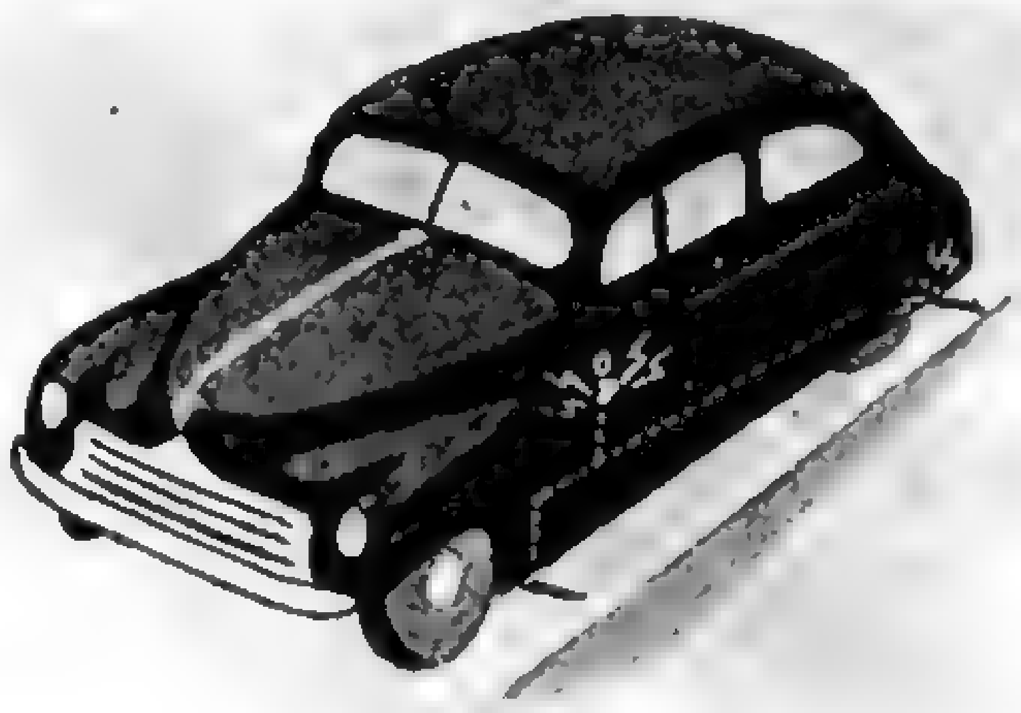
Unbelievingly amazing. Starts, turns, stops.
- Hood goes up, door opens with driver attached to "inspect the trouble."
- Hood and door close, car starts again . . . automatically!
- All metal, fine precision motor.

Perfect for Xmas gift lists.
We pay postage, no cod's. Free catalog on request—ready soon. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 2 for $7.40
Also available at toy and department stores.
Retailers: write for interesting proposition.

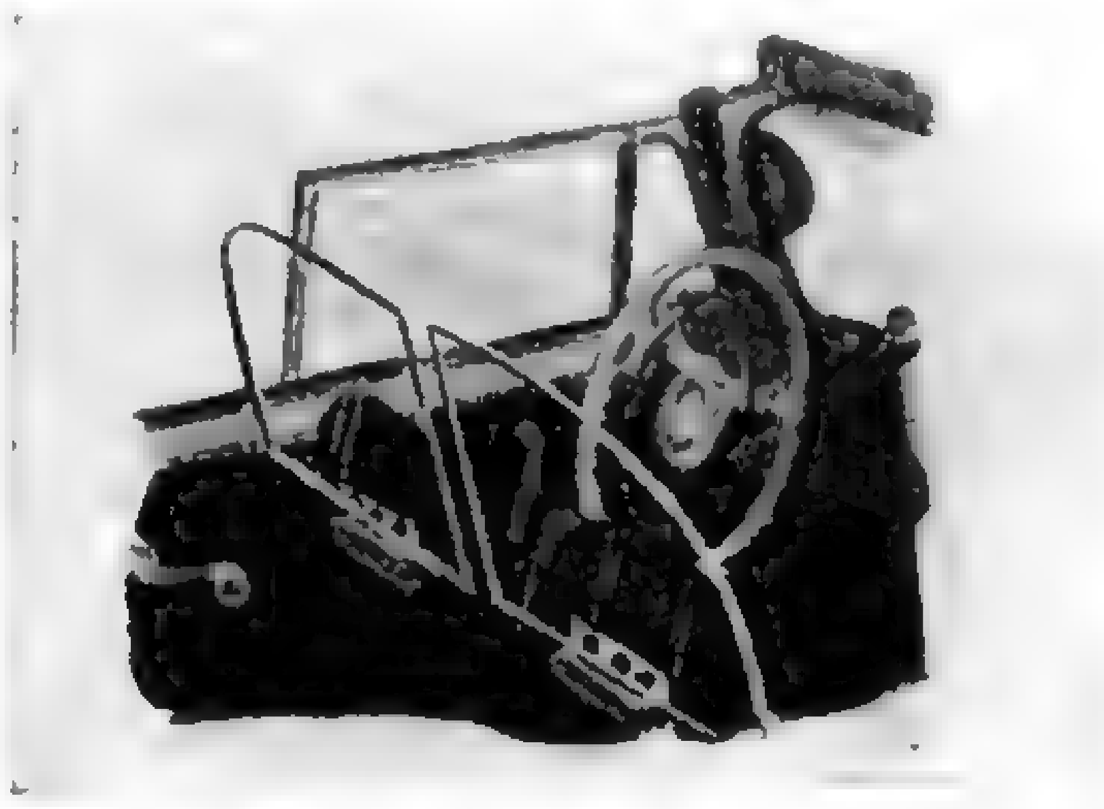
Q. T. NOVELTY CO. Box 54, Station "F"
New York 16

Talking Shop

A PARKING AID to fend off trouble. Warns you when you're 4½" of the curb; saves wear and tear on fenders, hub caps, white side-walls—to say nothing of tempers. A fine coil is attached to right rear and front fenders; hooked up to a buzzer that sounds a warning whenever the coil touches curb.



A TROUBLE LIGHT that plugs into the cigarette lighter on the dash board. Night drivers with car trouble can use it as a warning to oncoming motorists and as a floodlight to work by. Permanently magnetized base will stick to any part of the car, shedding light where it's needed. 6½" long with 12 ft. cord.



SUDDEN SHOWERS needn't dampen the spirits of the passengers in your car—if you have a Motorbrella stowed away behind the back seat. It's big enough to ward off the rain while they make the dash from car to doorway. This king-size bumbershoot is 32" long, has a rust proof frame. Black canvas case.

FOR BACK SEAT DRIVERS. No, not a second steering wheel, but a folding wind-shield for the back seat occupants of a Convertible. Shield is made of heavy, crystal clear plastic, and folds down against the back of the front seat when not in use. Adjusted to a horizontal position, it serves as a table for drive-in snacks.

SHOE of the MONTH

Mighty smart—these handsome Chucker Boots by *CONCORD!* Strap and buckle makes them easy to slip into. Ankle fitted to give you *outstanding comfort.* A real man-of-action shoe in rich Bermuda Brown, *right* for dress and *right* for sports. Double leather sole, reverse storm welt.

ORDER BY MAIL — *Immediate Delivery*

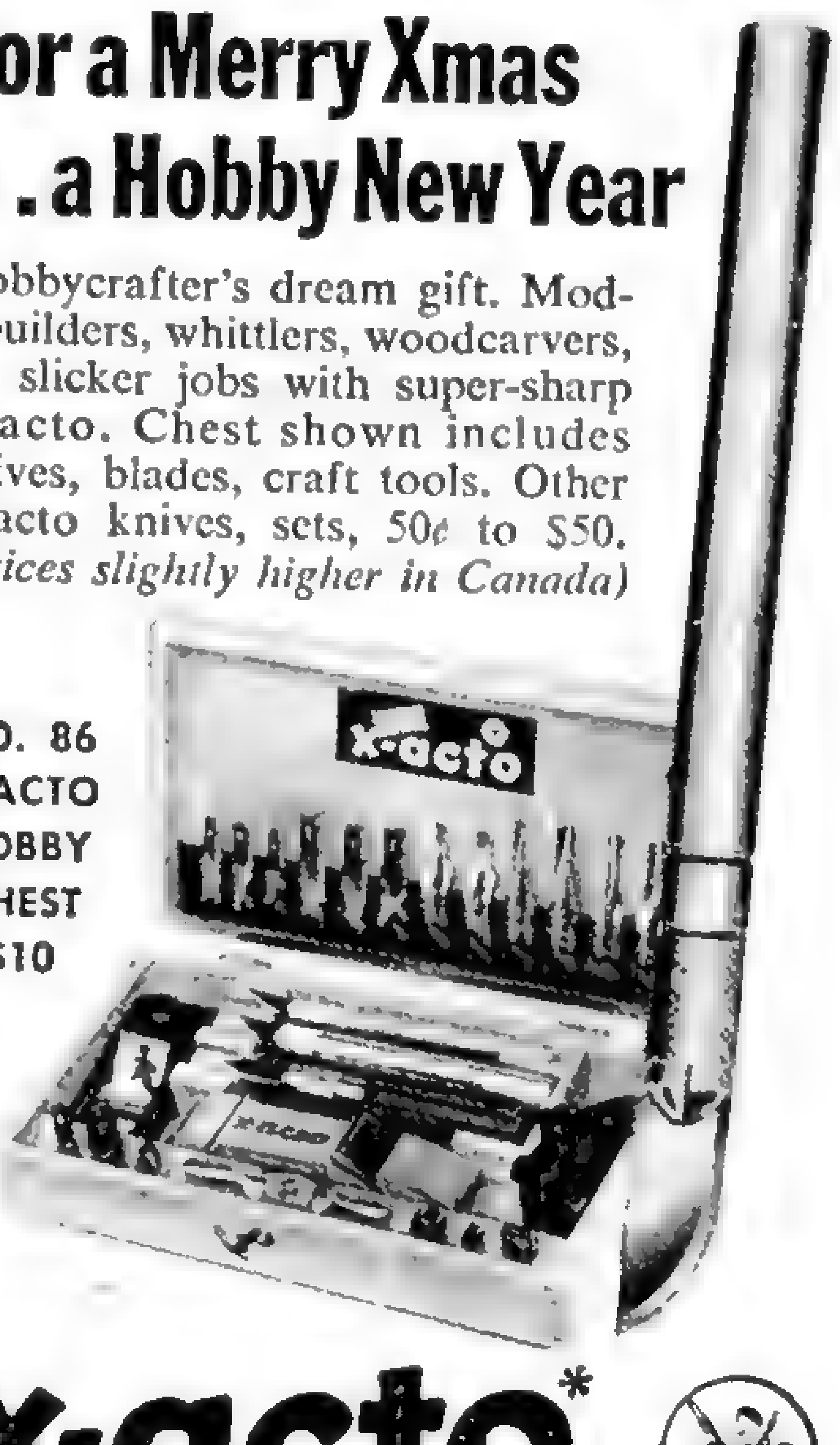
Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-27 TODAY. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, B, C, D. **$10.95.** Add 25c for mailing.
Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

For a Merry Xmas ...a Hobby New Year

Hobbycrafter's dream gift. Modelbuilders, whittlers, woodcarvers, do slicker jobs with super-sharp X-acto. Chest shown includes knives, blades, craft tools. Other X-acto knives, sets, 50¢ to $50. *(Prices slightly higher in Canada)*

NO. 86
X-ACTO
HOBBY
CHEST
$10



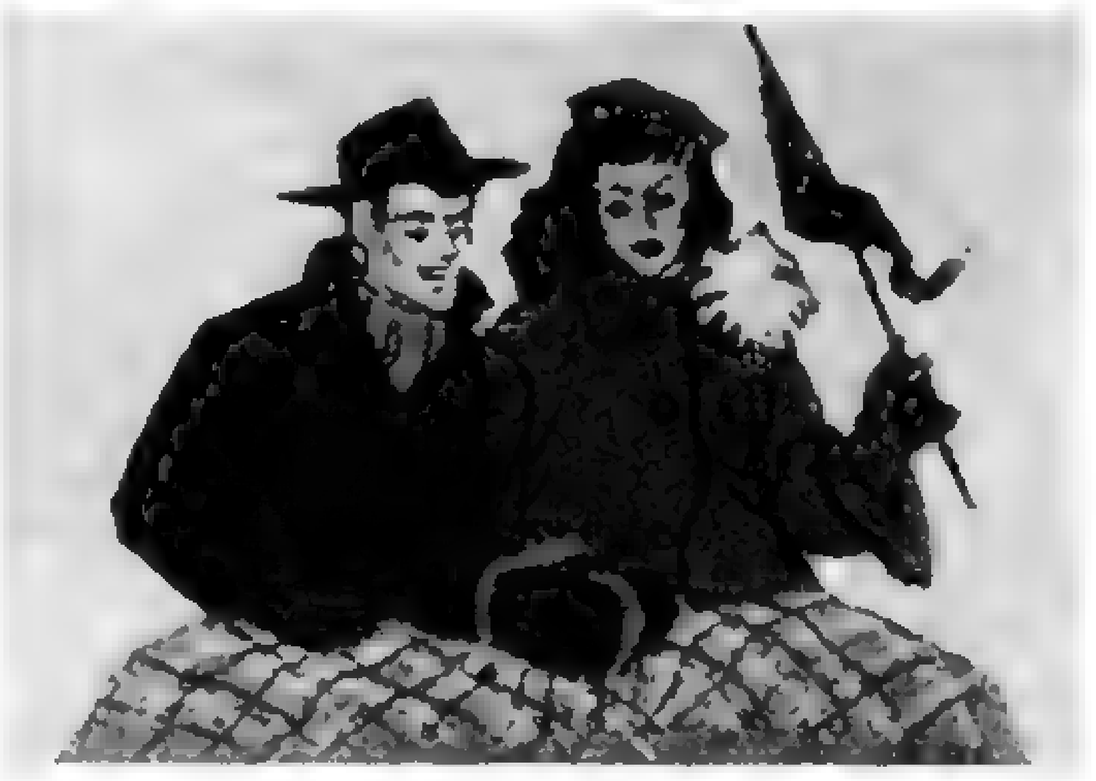
X-acto* KNIVES & TOOLS *Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc.
440 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Canada: Handicraft Tools, Ltd., Toronto

with Esquire

HAND-HOLDERS can indulge in their favorite pass-time on sleigh rides or at a football game, with one of these cozy "bundling mittens." There are two separate wrists, fur-trimmed, and a palm section big enough to accommodate a pair of hands. Inside is fur lined; out-size palm is made of American made pigskin.

LET IT RAIN, let it snow – the weather won't get you down if you've had your duds processed with this water-proofing solution. Comes in a 4 ounce bottle with sprayer attached. All you have to do is spray it on hat, shoes – whatever you want waterproofed. Dries in about four minutes, isn't oily or waxy.



LIGHT ON YOUR FEET. Besides all that coffee in Brazil they've also got something called *para* rubber – which is used to make these comfortable, lightweight rubbers for men. Equipped with tread soles and a ventilating system that keeps feet from getting overheated; pliable enough to stash in a coat pocket.

ANTI-FREEZE for football fiends. If your date gets cold feet and wants to leave before the game is over, wrap her up in one of the blanket-in-a-bag deals and she'll stay put. All-wool, plaid blanket is 45"x66" and folds up into a bag which is attached to the blanket. Serves as a handwarmer or a place to stash things.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

MARVELOUS
NEW PALETTE
HAILED BY FAMOUS ARTISTS

Peel-off
ANTHONY'S
Disposable Palette
SAVES TIME!
SAVES WORK!

New "PEEL-OFF" PALETTE takes the bother out of painting—eliminates messy "clean-ups." Just peel off top sheet and Presto! . . . a fresh, paint-free working surface is ready to use. Each palette contains 50 specially processed sheets, impervious to all mediums. *The perfect gift for professionals and amateurs alike!*

A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PALETTES GIFT WRAPPED – $3.00
3 Palettes (App. 9" x 12") — $3.00
3 Palettes (App. 12" x 16") — $4.50
Sorry no C.O.D.'s

At your dealer or send postpaid to
JOHN J. ANTHONY
347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

IMPORTED
GIFT PIPES

DIRECT FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NO. 870A
$6
NO. 476
$7.50

These distinguished imported pipes will delight the heart of any pipe smoker - be an unusual gift he'll cherish for a lifetime. No pipe collection is complete without these cool and sweet smoking traditional pipes from middle Europe, where peasants and noblemen smoke them every day. Beautifully hand made by skilled Czech craftsmen who take pride in their age-old art. Order today, immediate delivery. Money back guarantee.

No. 870A Handsome black finished briar with a beautiful rough textured surface. Rich metal figurette on bowl. Cattle horn bit, ornamental trigger cover cap. 8-inch length.

No. 476 Seasoned Mediterranean briar bowl with fancy trigger cover metal cap and trim. Large removable drain cup, stem and mouthpiece of carved cattle horn. 7-inch length.

ADOLPH NOSEK, IMPORTER, 4927 34th ST., SAN DIEGO 4, CAL.

Send me pipe(s) No._____ at $_____ POSTPAID Airmail 50c extra
Name _____
Address _____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____
(In California add State Sales Tax)

"FLIGHT BOOTS"

Fit Every Occasion

ORDER NOW
FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan – Widths B, C, D or E – Sizes 6-12.

Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot – full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on – Easy off!

ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

$16.50

NATIVE BOOT COMPANY
461 No. Manchester Street
BROCKTON, MASS.

THE Ray SCHOOLS
THE OLDEST PROFESSIONAL ART SCHOOL IN AMERICA
COMMERCIAL ART • PHOTOGRAPHY
ADVERTISING AND WINDOW DISPLAY
LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS SECURED G.I. APPROVED
116 SO. MICHIGAN BLVD., DEPT. E-11 CHICAGO 3

NEW! COLORFUL!

GARMENT
DRAPES

clothes look better - closets look smarter

To preserve fine cut and good styling, hang your clothes on attractive new "Garment Drapes". Shoulder-form shape supports collars without creasing, protects shoulders from crushing, allows garments to hang in natural lines. Felt pads prevent slipping or shifting. Six beautiful colors to modernize your closets: red, green, yellow, black, blue, pink. Smooth, durable plastic with long-life "suspended" construction. 16" wooden pants bar.
$1.25 ea. 12 for $10.00 Postpd. No C.O.D.'s

......PENNOCK & ASSOCIATES......
47 Market Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

HORS D'OEUVRES
for EPICURES

Your "special" gatherings deserve these rare Pacific Oysters with a crabapple-smoked flavor all their own. Just slice on crackers and quickly serve.

Bendiksen's
CRABAPPLE-SMOKED
OYSTERS

E. H. BENDIKSEN COMPANY
P. O. BOX 86, OCEAN PARK, WASH.
Enclosed is check or money order for $_____
Please send me: ☐ 6 Jars – $3.75
☐ 12 Jars – $7.20
Try one jar. If not satisfied, return balance for full refund. No. C. O. D.'s.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

BIG MEN

TRY THESE FOR SIZE
...and SAVE!

SUITS . . .	to size 62	SWEATERS .	to size 66
EXTRA LONGS	to size 54	SPORTSWEAR	to size 66
TOPCOATS .	to size 62	RAINCOATS .	to size 64
SHIRTS . .	to size 22	TROUSERS .	to size 70
UNDERWEAR	to size 66	SHOES .	to size 15EEE
PAJAMAS .	to size 70	HATS . . .	to size 8

tailored by BOND
America's No. 1 Outfitter to Men

Now for the first time, you hard-to-fit men can enjoy the same rich fabrics, the same fine worsteds, the same superb needlework for which Bond is nationally famous. Big selections! Big variety of patterns! BIG SAVINGS made possible by bringing these well-tailored garments direct to you from Bond's own huge workrooms. And for top-drawer furnishings, nobody beats Bond assortments and prices. We ship anywhere.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET EE
BOND CLOTHES
380 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Bring her roses for her cheeks!

A gift she'll cherish. That rosy, youthful look, that appealing freshness, that comes from invigorating, refreshing massage. You can give all this and more in the Gilbert

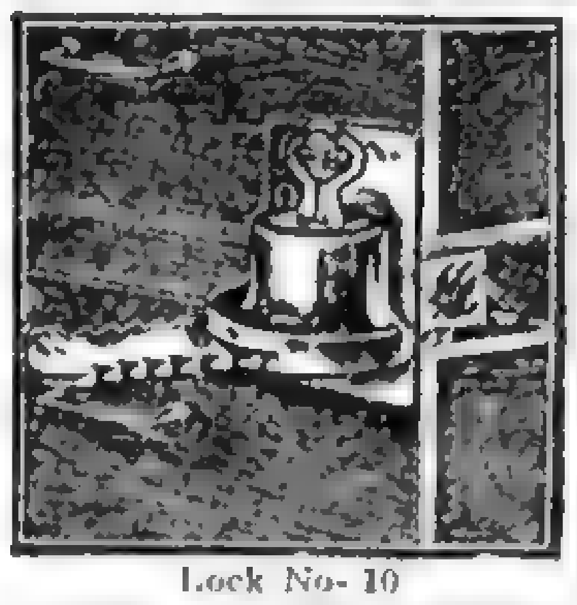
VITALATOR

That magic machine that brings into the home all the eagerly sought advantages of "Swedish" massage. Men, too, find it wonderful for soothing tired muscles, relaxing jangled nerves.

$15.00
At the Better Department, Appliance and Drug Stores

The A. C. Gilbert Company
New Haven, Conn.

NEW WONDER LOCK
No Screws-No Nails-No Holes to Drill

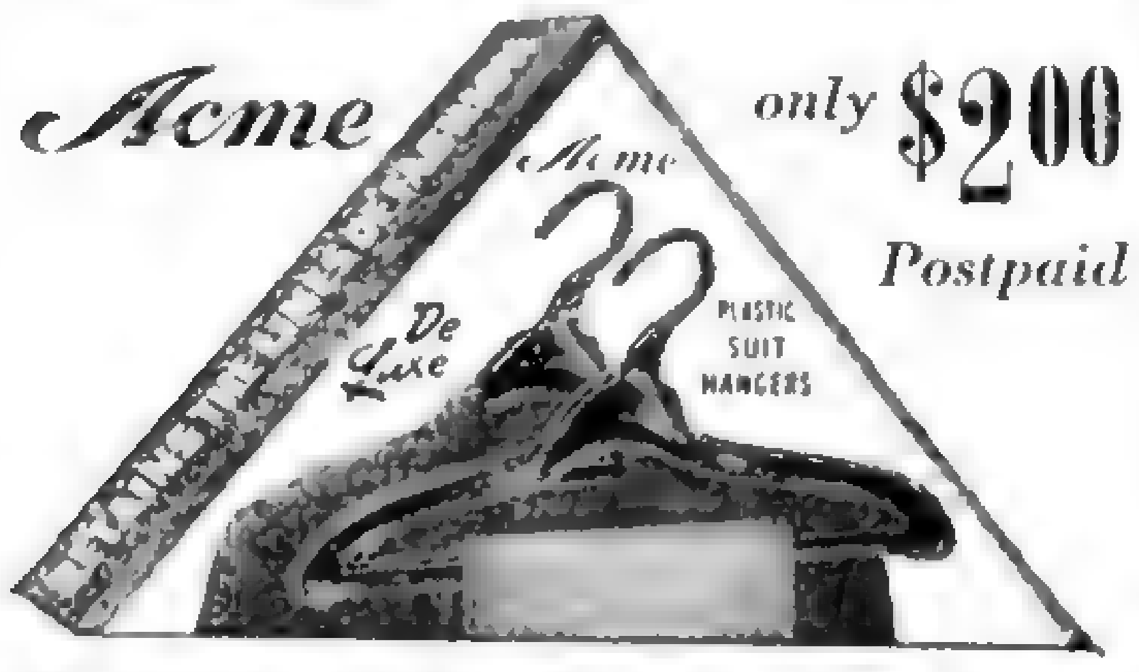

Lock No- 10

Snaps on instantly and locks securely. Designed to fit every type of drawer or door. Has 4 adjustable positions. Locks two drawers at one time. Will not scratch furniture or woodwork. Has beautiful rust-proof finish. Theft proof. Thousands in daily use by leading firms, department stores and U. S. Government agencies. Ideal for home, office, factory or hotel use. Splendid for locking work benches or store rooms. (Also made for glass or wood sliding show case doors.) *Priced only $2.50 each.* Send check or money order today. Full satisfaction or money back guaranteed. (When ordering 2 or more specify if keys are wanted alike).

WONDER LOCK 53 W. JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

The Hanger that holds a Press!

Acme only $2.00 Postpaid



PLASTIC TAILORED HANGERS

Here's the smartly styled hanger precisely molded to fit your clothes as well as you do, *shoulder-shaped* to keep the all-important drape of fine coat lines. Extra long, 18", bar holds trousers securely, prevents creased or baggy pants. Crystal, Ebony or Mahogany. Attractive Gift Carton of 5.

Mail Orders Filled Promptly—No C. O. D.'s

Acme PLASTIC HANGER COMPANY, INC.
380 Throop Ave., Dept. E-11, Brooklyn 21, N.Y.

YES, DEAR, WITH A HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS I WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO THIS FAR TO TELL A WRONG TURN!

At your dealer's. Write for circular.
Beaconlite (illustrated) $5.95.
Streamline $3.95.

HULL MFG. CO., Box 246-G11, Warren, Ohio

NEWEST FASHION!

TUBE-O-LOOP SLACKS

They said it couldn't be done. But here it is. The Tube-O-Loop slack with the continuous waistband And it's a fashion first for fall. Just see what Tube-O-Loop means: a smooth even line around your waist. No belt loops. No gaping. No strain. Pleats reversed to pockets. No outside stitching. Open welt seams. In two models, regular and drape. Only Feldstein slacks bring you Tube-O-Loop waistline.

By
Feldstein
At Leading stores, or write
MAX FELDSTEIN & SONS, INC.
113 S. Hanover St. Baltimore, Md.

Ruby Red
HIGHBALL GLASSES

The lovely rich, ruby red color will remind you of genuine Venetian glass. The white frosted horse will be admired by every lover of horses who enjoys a drink with you. Large sturdy glasses with sham bottoms—holds 12 ounces. Eight glasses for $5.00—a full dozen for only $7.25. Express prepaid. Money back if not delighted.

"little joe" WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. B47 Baltimore 1 Md.

PRICES SLASHED! ALUMINUM PIPES

$4.50 pipe for $1.00. Imported briar bowl, hard rubber stem, air cooled aluminum shanks, straight or curved. No filters required. A perfect Xmas gift. Check or money order, we pay postage.

Write for FREE catalog of pipes and cigars.
C. O. D. orders filled on request
$1
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back
Eddie THE CIGAR MAN
Dept. E-4, 1096 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn 5, N. Y.

TRUE COFFEE FLAVOR

...can be captured only by grinding immediately before making—this alone prevents the harmful effect of air on ground coffee. Adjustable for any grind.

Price **$5.95**
Postpaid. Add 25c West of Miss.
Available in Red, Blue, Natural wood Lacquered and Unpainted.

EAGLE PRODUCTS
Box 84A Meriden, Conn.

What's Yours?

Sterling Silver
LIQUOR PENDANT

New, Unique Gift!

A gracious compliment to your honored guests . . . an unusual gift that's sure to be treasured! Superbly crafted of sterling silver; engraved with name of liquor; oxidized for visibility. Slips easily over neck of bottle or decanter to identify contents: SCOTCH • RYE • WHISKEY • BOURBON • RUM • BRANDY • GIN • PORT • SHERRY.

ORDER BY MAIL: Send $2.50 for each pendant plus 50c Federal Tax (Give names desired), or $20.00 (plus $4.00 tax) for complete set of 8 in gift box. We pay postage. No C.O.D.'s. 10 day money-back guarantee.

$2.50
plus tax postpaid

Unusual, Individual Pieces in Sterling

SAVE AT SLOVES
J. SLOVES SILVER CENTRE 149 Canal St. N. Y. 2, N. Y.
SLOVES FOR SILVER!

LOOK TALLER INSTANTLY!

WEAR HITE-BUILDERS IN YOUR OWN SHOES

Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

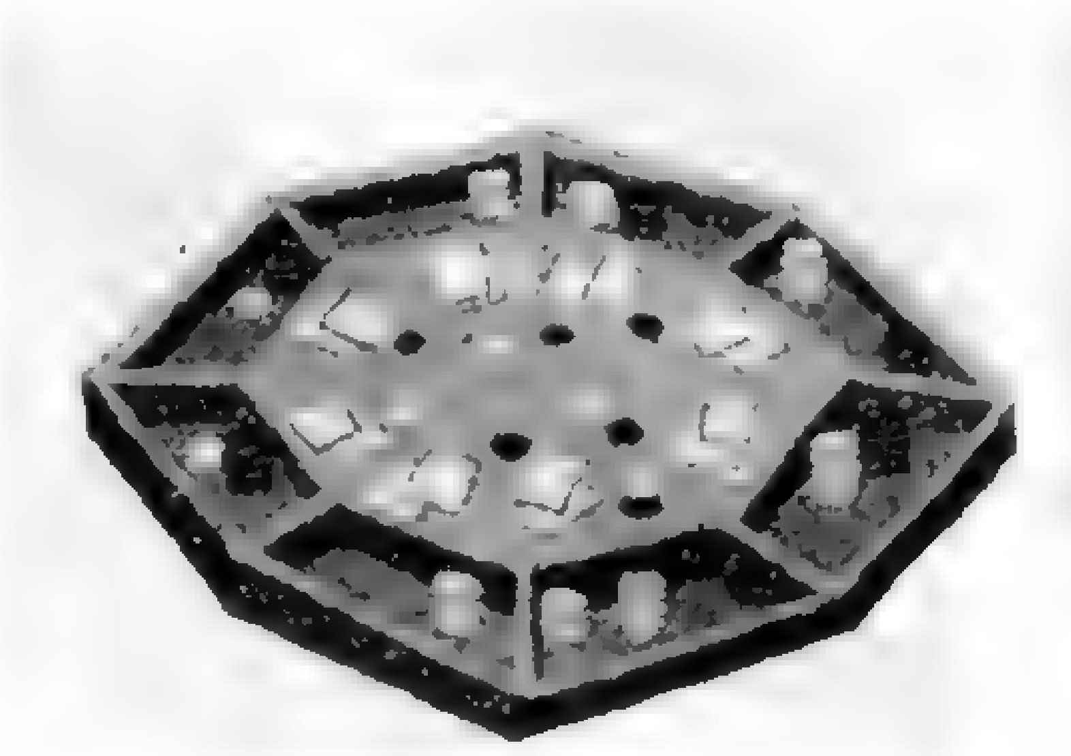
SEND NO MONEY

Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

Only $1.95 A PAIR

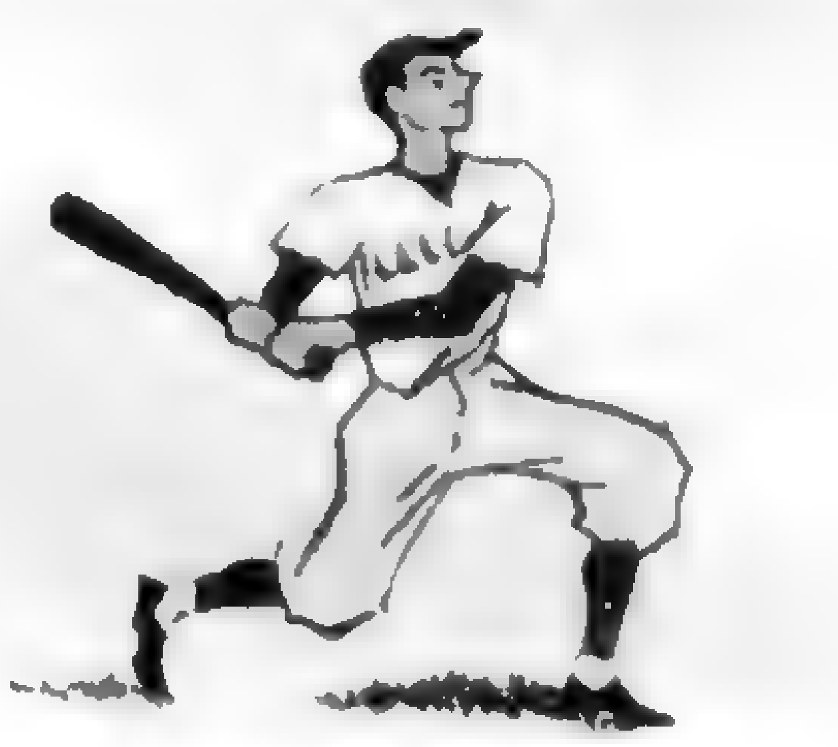
DAVIS MFG. CO.
Dept. R-308, Loveland, Ohio

Talking Shop



DOUBLE DEAL. This two-sided table top turns an ordinary bridge table into a gaming table for eight. There's a flat playing surface and individual compartments for each player's poker chips. When everybody's ready for beer and sandwiches, just turn the top over to the other side, and you have a dining table.

COME-ON FOR CROWS. The current campaign against crows is aided and abetted by this kit for crow shooters. Contains 2 life-like crow decoys, a crow call, and a realistic looking Owl—natural enemy of crows. They won't hesitate about attacking an owl if they're in a gang. Two-faced to catch them coming and going.



BASEBALL FANS can follow their favorite sport all winter, playing this indoor, table version of the game with the same rules that govern regular outdoor baseball. A device pitches the balls—fast, slow, curved, straight and strikes. The "batter" can hit a foul, fair or fly ball; another device controls the "men" on bases.

GOOD SKIPPERS can show their skill in this Yacht Racing Game. Simulates real racing conditions with model sailboats which heel when on the wind or sail on an even keel. Each set includes 4 sailboats, 1 tugboat, a race committee boat, 16 markers, wind pennant, a die, set of wind direction cards, rule book, play board.

FUN FOR ESQUIRES AND JUNIORS TOO!

Chenille-Kraft Kit

CHILDREN LOVE IT
Chenille-Kraft
COLORFUL-PLIABLE Chenille COVERED WIRE

Just a twist of the wrist and anyone can make hundreds of favors, toys, animals or flowers. No special skill needed for the easy-to-follow directions. Each kit contains 100 re-usable pliable stems in assorted gay colors.

FUN! SAFE!

Complete Kit only $1.00 Postpaid

THE BRUCE COMPANY
63 East Adams St.
Chicago 3
Dealer Inquiries Solicited

All-Chrome FOOD SLICER *for Christmas*

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

...a glistening, GENERAL home kitchen size rotary slicer! Zips off uniform slices of hot or cold meats, cheese, bread, fruits, etc., even HARD RINDED BACON. Slices wafer thin to 3/4". Buy food in bulk, save money! Simple and easy to use! 13" x 7"—at leading stores or send check to

CHROME DE LUXE $19.95 ($20.95 West of Miss.
SAME MACHINE WHITE ENAMEL $12.95 ($13.50 West of Miss.)

General Slicing Machine Co., Inc., Div. 101, 100 S. 3rd St., B'klyn 11, N.Y.

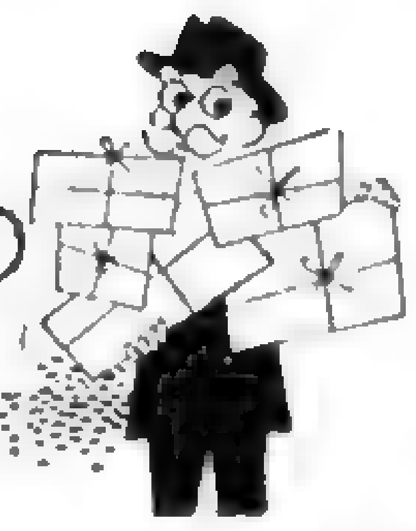
HOW TO KEEP YOUR BUREAU DRAWERS NEAT

SOCKS!
TIES!
HOSE!
$1.25
$1.00
$1.50

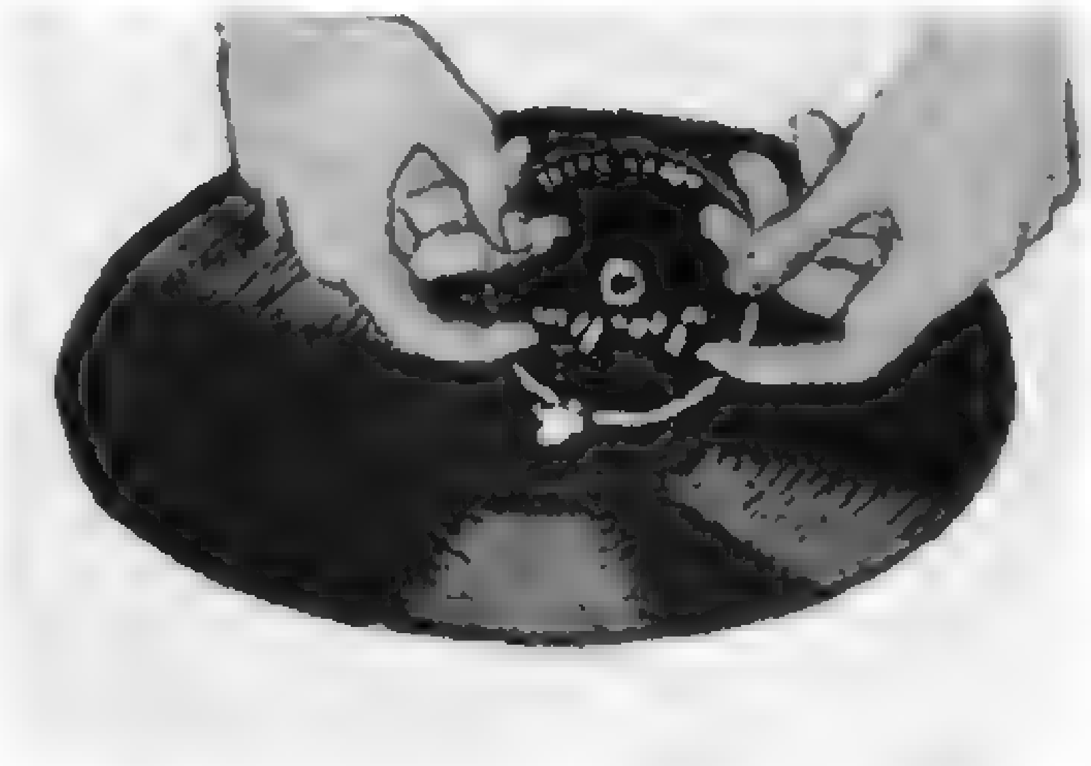
Tired of endless searching for socks, gloves, ties, accessories? Keep 'em ship-shape with crystal-clear trays. Three styles — fit most drawers. Your order rushed return mail. No COD's. Full satisfaction or money refunded.

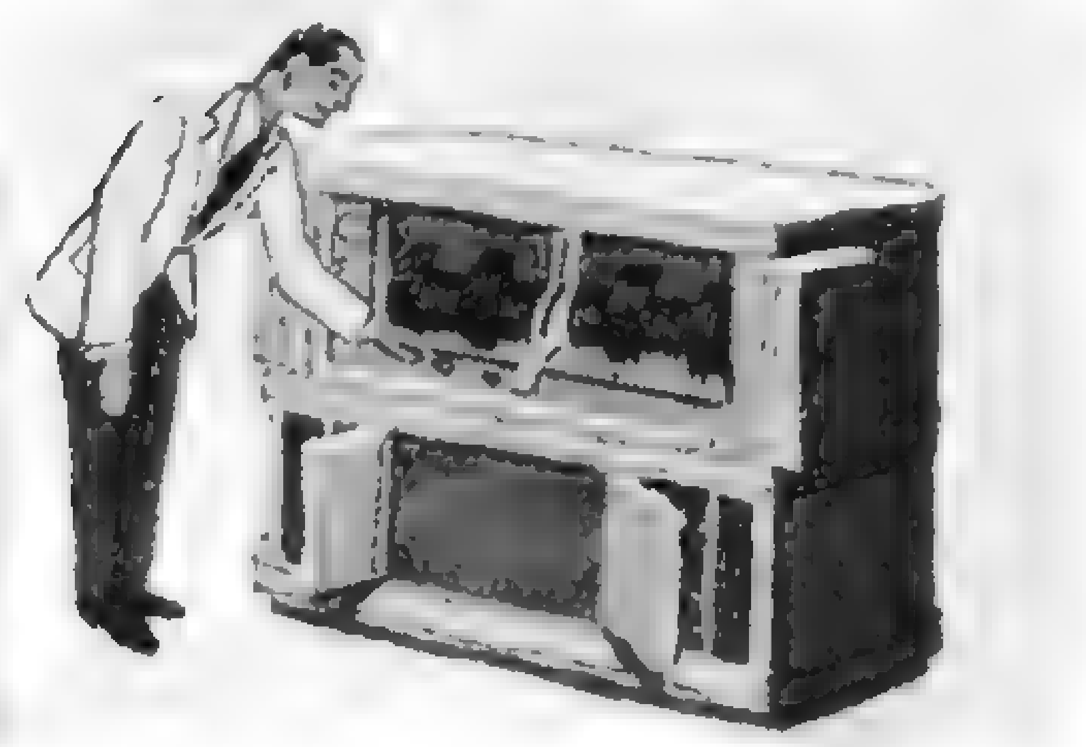
ATLANTIC PLASTICS CO.
Dept. E
7 INDIA ST., BOSTON, MASS.

with Esquire



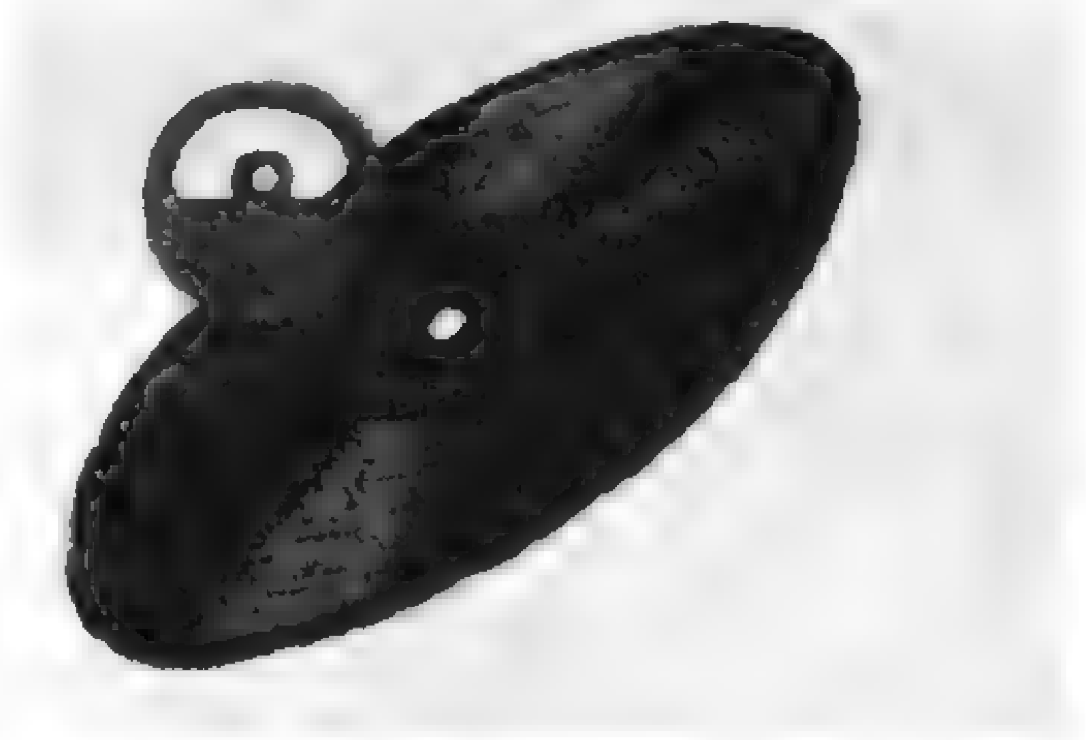
JUST FOR THE RECORDS. You can salvage phonograph records with enlarged or damaged pivot holes by applying these transparent disks of Vinylite, a practically indestructible plastic. The disk fits over the label section, and doesn't obscure the title. A good way to keep new records from becoming damaged, too.

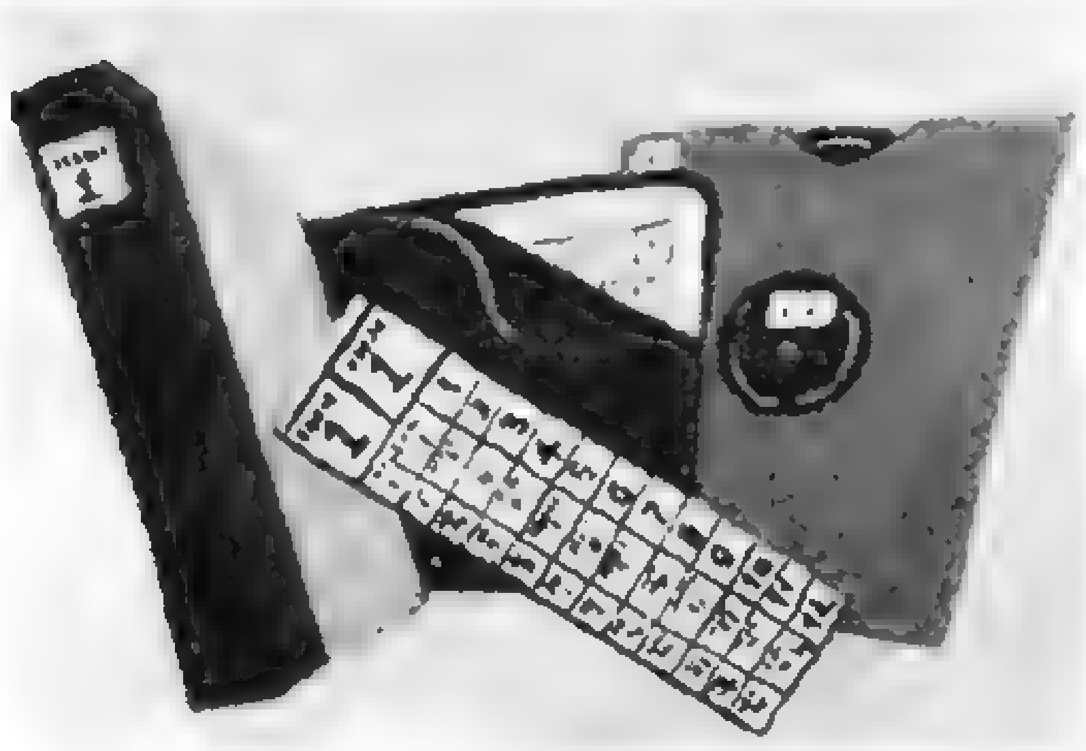




RECORD MARATHON. This new record player will give out with 14 hours of continuous music without repeating a single selection — provided, of course, you have enough records to keep it busy. Selects and plays any recording in a collection without anyone to adjust the pickup arm. The records are played vertically.

NO SLIPS ALLOWED. If your records are equipped with non-slip traction mats, they can't skid around on the record changer. Each record, after it's played, becomes a traction turntable for each succeeding record, so there's no tone distortion due to slipping. Fits over the label section, but doesn't obscure title.



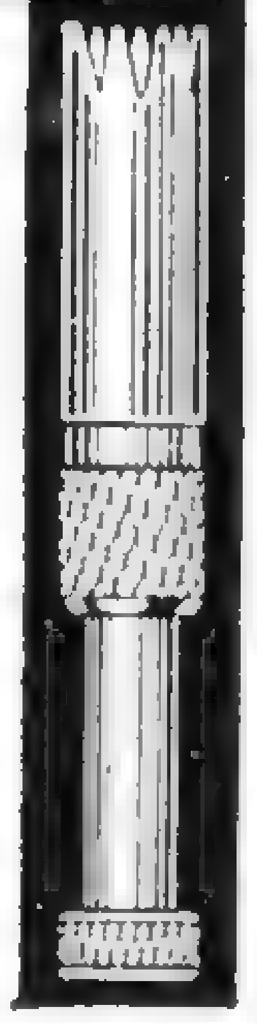


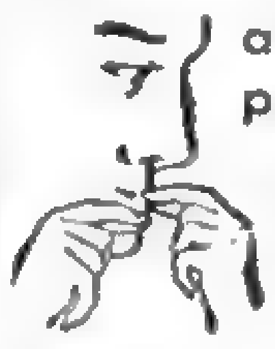
MIS-PLACED PLATTERS? You'll know where every record is, if you identify your collection with this efficient index set. A master number goes on each album; another on each record and its dust jacket. Corresponding numbers are all listed in a loose-leaf notebook, with space for the name of the record, and the musician.

Ranger

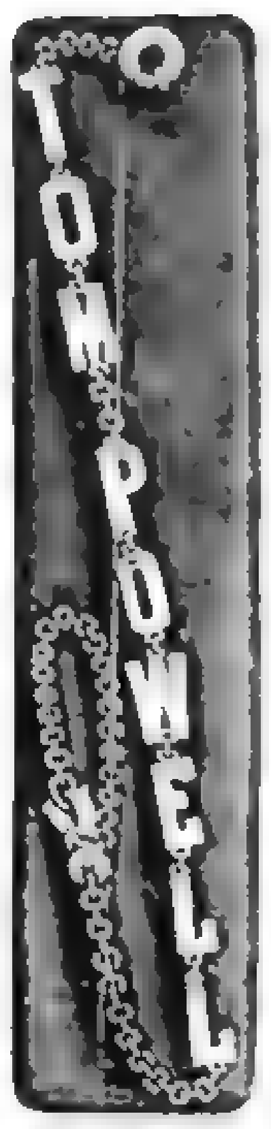
For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

D·E·A·R ring by Kuris
9.95
tax inc.
Four beautiful stones that spell D-E-A-R... Simulated Diamond, Emerald, Amethyst, Ruby... Endear him or her with this clever musical ring... Heavy Sterling Silver mounting...
JACK Kuris INC.
36 West 47 St., New York 19, N. Y.



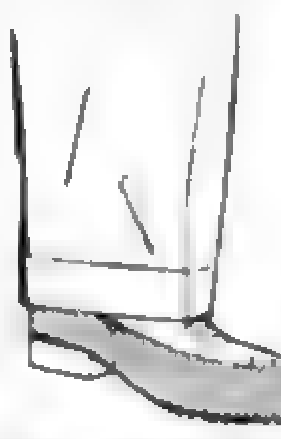


DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection
Use the Hollis KLIPETTE REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
ROTATING SCISSORS
You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.
SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair clipped off gently, safely.
$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel. Chromium plated—also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any special occasion.
GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK
HOLLIS CO. • 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J. • Dept. 27-B
Enclosed is $............ for .... KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax); ....in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund within 10 days.
Name__________
Address__________

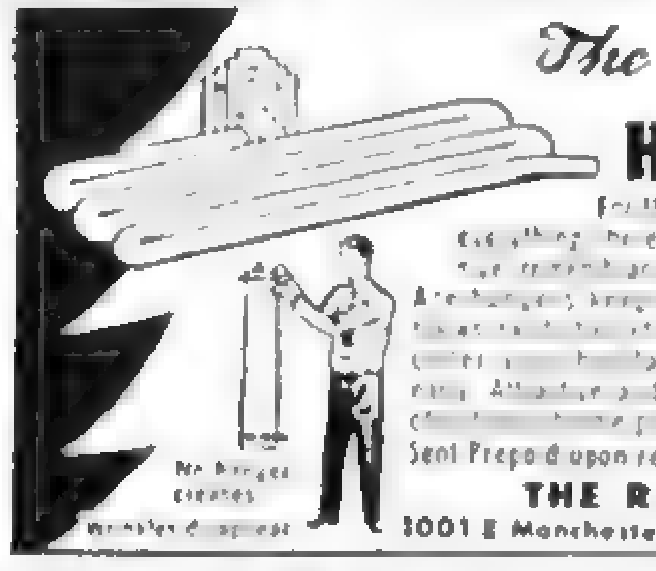


Personalized NAMECHAIN KEY CHAIN
Spells Your Name!
THE PERFECT GIFT
Each NAMECHAIN made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. Tax and postage included in price.
Durably Constructed
★ GOLD COLOR $3.50 STERLING ★ SILVER $7.00
Not Sold in Stores—Only Direct from
NAMECHAIN MFG. CO.
19 E. Pearson St., Dept 23, Chicago 11

GIFT FOR A GOLFER!
Score a Hole in One Christmas Morn with your golfing friends! PRACTISOR Putting Trap takes shots on rug or lawn. Steadies hand and eye, improves game. Fun for parties! Each $2.00 or 3 for $5.00 ppd.
D. BERGHMAN CO., 54 S. 19th AVE., MAYWOOD, ILL.



Hate RUBBERS?
You'll love totes. New . . . lightweight overshoes to fit the pocket. Weigh only 2 ounces. Made of pure heavy latex to stand sidewalk pounding. Non-skid tread, snug fit. Strap snaps over back of shoe like a rubber band. Colors: brown or black. Come with waterproof toting pouch. Satisfaction, or money back. At department stores, haberdashers, cigar counters or direct. Send shoe size and cash, check or money order with dealer's name to SO-LO WORKS, INC., LOVELAND, OHIO. We pay postage.
totes POCKET-WEIGHT OVERSHOES
ONLY $1.25 PAIR



The ACE of Gifts HANGER
[illegible]
PRICE $2.00 EACH anywhere in U.S.A.
Sent Prepaid upon receipt of check, cash or M.O.
THE R-S MFG. CO.
3001 E Manchester Blvd. Los Angeles 1, Calif.

THE LAFF OF THE PARTY
Pep up the proceedings with these screwy "private stock" labels. Beautifully designed, they look like the real McCoy, but scream only funny on inspection. Set of 12 front, back and neck labels include OLD POPSKULL, BELCHER'S BOURBON, WHITE HEARSE and other brands nobody will switch to. Lithographed in two colors on gummed stock. A swell gift for your drinkin friends. Order today! No C.O.Ds. please
$1.00 FOR 12-PIECE SET
2 SETS $1.75
Write BARFLIZE
BOX 3551 • PORTLAND 8, OREGON

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC
Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 350 pages 600 illustrations. Mail $1.00 for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more
NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Dept. E-11, Chicago 3, Ill.

The Perfect Gift For Him
3 Setwell TROUSER HANGERS
• Selected Hardwood - Felt Lined
• Positive Locking Mechanism - Patented
• Grasps garment securely - never lets go
• Gift Boxed with Clear Acetate Cover
At your dealer or send us his name and $2.25 for 3 Setwell Deluxe Hangers with gift box, postpaid. (Denver and west $2.50)
MACKIE LOVEJOY MFG. CO.
1705 West 13th Street, Chicago 8, Ill

BLINKER LIGHT
can save lives
Its bright red light flashes on and off to warn oncoming cars or signal for help. Turns to steady light for locating trouble. Operates from car cigarette lighter. With 12 ft. cord, 6.35
★ FREE GIFT CATALOG with pictures of hundreds of smart, original gifts. Send for Book E-11 today.
LEWIS & CONGER
Ave. of Americas at 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

DESK DECOYS
MR. and MRS. MALLARD
So life-like you'll want to grab your shotgun. Hand painted in true colors this beautiful miniature ceramic set will thrill you and your fellow sportsmen. Ideal for office, den or trophy room. Felt base. A collector's item. You'll want a set for home and office. Exceptionally Clever as Paper Weights
$5. Not Sold in Stores.
Pair Postpaid. Write today direct to:
LINNWOOD MFG. CO.
DEPT. E-1 SEWARD, NEBRASKA

Which Shoe is the ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
* TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.
Answer Below
You can't tell them apart but "ELEVATORS" will make you TALLER
You can't tell by their look, or by the way they feel, because "ELEVATORS" look and feel like any other fine shoes. But you can tell when you step into a pair. What an immediate difference in your appearance! Instantly, you're impressively TALLER. Why put it off when you can put on a pair of "ELEVATORS" and get the thrill that comes only from being TALLER. (The shoe on the right is the "ELEVATORS").
For all details USE THIS COUPON.
STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E-11-48, Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer
NAME__________
(Please Print)
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Mfd. in U. S. Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.
And, under its authority, in
Canada by MacFarlane, Lefaivre, Ltd., Montreal

BE TALLER
WEAR
CUSTOM MADE
STATURAIDS
$19.50

SAGAMORE
No. 1004—Brown grain (shown above)

Get the Thrill of Being Taller
ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

*Free Catalog "Rise to New Heights" showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request.

JOSEPH BURGER, Manufacturer, Dept. 166
2067 Third Avenue, (nr. 113 St.) N. Y. C., N. Y.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR STATURAID SALES OPPORTUNITY

PROUD MATCHES

You'll always be waiting for a chance to show off these matches! Just send in any black and white picture or negative, any size, and it will be reproduced on the match packs with startling clearness. Original picture is returned intact. One subject to a box.

Box of 50 . . . . $5.65 postpaid
Box of 100 . . . 8.75 postpaid
No C.O.D.'s please

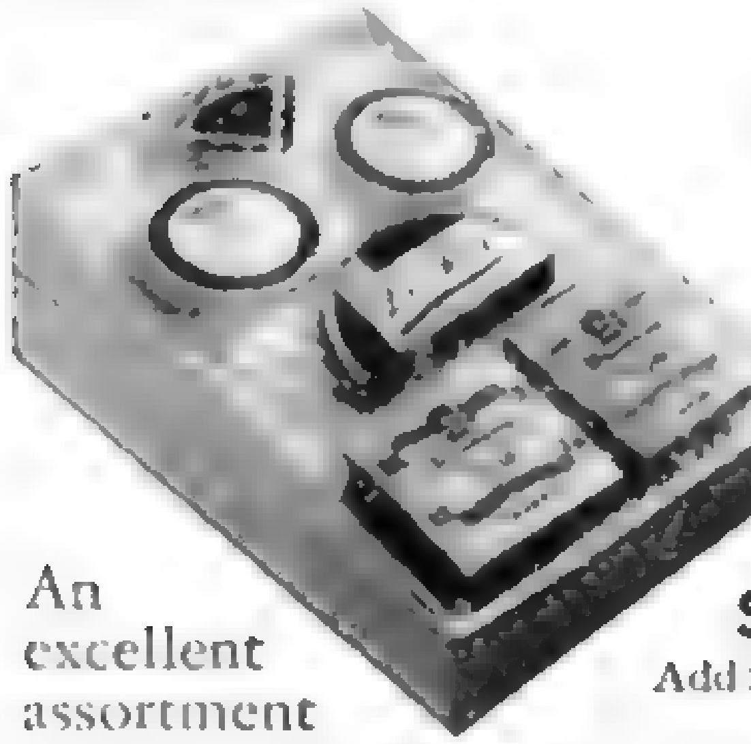
EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-118
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Wisconsin Cheese Makers Guild

GIFT CADDIES

Only the finest cheeses—with a tang and flavor that will excite the palates of the most sophisticated. Made and cured to the peak of perfection by members of our Guild who have won highest medals and awards in national and international dairy expositions.

Guild GOURMET Caddy



An excellent assortment of six Guild Cheeses—2 lbs. 4 oz.—Blue and aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Cheddar and Brick.

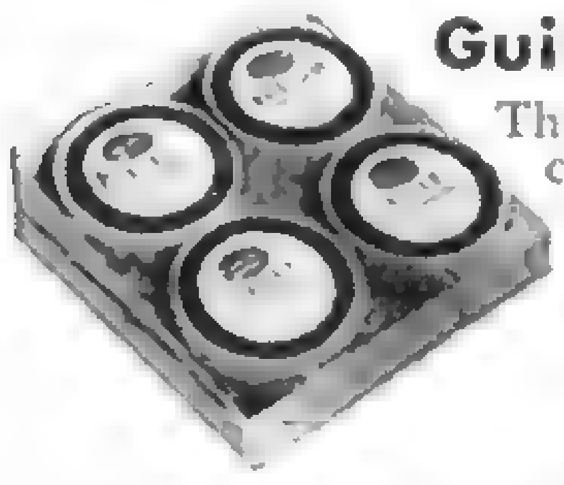
$3.50 postpaid
Add 25c west of Denver

Guild CONNOISSEUR Caddy

Ten Guild varieties—5 lbs. 7 oz.—Blue, Smoky, Spiced and Aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Edam, Brick, Cheddar and Swiss.

$7 postpaid
Add 35c West of Denver

Guild PETITE Caddy



The most unusually flavored cheeses you ever ate. Four easy-to-spread CheeSnaks, Blue, Smoky, Spicy and Aged Club.

$1.50 postpaid
Add 10c west of Denver

Order now for yourself or send gift list and we'll take care of all details. Send check or money order. No C. O. D. Ask for circular of other fine Guild gift assortments.

WISCONSIN CHEESE MAKERS GUILD
4510 W. Forest Home Ave., Milwaukee 14, Wis.

PRAIRIE TALES by Tom Zib

"She doesn't know which one to choose; they both wear Prairie Belts!"

Around well-dressed men you'll find Prairie Belts and Suspenders.

$1 and up at your favorite dealer.

Prairie
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Mutual Suspender & Belt Co., Yonkers 2, N. Y.

FREE! TO STOUT MEN

Send for illustrated catalogue describing STOUTFITTERS men's wear sizes 46 to 70—hard to get apparel at reasonable prices. Write today.

STOUTFITTERS
Dept. No. 7 216 W. 79 St. New York 24, N.Y.

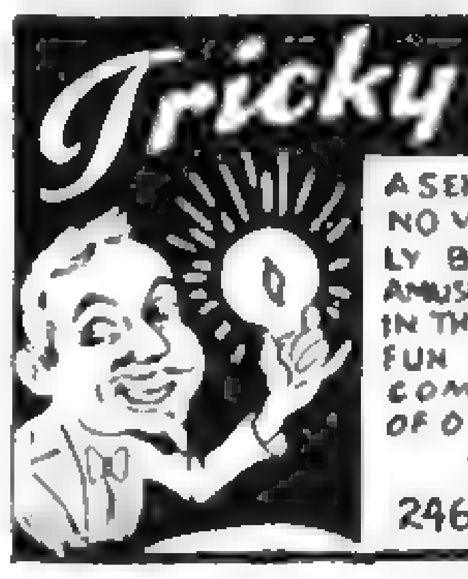
Shoe Shine STOOL

"Just what I've always wanted!" say hundreds! Strong, braced, non-tip step-stool, foot-rest—"step" for kiddies in bathroom, at windows, as chair. Top raises to make perfect shoe-shine stool. Space inside for shining kit. Beautiful hand-rubbed maple or blond finish. Antiqued edges. Strong hinges and fastener. Built to last. 13½" x 7½" x 7¾". Ideal gift.

$3.95 Postpaid

Order direct. Money-back guarantee.
Linnwood Mfg. Co. Dept. ES-11 Seward, Nebr.

Tricky LIGHT BULB



A SENSATION, IT LIGHTS UP IN YOUR HAND NO WIRES ATTACHED, FORMERLY USED ONLY BY PROFESSIONAL MAGICIANS—MYSTIFY & AMUSE—CONFUSE ALL YOUR FRIENDS—LIGHTS UP IN THE MOUTH EAR OR HAND CAUSES ENDLESS FUN GETS YOURS NOW, ITS EASY TO DO COMES COMPLETE WITH MY BIG CATALOG OF OVER 400 OTHER MAGIC TRICKS $2.00

THE MAGICIAN DEPT H
2463 KENSINGTON AVE PHILA 25, PA.

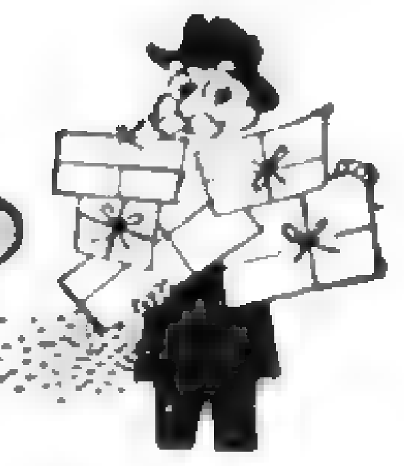
This Christmas
Give him a...
Nimrod PIPELITER
DOWN-DRAFT
WINDPROOF
LARGE
CHIMNEY-ACTION
LIGHTWEIGHT
FLAME
Unconditionally Guaranteed

On sale at your dealer's
$3.50 AND UP

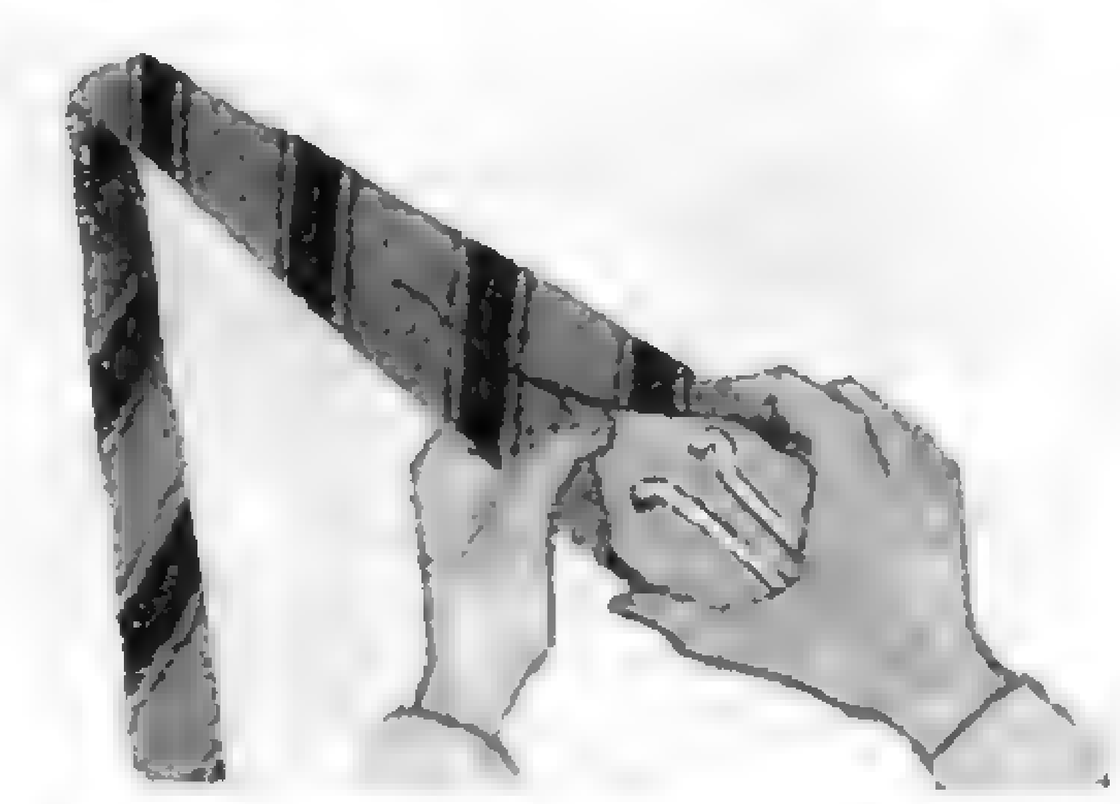
If your dealer cannot supply you, send $3.50 direct to us.

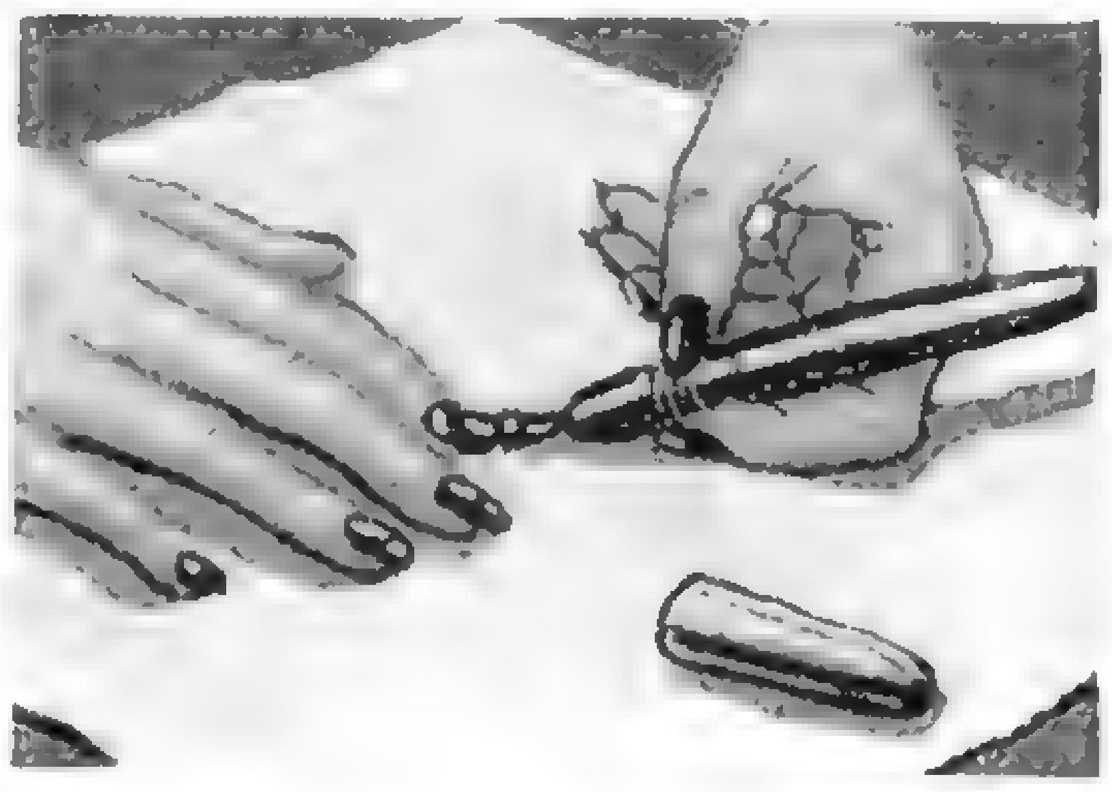
ASHLEY F. WARD INC.
Dept. EM, 2968 Jessamine St., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Talking Shop with Esquire

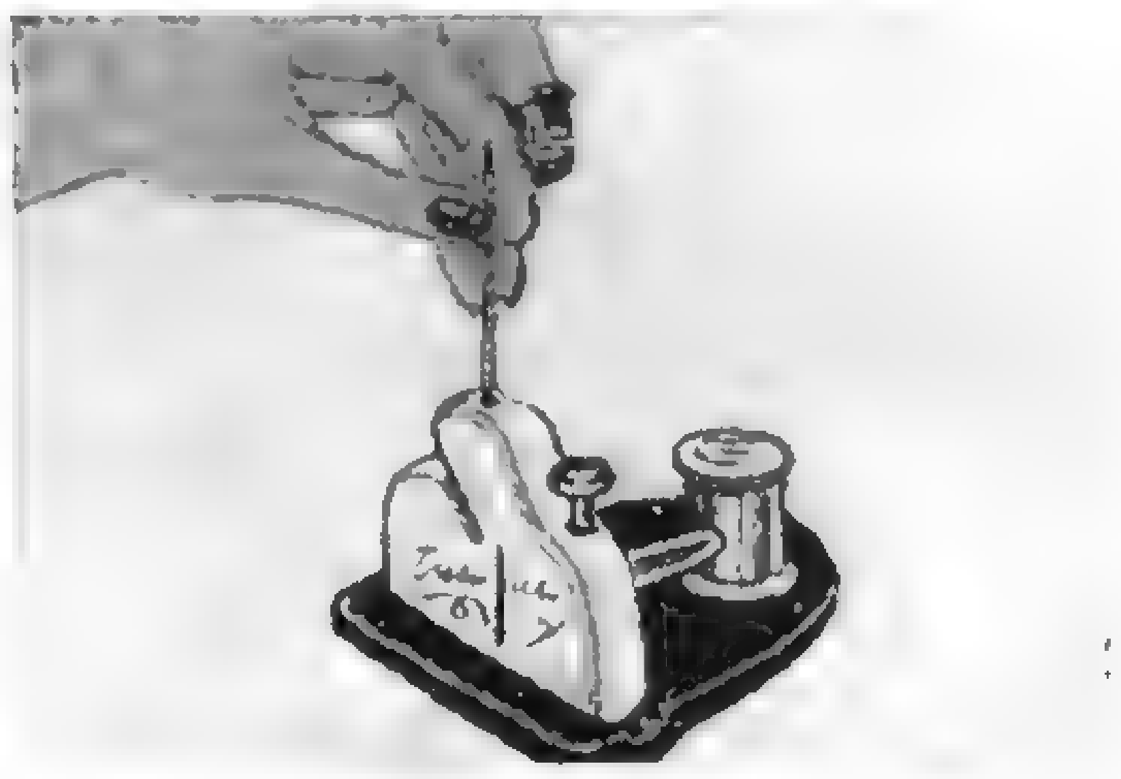


TIRED TIES will look revived after a stint on this tie form. It removes wrinkles on the stretch principle—no pressing necessary. Form is inserted in tie, the prongs placed along inside edges, and two clips adjust it to the proper size. While on the form, the tie can be cleaned with naptha, or washed.

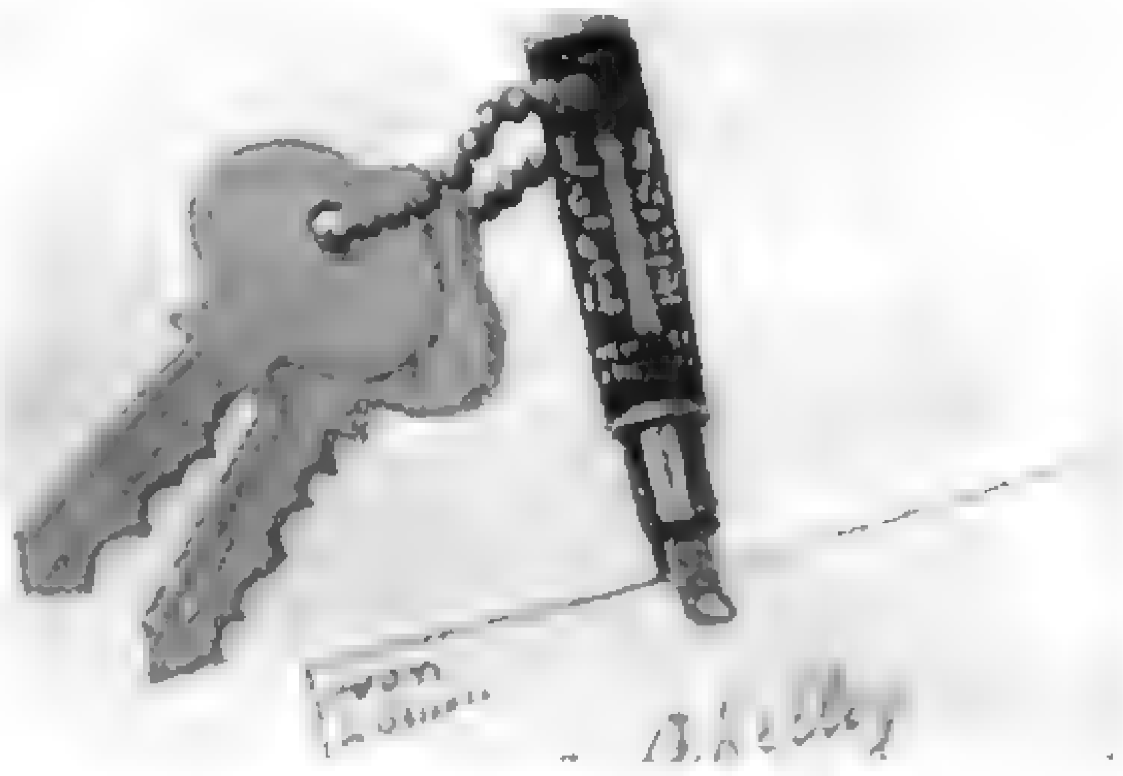




HOW MANY STAMPS? No guesswork about postage for your letters if you have one of these midget mail-scales on your key-chain. A clip on one end holds the letter—the scale shows you if it's going to cost 3, 6, 9 or 12 cents straight mail, or 5, 10, 15 or 20 cents for airmail. Black finish with silver lettering.



POLISH PEN. Does the Lady in your Life keep you waiting while she dabs polish on her nails? Present her with this new gadget for dispensing and applying polish, and she can do the job *en route*. It looks like a fountain pen, and holds about a ¼ bottle of nail polish. A button control keeps the supply in check.



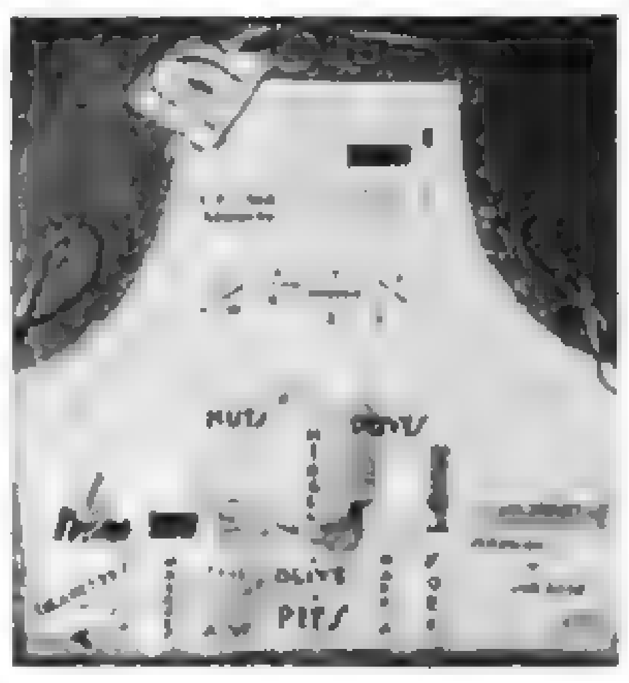
BACHELOR BUTTONS are no problem, providing the guy in question is equipped with one of these automatic needle threaders. Insert the needle eye down, press the button, and place the thread in the slot. Release the button and pull out the needle—it's threaded and ready to go. It even clips your thread.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

New! Hilarious!
"BINGE BUTLER" APRONS

POCKETS TO HOLD EVERYTHING.. identification cards, lipstick remover, address-phone numbers, pencil, four hangover cures, hiball glass, nuts, olives, pits, cigarettes, matches, shot-glass-ashtray, napkin, fork, sandwich, joke book and Mickey Finn!



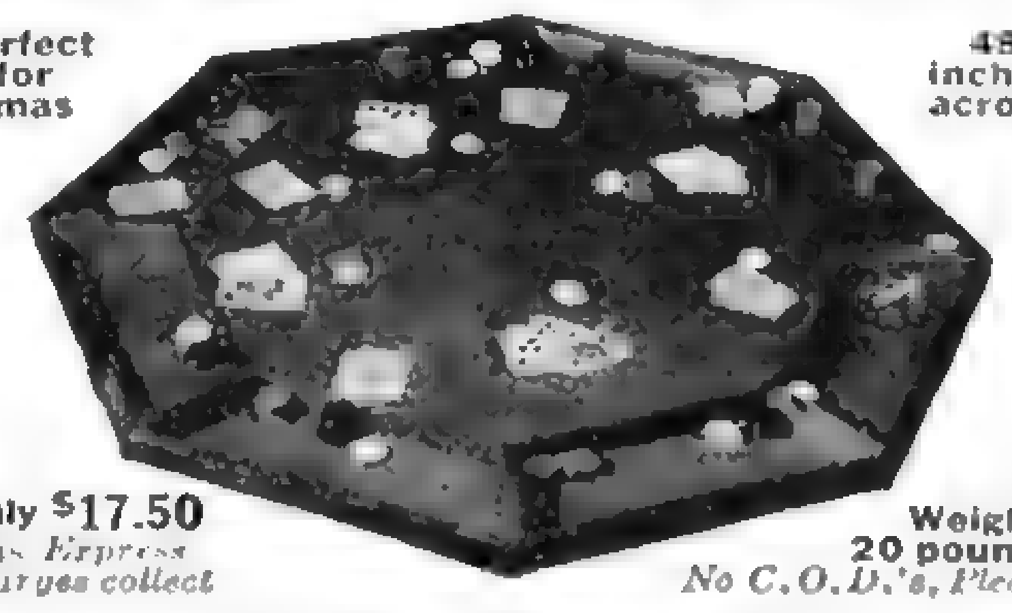
Get one for each guest! Red on white material.

$2.50 postpaid—No. C. O. D.'s
Write for catalog of Unusual Gifts
CRANE'S 419 East 57th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH ON PLAYING CARDS

Gift of the Year! Any photograph or snapshot — yourself, the baby, dog, house, or whole family . . on playing cards, in gift box. Your photo returned. Send favorite print and check for $5.85. 3 weeks delivery.

PHOTO PLAYING CARDS
101 752 Fulton St., Fresno, Calif.
Money returned if not satisfied.



Perfect for Xmas
48 inches across
Only $17.50 plus Express charges collect
Weight, 20 pounds
No C.O.D.'s, Please

PERFECT FOR POKER!

Dual purpose top—fits any bridge table, seats 8. One smooth side for dining, one with card and chip compartments for cards and games. Sturdy construction, wood and compressed hard-board. Stained walnut finish. Folds for easy storage.

RANI PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. E, 134 West 25 St., New York 1, N.Y.

BEAT the CHEAT!

NOW ONLY $1
The EXPERT at the CARD TABLE

Have you ever been the innocent victim of a card "Shark"? Don't be a sucker Don't let it happen again!

Learn to match wits with the best of them. Now, at last, you too can know all the "Professional Secrets" used at card tables

OVER 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

OVER 200 PAGES OF PRICELESS "INFO"

This classic work exposes and explains in simplest terms: Bottom Dealing—Palming—Blind Shuffles—Skinning the Hand—Blind Riffles—Cuts—in fact the complete low-down! Send only $1 for your copy of "The EXPERT at the Card Table".

Wehman Bros. Publ. Dept. 10-E, 712 B'way, N.Y. 3

Want a rare find in a coat?

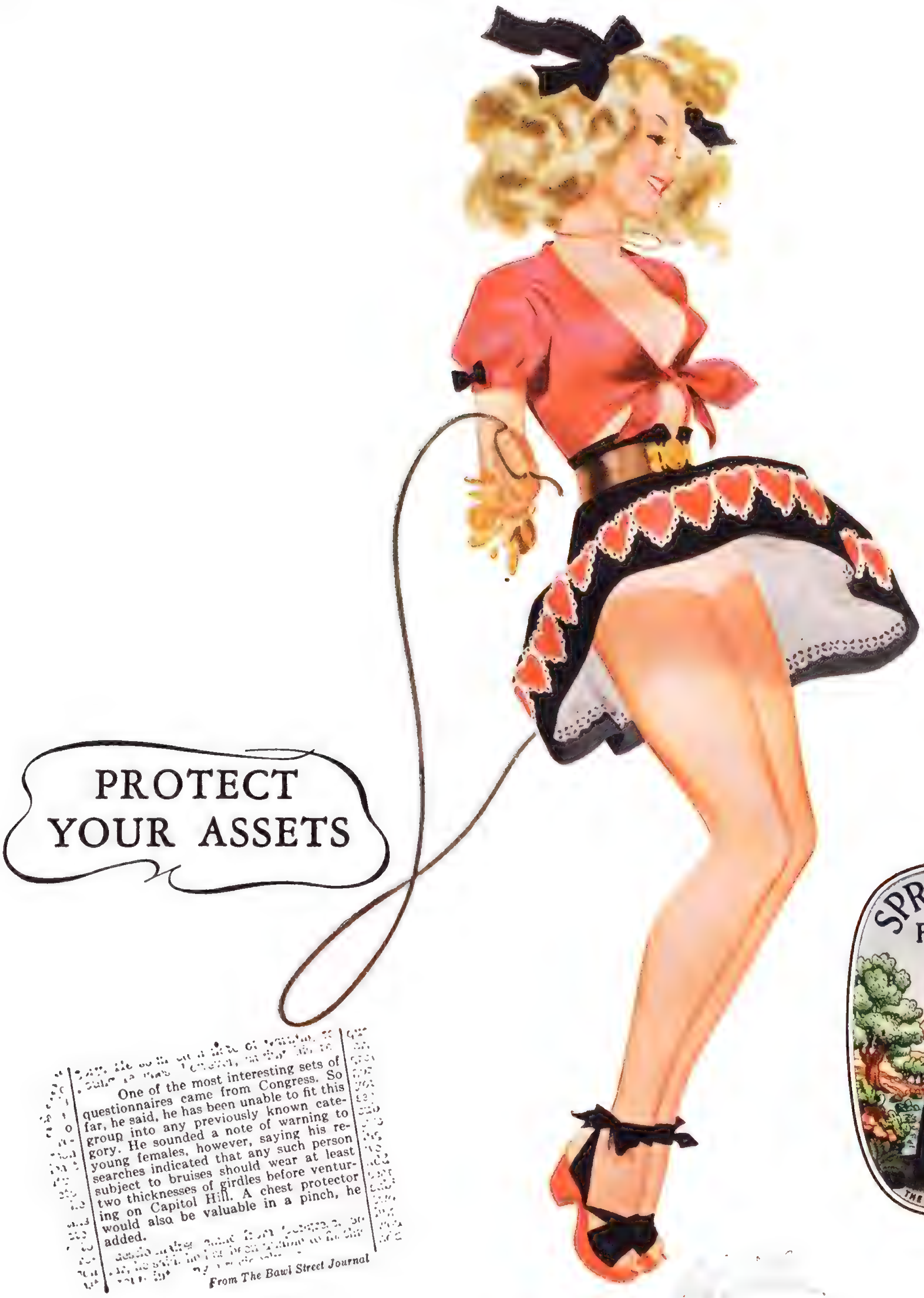
balanced
TIMELY
CLOTHES
tailoring

COPYRIGHT 1948, TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Balanced Tailoring makes TIMELY CLOTHES® look better... longer

Your coat slides in and out of cars, gets stuffed under movie seats, is carried rumpled on your arm. That's where Balanced Tailoring comes in and makes your Timely Clothes coat a rare buy. This modern tailoring technique holds the original smart lines to the very last wearing. It reinforces the soft drape of expert needlework with the strength of dependable machine sewing. And makes Timely Clothes value hard to duplicate!

• Write for your **FREE** copy of our new 28-page illustrated booklet: **"How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance"**. Address Dept. E2, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York.



One of the most interesting sets of questionnaires came from Congress. So far, he said, he has been unable to fit this group into any previously known category. He sounded a note of warning to young females, however, saying his researches indicated that any such person subject to bruises should wear at least two thicknesses of girdles before venturing on Capitol Hill. A chest protector would also be valuable in a pinch, he added.

From The Bawl Street Journal

SPRINGMAID
FABRICS
THE SPRINGS COTTON MILLS

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to develop a crease-proof cotton fabric. It was used with great success as a backing for maps, photographs, and other valuable assets. This fabric has now been further perfected and made available to the false bottom and bust bucket business.

After a convention, a clam-bake, or a day on Capitol Hill, you need not eat off the mantel if you have your foundation covered with SPRINGMAID *POKER* woven of combed yarns 37″ wide, 152 x 68 count, in tearose, white, nude, and black, light and medium gauge. If you bruise easily, you can face the future confidently with the SPRINGMAID trademark.

SPRINGS MILLS

200 Church Street • New York 13, New York
Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles
SPRINGMAID *sheets, pillowcases, diapers, broadcloth, poplins and tubings*

Florsheim Shoes

AUTHENTIC CAMPUS STYLE . . . WITH A
CAGEY EYE TO LONGER WEAR!
HUNTING BOOT STAMINA,
WALKING SHOE EASE, GOOD LOOKS
THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
CHICAGO

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

The Label Says It... The Whisky Proves It...

"There is nothing better in the Market."

100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND

Let your own good taste confirm this 78-year-old pledge of quality—written in the founder's hand when Old Forester Kentucky Bourbon was born. Today, produced by the third generation of the same family—with the same tradition for quality, Old Forester is still the choice of those who appreciate the finest.

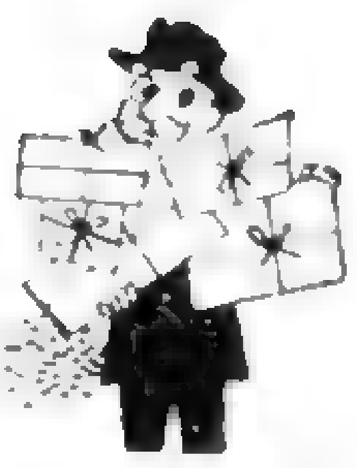
OLD FORESTER

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

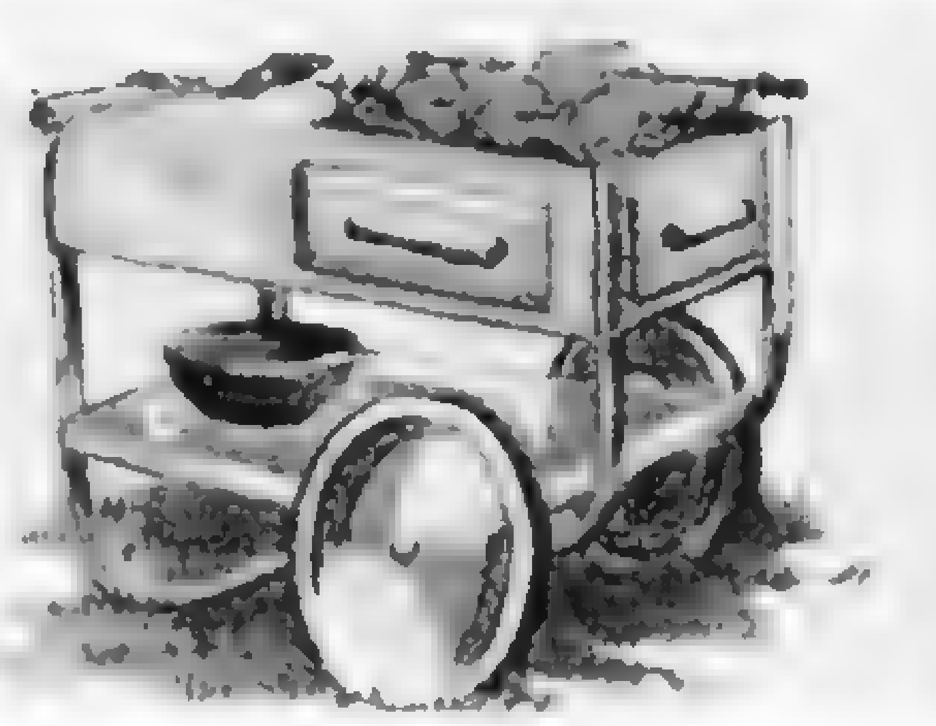
BOTTLED IN BOND

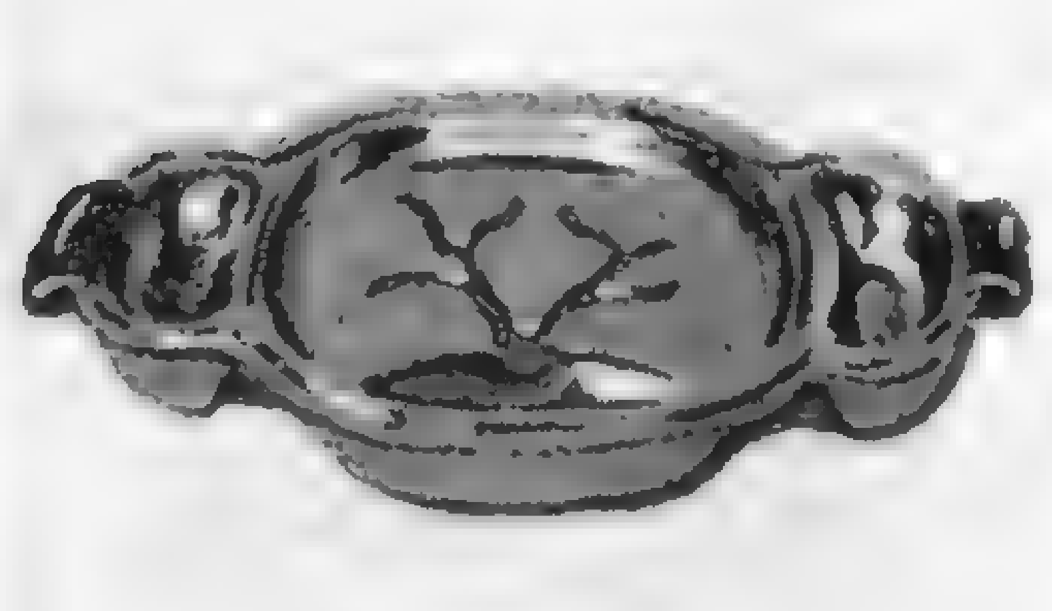
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Talking Shop with Esquire



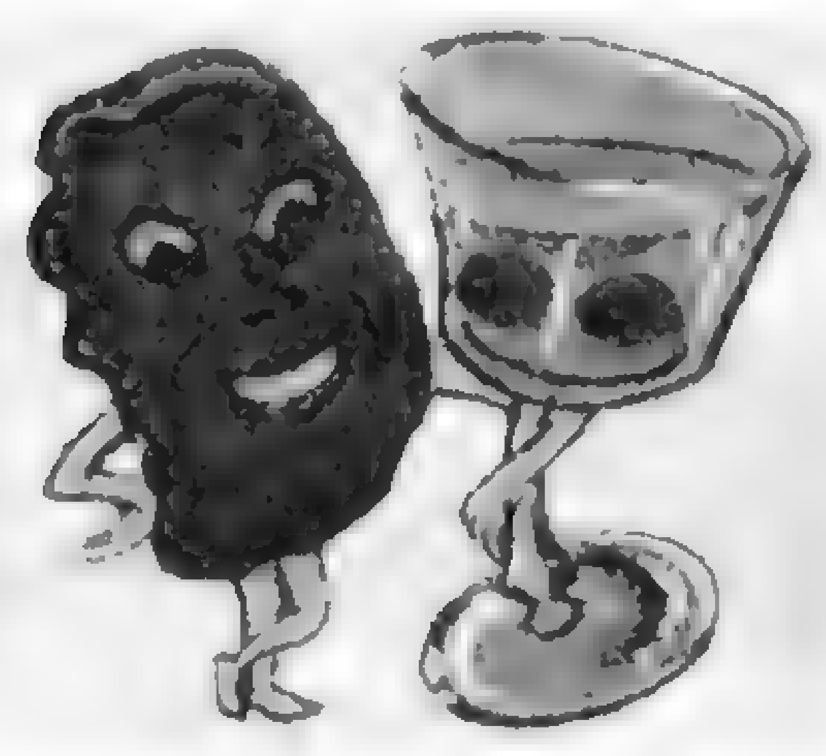
BARBECUE, A LA CARTE. This stainless steel grill wheels around on the lawn or terrace, wherever you want it. The heavy steel fire box is equipped with an adjustable grate and burns charcoal or briquets. There's ample shelf space, a warming oven and 2 baking ovens. Grill may be removed and bar tray substituted.





THREE-IN-ONE. Serve the meat, vegetables and gravy all at one time, in this stainless steel dish and platter combination. Big enough to accommodate a good size steak and plenty of vegetables — 28" from stem to stern. The 20 gauge stainless steel makes it rugged enough for barbeque duty.

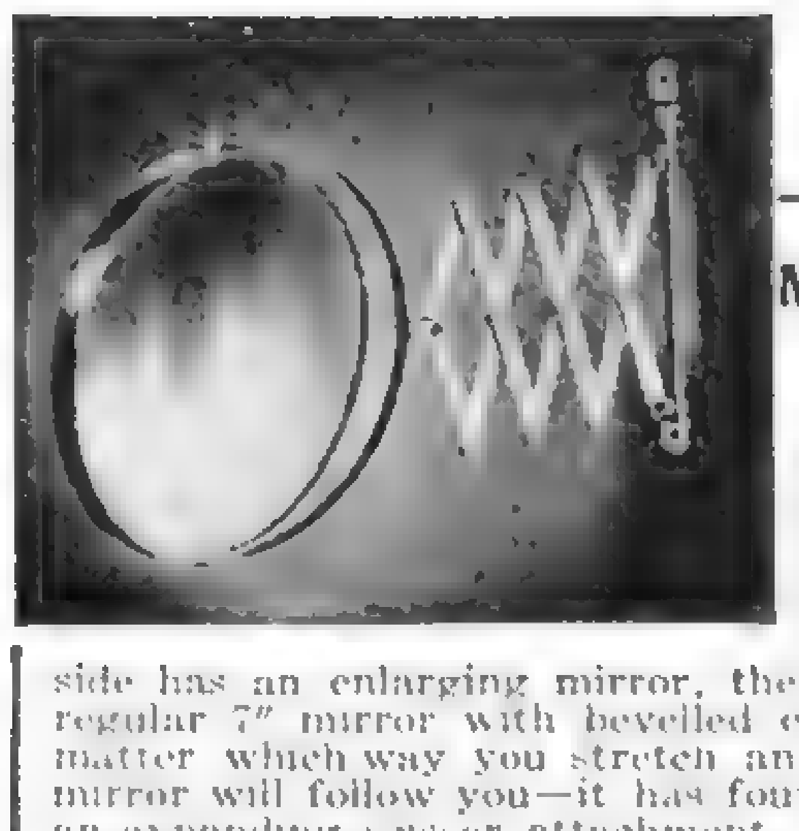
SHOCKED FRANKFURTERS. A current of electricity cooks frankfurters right at the table, in this midget electric cooker. Each link is speared between two prongs, and when the lid comes down, a current charges through the frankfurter, cooking it from the inside out in less than 2 minutes. Made of molded Bakelite.



COCKTAIL COMPANIONS. These tender little oysters are just waiting to be served along with a dry martini or some other drink. They've been lolling around, soaking up smoke from crab-apple logs until they're done to a connoisseur's taste. Very good combined with thin slices of hard-boiled egg.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



MAGNIFYING MIRROR

Magnifying and magnificent, this two-faced mirror makes close shaving a pleasure. One side has an enlarging mirror, the other side a regular 7" mirror with bevelled edge. And no matter which way you stretch and crane, this mirror will follow you—it has four pivots plus an expanding scissor attachment. Polished and nickel-plated—a wonderfully practical gift for men 18 to 80.

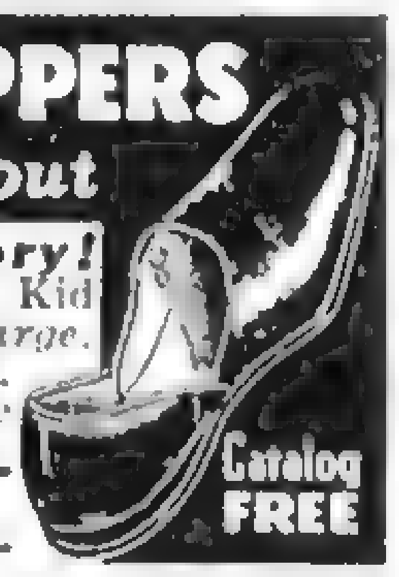
$5.75 postpaid

TERRACE NOVELTIES
213-S East 58th Street New York 22, N. Y.

the HOUSE SLIPPERS you've dreamed about

Order Direct from Factory!
Soft, dressy, comfortable. Finest Kid Leather. All Sizes, including *extra large*. Styles for Men—Women—Children. An ideal gift. Low Prices. Write

TENDICK SHOE MFG. CO.
129 East Center Street
Dept. E, MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.



SPIVY ALBUM #2
"Triple Entendre"!

Includes: Madame's Lament; 100% American Girls; I Didn't Do a Thing Last Night; Wife of an Acrobat. 3-10" records. Ga 50 $3.94*

SHEILA BARRETT
Her Witty Mimicry

Includes: Death in the Afternoon; Victoria Station; Night Club Menace; The Professional Southern Belle. 3-10" records. Ga 70 $3.94*

*Plus 25c for packing. Shipped Express Collect. *Write for FREE Catalog. Complete line of Records, Sporting Goods, Radios, Cameras, Appliances.*

RABSONS 111 West 52nd Street
Dept. 47, New York 19

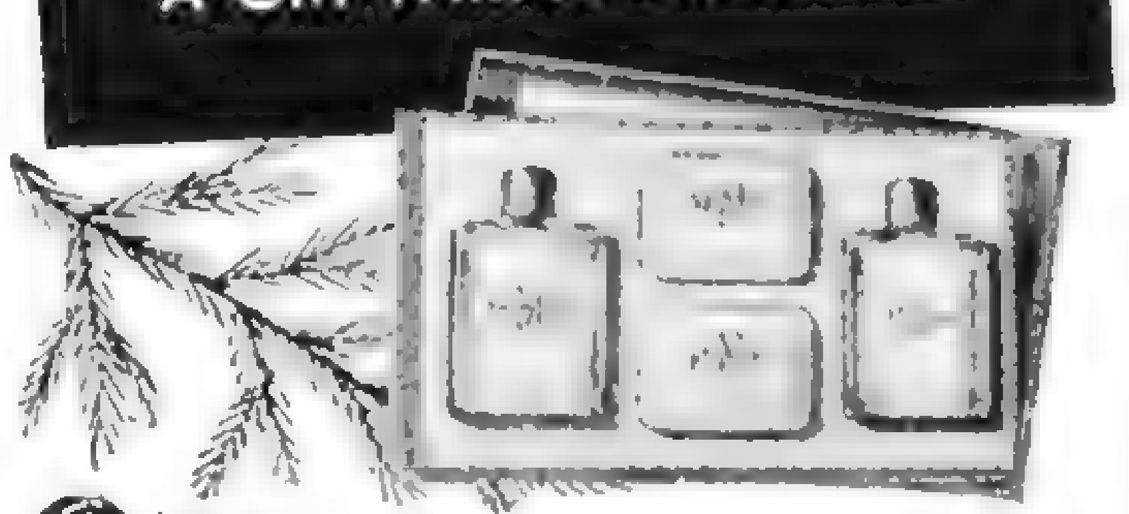
Send for Free Catalog! Genuine DIAMONDS

Direct to You — at Amazing Savings! Over 100,000 satisfied customers—Sold with Iron-Clad Money-Back Guarantee. Order from this ad. Write for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG.

1/3 CARAT $49 $125 Value Tax incl.
1/2 CARAT $95 $200 Value Tax incl.

BERMAN'S COLLATERAL LOAN BANK
Dept. E, 636-38 W. Balto St., Balto 1, Md.

This Christmas Give a Personalized TOILETRY SET
BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED
A Gift With A Difference!



HE SET One 4-oz. bottle Muguet Cologne • One 4-Oz. bottle Fifth Avenue After-Shave Lotion • and 2 cakes Cold Cream Bath Soap

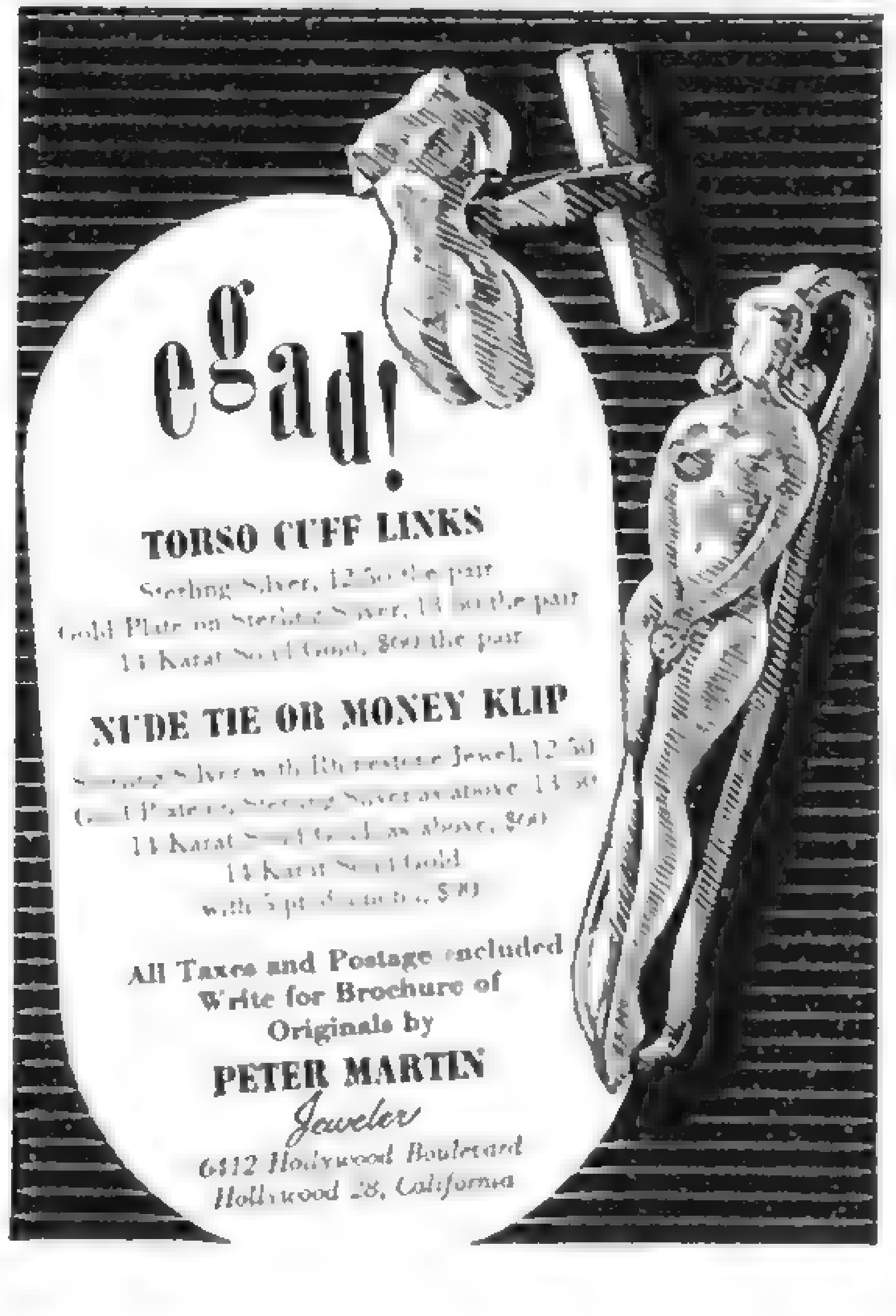
SHE SET Two 4-oz. bottles Muguet Cologne • and 2 cakes Bath Size Cold Cream Soap

Decorated with 2 or 3 letter monogram that WILL NOT WASH OFF.

When ordering please underline last letter. No C.O.D. please. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. 10 Day Delivery.

Tax included per set $5.00

CAROL DE WITT 719 BERGEN AVE. JERSEY CITY 6, N. J.



egad!

TORSO CUFF LINKS
Sterling Silver, 12.50 the pair
Gold Plate on Sterling Silver, 13.50 the pair
14 Karat Solid Gold, $60 the pair

NUDE TIE OR MONEY KLIP
Sterling Silver with Rhinestone Jewel, 12.50
Gold Plate on Sterling Silver as above 13.50
14 Karat Solid Gold as above, $60
14 Karat Solid Gold
with 3 pt diamond, $[illegible]

All Taxes and Postage included
Write for Brochure of
Originals by
PETER MARTIN
Jeweler
6412 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood 28, California

You can learn any foreign language in *record* time

WITH HOLT ARMY LANGUAGE COURSES
THE ONE AND ONLY ARMY METHOD

...IN YOUR HOME... AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE

Here are the authentic ARMY *books* and *records* developed by the non-profit American Council of Learned Societies . . . *already* used by more than 700 schools and colleges, the United Nations training program, and thousands of individuals studying at home. *TIME Magazine* calls the method:

"LINGUISTIC QUICKSTEP"

It provides practical, tested vocabulary for everyday situations. Through *guided imitation* you listen-and-repeat with correct pronunciation, intonation and speed. Each course consists of 24 high-fidelity, unbreakable Vinylite records with textbook and self-testing key. No fancy gadgets . . . all non-essentials eliminated...rock-bottom price. $50.00. Write for free prospectus NOW.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, Dept. E
257 Fourth Ave., New York 10

COPPER POST LAMP
13¼ IN. HIGH — WIRED
WRITE for CATALOG
710 CHESTNUT ST. PHILA. 6

$5.95

WILLIAM Spencer

SMOKER'S ROBOT
For Smokers in Bed

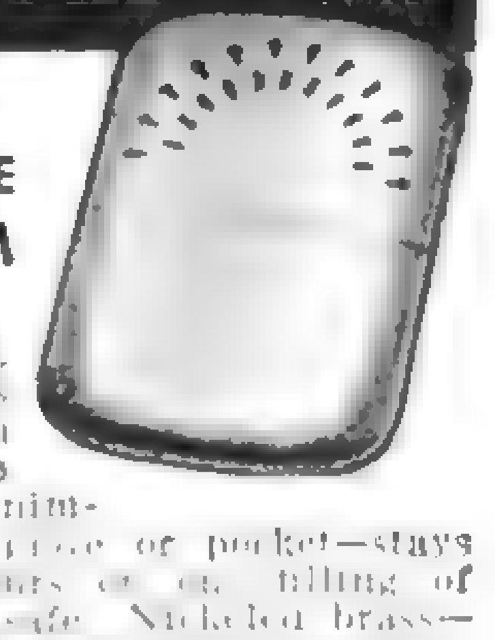
No ashes to worry about in the middle of a mystery thriller — no danger of a fire if the sandman steals a base. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture. At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

Makes a nice gift if you can bring yourself to part with it.

Chrome plated over solid brass and only $2.65
Postage Paid

JONATHAN LAW
157 STATE ST.
NEW HAVEN 10, CONN.

FRIGID DIGITS?



POCKET HEATERETTE KEEPS HANDS WARM

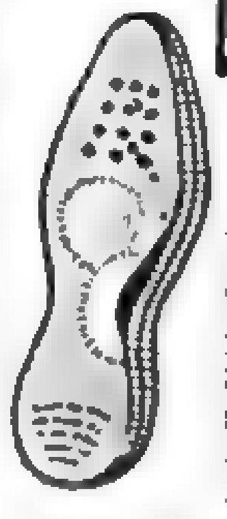
For hunting, fishing, skiing, skating, riding, football games—even for just strolling through the park, Pocket Heaterette keeps hands, fingers warm and nimble in coldest weather. Fits glove or pocket—stays 120 degrees warm for 24 hours on one filling of naphtha—no flame—absolutely safe. Nickeled brass—in handy flannel bag—$[illegible] postpaid. Fully guaranteed. See your sporting goods dealer or mail coupon with check or money order to Dept. E

DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE CO. (Est. 1892)
311 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.
Please send ________ Pocket Heaterettes postpaid. $________ enclosed. Money refunded, less $.25 for handling, if not satisfied.
Name________________
Address________________

ORDER BY MAIL • HIGH QUALITY PERSONALIZED CIGARS

Hand made long filler cigars with YOUR name imprinted on each sparkling Cellophane Wrapper. Smart for parties, weddings, birthdays, gifts, general smoking. For box of 50 with your name or initials, mail us imprint wanted with $6.75 and we send postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. ORDER NOW.

I. L. TOBACCO COMPANY, Inc.
1023 E. Baltimore St. Baltimore 2, Md.



FEET HURT?

Dr. Barron's NEW FOOT CUSHIONS give blessed relief to those who walk or stand many hours. Relieves painful pressure from CORNS, METATARSAL CALLOUSES, WEAK ARCHES, SORE HEELS. Cushions tired, aching feet from HEEL to TOES. Soft, ventilated, spongy — like walking on a pillow! Fits all shoes. SENT ON APPROVAL! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.98 plus postage for PAIR (or send $1.98, we pay postage). State SHOE SIZE and if MAN or WOMAN. 30-Day Trial. Money back guaranteed if no blessed relief.

ORTHO, INC., Dept. 138-P, 2700 Broadway, N. Y. 25

IT'S A "Rocking" CORK PULLER
NO MORE BROKEN CORKS

No "lost in the bottle" corks, either, with the Gourmet Cork Puller. It is the slickest way to pull a cork you ever saw. (It is also a bottle cap opener).

Pulls any cork from any bottle with a simple rocking motion and a twist-and-pull. You've never seen anything like it. Very attractive gift box, too.

Silver plated model . . $2.95 Sterling Silver (with tropical wood handle) plus leather case . . $5.00; Completely gold plated handle . . . $10.00 with leather case

All Postpaid. Gift Cards enclosed

PeeWee House Please, no COD's

11046-G BARMAN CULVER CITY 11, CALIFORNIA

For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

Sizes 4 - 13 Widths AA - EEE

Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10" height, balanced construction, leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe, steel shank, reinforcing instep tapes, wide toe and narrow heel, long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Only $11.87 *plus postage*
PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
*Not government surplus stock

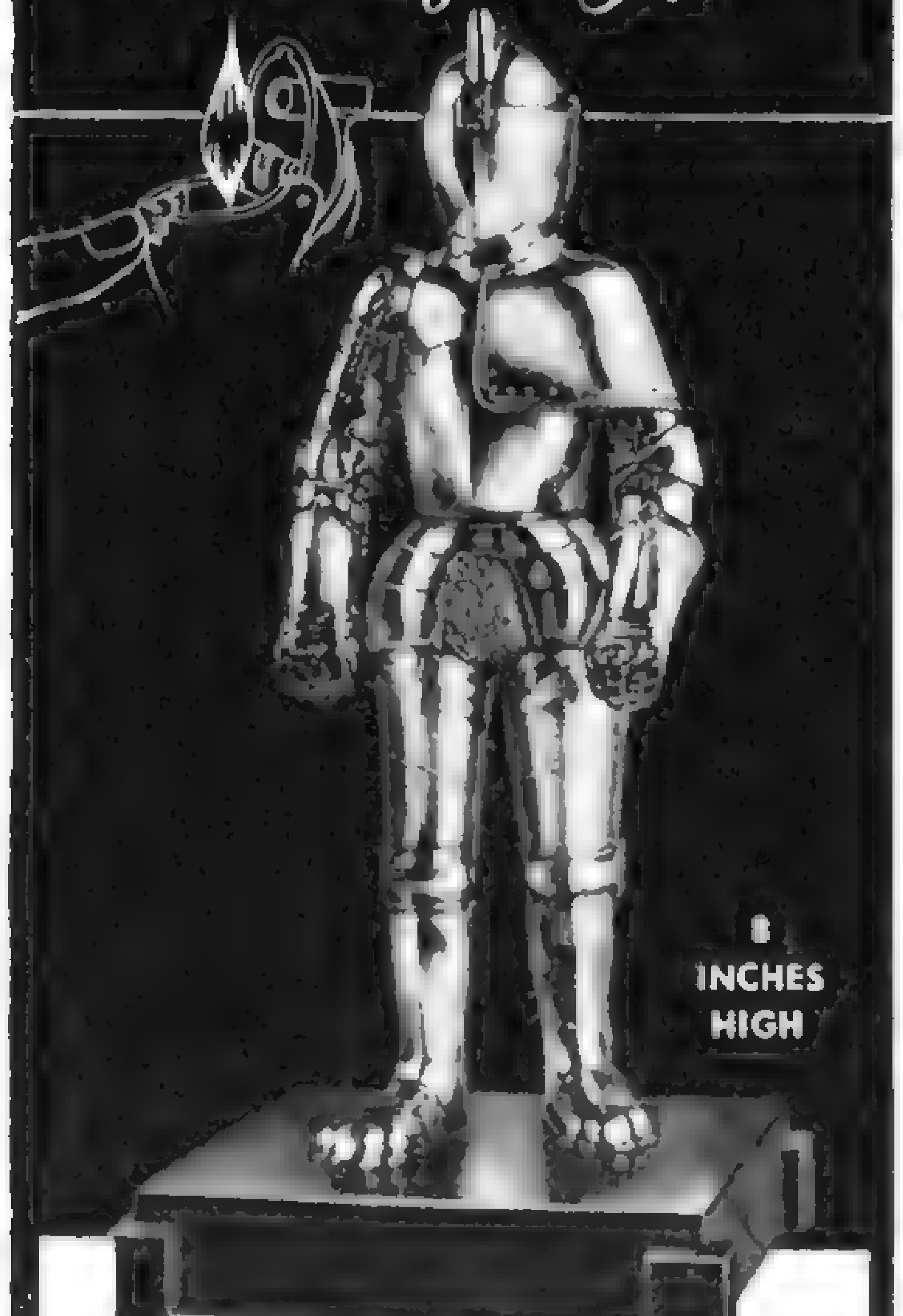
CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $11.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
E-11
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
____
Regular shoe size & width ______

Penobscot
TRAMPEZE

RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING –
you'll appreciate
the hale and hearty
comfort of these!

For your nearest source write to
Penobscot Shoe Company, Dept. E11
179 Lincoln St., Boston 11, Mass.
Factories in Old Town, Maine

The Unique Gift!

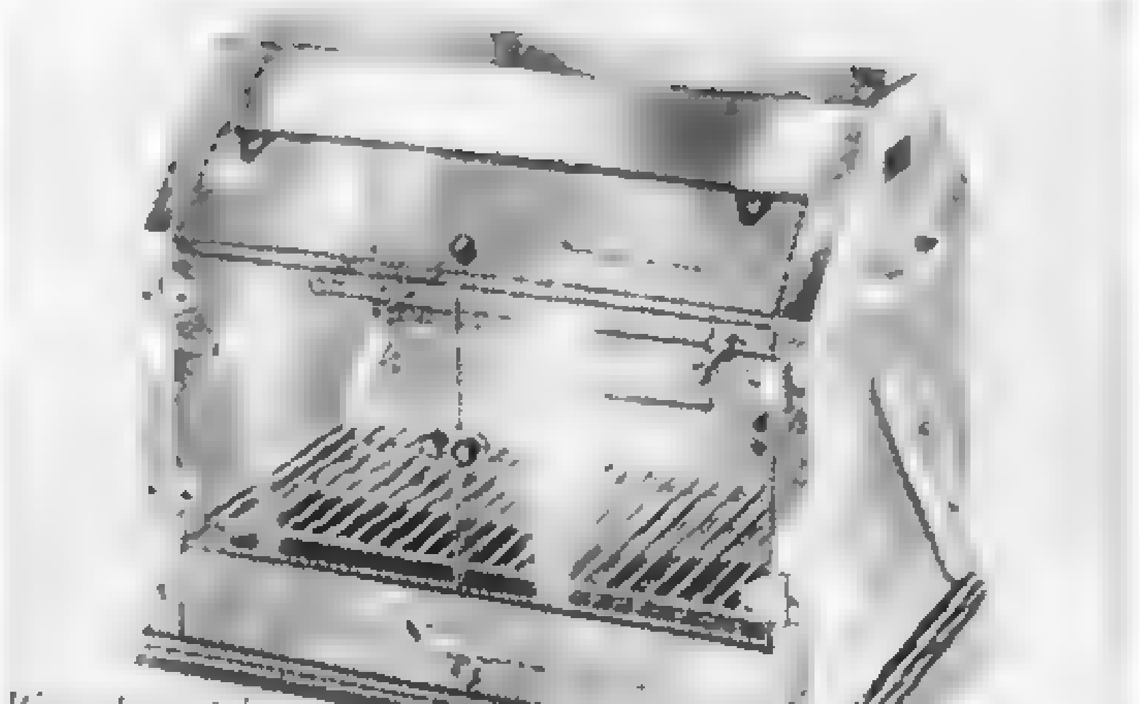


Knight in Armor
table lighter

Authentic reproduction of 17th century Earl of Pembroke armor, accurate to minutest link and greave. Touch the visor . . . helmet snaps open . . . and there's your light! Positive action, dependable as the knights of old. 8" tall including sturdy black plastic base. Precision diecast to give years of unfailing service. Gleaming chrome finish won't rust or tarnish. Takes standard lighter-flints and fluid; vapor-seal prevents rapid evaporation. Makes a decorative and distinguished accessory for desk, den or table. ORDER NOW to delight any man on your list.

$7.50 *at better stores everywhere* **or ORDER BY MAIL**

ERIC WEDEMEYER, Inc.
230 Fifth Ave., New York 1
(We ship postpaid)



[illegible] *distinctive gifts*

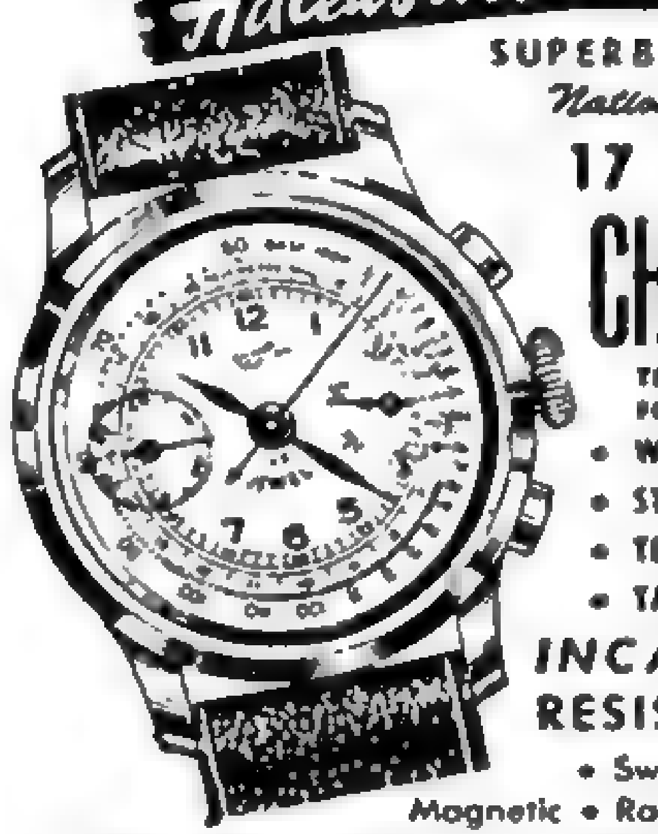
TOWN & COUNTRY BARBECUE
All-Electric Barbecue Rotisserie
FEATURED EDITORIALLY IN ESQUIRE
(patio, rumpus room or yacht)

Use it all year—indoors or out. No charcoal or special fuels. Unmatched for broiling steaks, chops, prime ribs, whole hams, turkeys, fish, hamburgers, etc. Stainless steel with Fibreglass insulation and hardwood base. Plugs into any home light outlet 115 A C (A C - D C special order) 24" x 15" x 19". Net weight 45 lbs. Workmanship and materials fully guaranteed. $89.50 express charges collect, shipped anywhere in U.S.A.

FROM THE WORLD FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD BROWN DERBY

The BROWN DERBY HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTS
1628-G N. Vine St. Hollywood, Calif.

Adlew's WONDER Watch Value



SUPERB QUALITY
Nationally Advertised
17 JEWEL 2 PUSH BUTTON
CHRONOGRAPH
TREASURED LIFETIME GIFT FOR ANY MODERN MAN
- WRIST WATCH
- STOP WATCH
- TELEMETER
- TACHOMETER

29.75 PLUS 10% TAX

INCA-BLOC SHOCK RESISTANT FEATURE

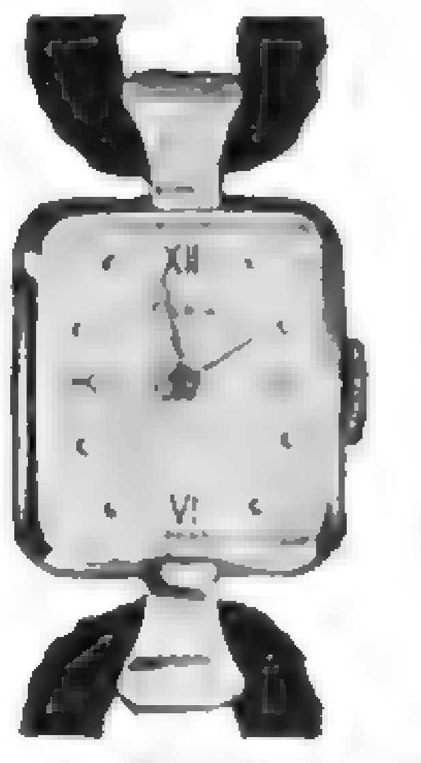
• Sweep Second hand • Anti-Magnetic • Radium Dial • Unbreakable Crystal • Stainless Steel Back • (Formerly $71.50) IDEAL FOR: Physicians • Engineers • Photographers • Aviators • Radio Men • Sportsmen, etc.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN 18K GOLD CASE $64.50
(Plus 10% tax) Formerly $125.00

OUR FAMOUS GUARANTEE:
MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS
if not satisfied for any reason

ADLEW JEWELERS 117 W. 42nd St. New York 18, N. Y.
America's Foremost CHRONOGRAPH Specialists
Open 'till 10 P.M. • Bet B'way & 6th Av • BRyant 9-6243
MAIL ORDERS Promptly Filled Shipped C.O.D or enclose check or money order Address all mail orders to ADLEW JEWELERS, 152 W 42nd St., New York 18 (Dept. 107)

SHE'S A LUCKY GIRL!...



to get this lovely, modern, precision watch by Eska. 18K gold imported Swiss case, beautifully designed for simplicity and good taste. Heavy silk cord bracelet. A real value, only . . **$90.00**

Fed. Tax incl.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or money order.

Sorry no C.O.D.'s.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

SWISS COMMERCE INC.
DEPT. E11, 17 WEST 57th ST., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

WARNING!
Top-Hat
the luxury lighter

is a gift you will be tempted to keep yourself!

Why NOT give yourself the ultimate in lighters! TOP HAT is designed with classic simplicity, precisioned like a fine watch for the white-tie set, yet costs no more than ordinary lighters.

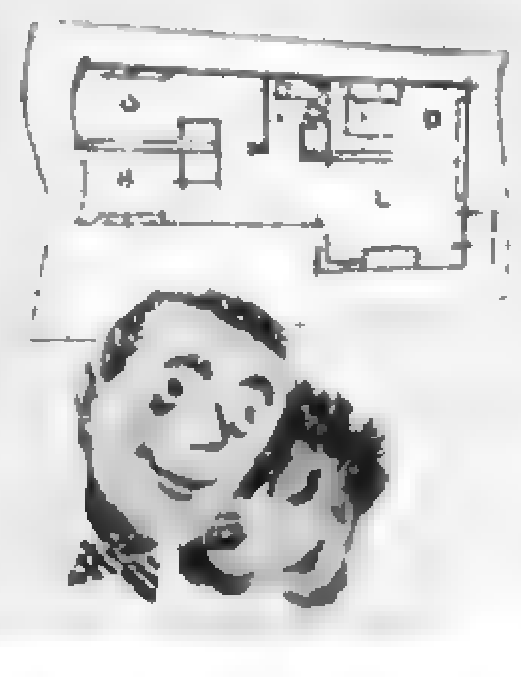
Just flick the knob and the fly-back top gives you instant light. New asbestos spiral wick remains upright to absorb more fluid without burning down. In high-polished ribbed chrome, or brown, red, other leather finishes. These may be personalized with recipient's initials at slight extra cost. Small size for ladies. Beautifully packaged.

It costs only $5 to make yourself or a loved one very happy.

NOTE: *If TOP HAT is not yet available in your local store, send $5.25. You will receive the model you want direct from factory.*

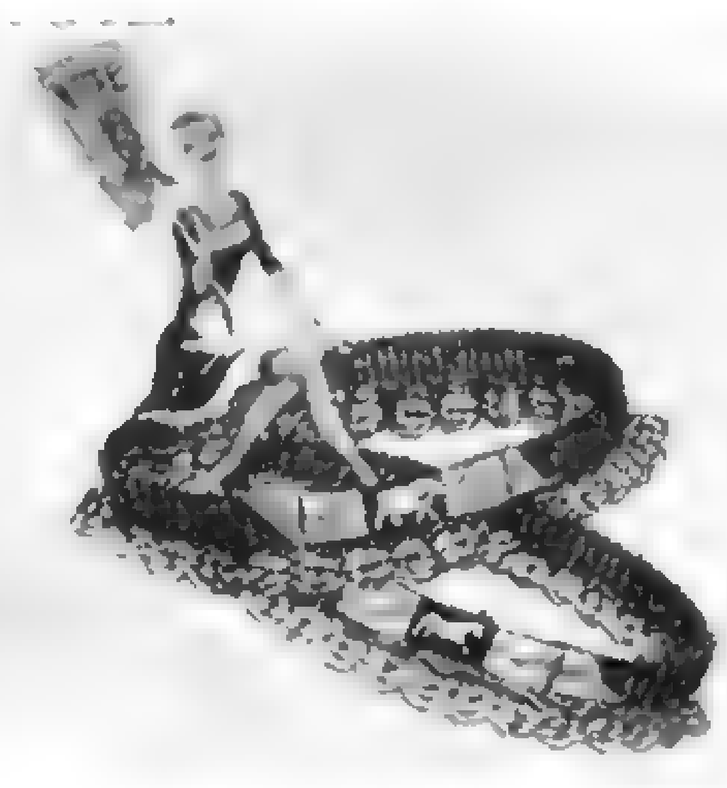
IMCO MFG. CORP. DEPT. EN
541 6th AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire



DREAM HOUSE. This Home Planning Kit provides an easy, accurate method for amateur architects to plan exactly what they want in the way of a house. Then when the time comes, the Happy Couple can turn the plans over to the architect or builder and say, "Look, this is what we want—how much will it cost?"

. . . TO THE AID OF THE PARTY. If you're marrying off a daughter, giving a bachelor dinner, or just tossing a party, you can write to this party Bureau for advice. Inquiries are answered individually, and for free, and they will also send you a booklet, with recipes for champagne punch, champagne julep and other drinks.



POLITICAL MANEUVERS of all kinds can be pulled by the distaff side, providing the lady in question is equipped with a pair of these black satin Diplomatic Garters. One is emblazoned with a gold metal elephant, the other one with a donkey. Of course, if she's an ardent party girl, you can give her a matched pair.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

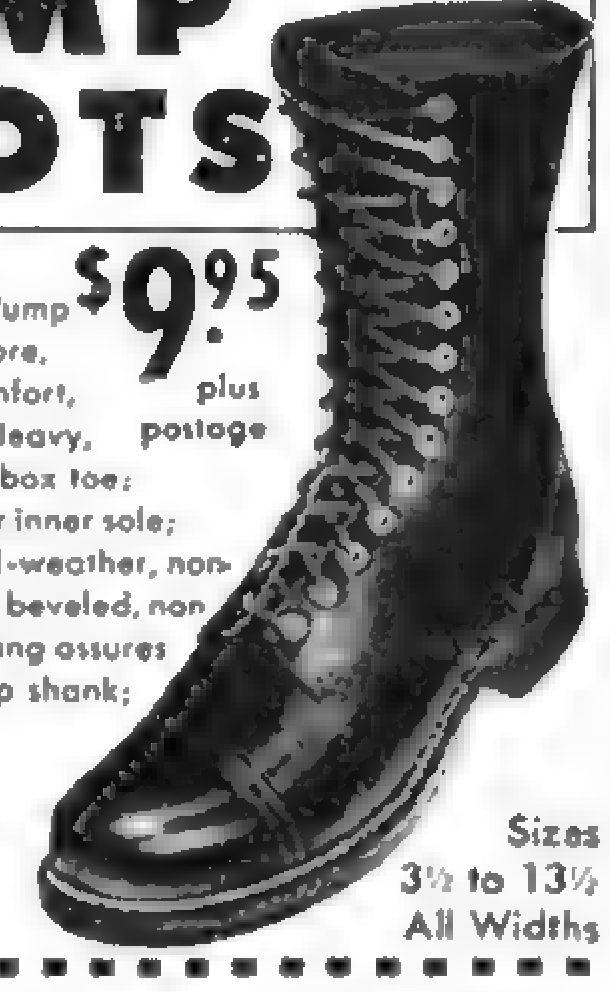
JIFFY
KEY SELECTOR

No more fumbling at the door for the right key! Jiffy Key Selector opens instantly with one hand. Just a flick of your finger—case snaps open—your keys swing out. At a glance you can pick the key you want. Compact and handsome morocco leather key carrier comes in black or brown—complete with smart 8 letter monogram stamped in gold.

$4.25 *postpaid* No C.O.D.'s please

HOWARD PUSCH
15 West 55th Street New York 19, N.Y.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY — REGULATION
JUMP BOOTS



These are *new*, regulation 10" Jump Boots, just like the paratroopers wore, designed for all-around foot comfort, built for all hard, outdoor wear. Heavy, pliable, elk-finish cowhide; hard box toe; Goodyear welt; full, grain-leather inner sole; 2 full grain leather outer soles; all-weather, non-marking, no-skid rubber half sole; beveled, non trip heel; heavy inner ankle webbing assures snug fit, firm support; steel instep shank; long, leather rawhide laces.

$9.95 plus postage

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Sizes 3½ to 13½ All Widths

GEORGIA SHOE MFG. CO., Flowery Branch, Ga.
Send me a pair of JUMP BOOTS. Enclosed is check ____ Money Order ____ for $9.95. I will pay postage on arrival.
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY________________ STATE________
Size and width of shoe________________ 111

COCKTAIL time

CANNED PHEASANT
WILD TURKEY
Delicacies • Patés

7-Can Assortment in Chest	$ 8.75
5-Can de luxe GIFT CHEST	12.50

PRICES POSTPAID . . . ORDER FROM . . .
SAM'L MARTIN LTD. 605 Union St., Seattle 1, Wn.

You can get yours–NOW!
ARMY AIR FORCES REGULATION A-2
Flight Jacket
1st-Quality Leather

$19.95 POST PAID

Get the official Flight Jacket made famous by America's Top Pilots, Bombardiers, Navigators and Flight Personnel! Windproof, rainproof, lightweight but extra warm. Dark brown, fine *cowhide leather.* All perfect, "no seconds." Send money order or check. Money-back guarantee.

NOTE SPECIAL FEATURES!
Solid brass zipper. Pure wool cuffs & waistband. Safety snap collar & pockets. Water-repellent lining.
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

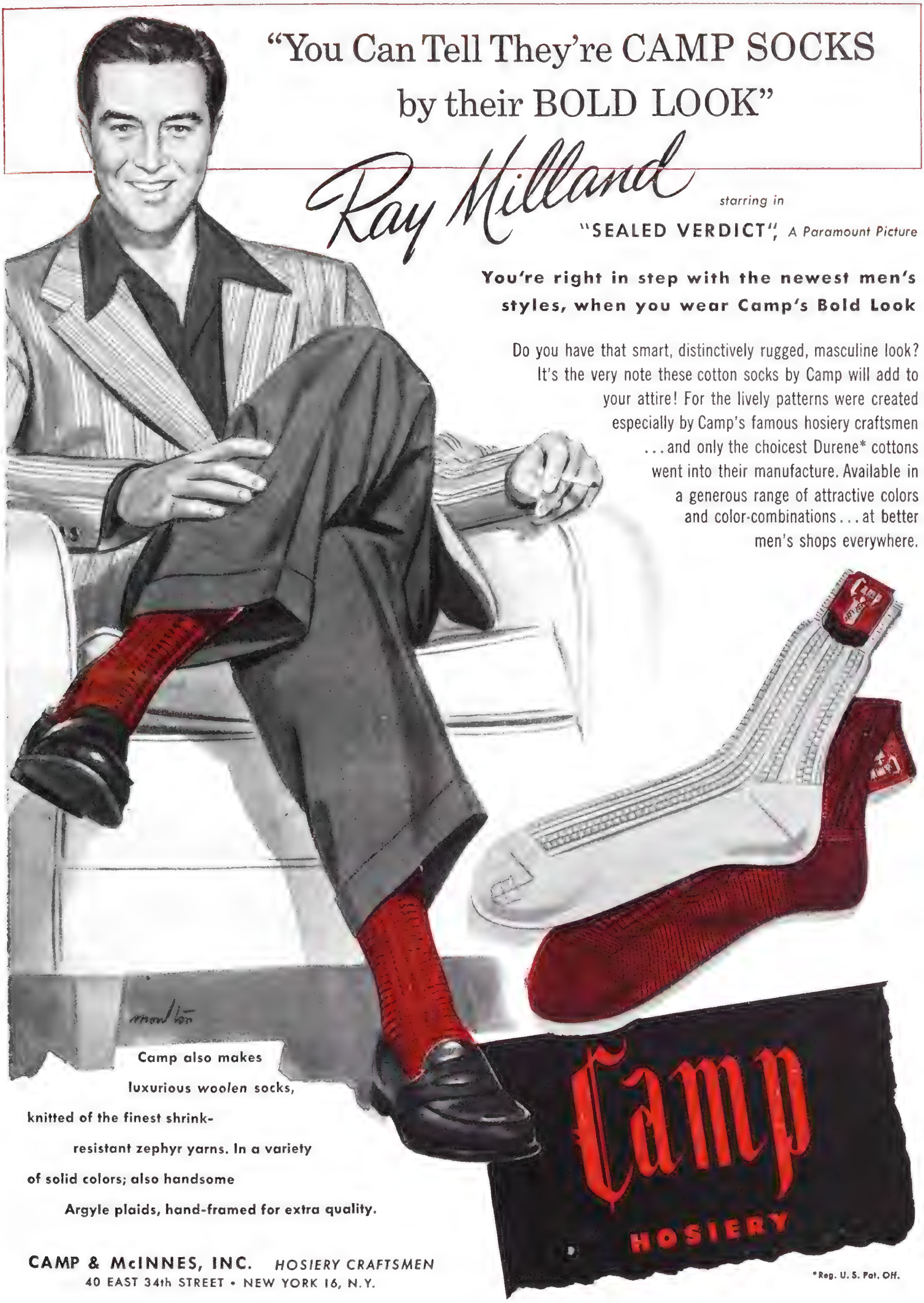
PERRY SALES CO., DEPT. ES-11
37-47 82nd St., Jackson Heights, N. Y. Enclosed is $19.95. Height...... Suit size........ Wgt.........
Name................................
Address................................
City.................... *Zone*...... *State*..........

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

"You Can Tell They're CAMP SOCKS by their BOLD LOOK"

Ray Milland

starring in "SEALED VERDICT", A Paramount Picture



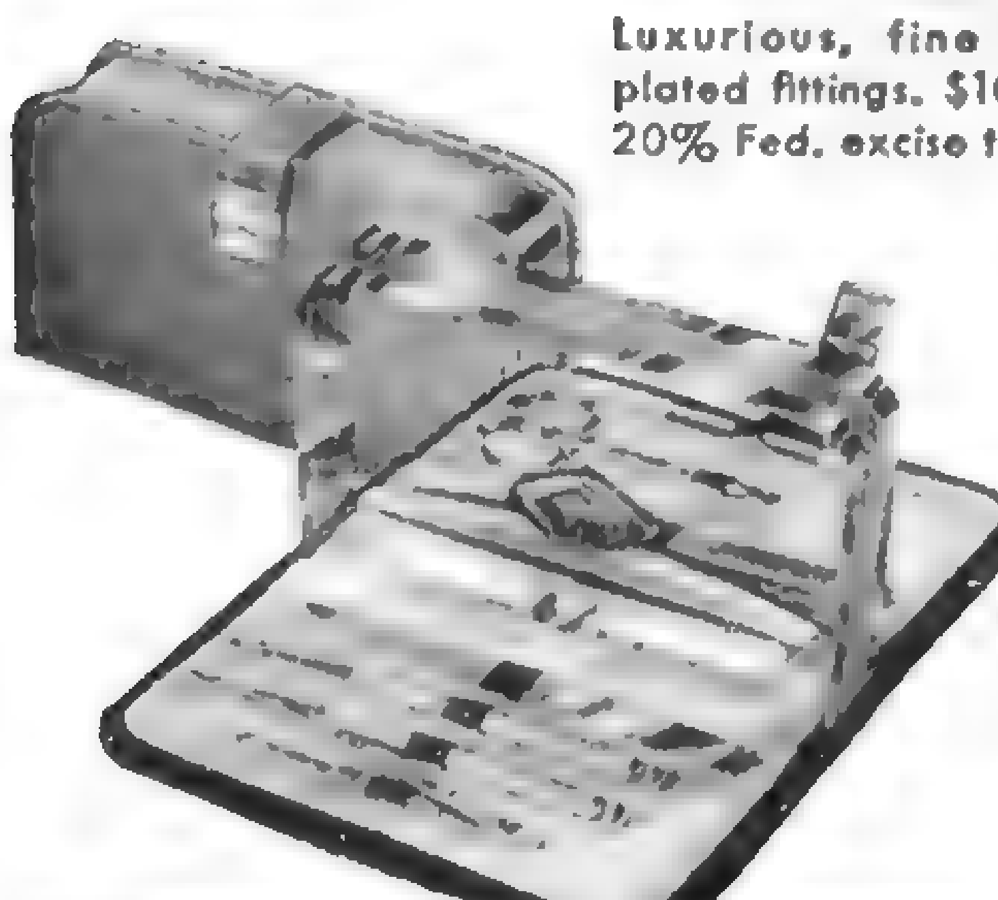
You're right in step with the newest men's styles, when you wear Camp's Bold Look

Do you have that smart, distinctively rugged, masculine look? It's the very note these cotton socks by Camp will add to your attire! For the lively patterns were created especially by Camp's famous hosiery craftsmen ...and only the choicest Durene* cottons went into their manufacture. Available in a generous range of attractive colors and color-combinations... at better men's shops everywhere.

Camp also makes luxurious *woolen* socks, knitted of the finest shrink-resistant zephyr yarns. In a variety of solid colors; also handsome Argyle plaids, hand-framed for extra quality.

CAMP & McINNES, INC. *HOSIERY CRAFTSMEN*
40 EAST 34th STREET • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



For Her: Tailor Maid, Luxurious, fine gold plated fittings. $10 plus 20% Fed. excise tax.

Barbara Bates

MANICURE GIFT KITS

"At your jewelers' first call on your gift shopping list."

Cases and fittings made to the most rigid specifications of quality by Barbara Bates' own skilled craftsmen.

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If not as advertised therein

For Him: The Squire. Handsome nickel-plated implements in genuine leather case. $11.50 plus $1 Fed. excise tax.

Barbara Bates, Dept. 9, 366 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1

NEW FUN AND THRILLS!

1949

HARLEY-DAVIDSON with the new HYDRA-GLIDE FORK

Here's *your* motorcycle . . . with all the comfort and performance features you ever dreamed of! Sensational new Hydra-Glide Fork brings you comfort on roughest roads, "road-hugging" control, effortless steering. Bigger brakes give you faster stopping power. Sealed ray headlight turns night into day. Air flow fenders add new beauty. Many other features. It's the greatest of all great Harley-Davidsons! See your dealer today. Mail coupon now.

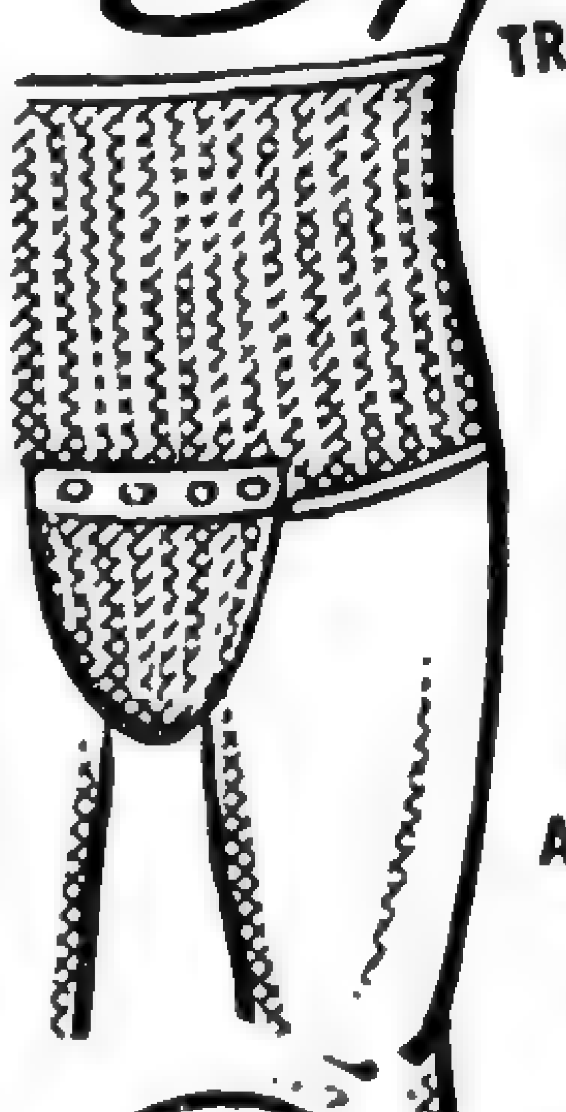
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Send literature on 1949 models, also free copy of the ENTHUSIAST Magazine filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories.

Name
Address
City State

HAVE THAT BOLD, VIRILE LOOK!

Sportflex TRIMS and SLIMS you



Gently, FIRMLY restrains bulges; eases you into upright, perfect posture. You look—you feel younger!

Of *quality* Lastex; sturdy, resilient, porous, non-chafing. Wide 2-Way Stretch Band *can't* roll, bunch or bind. Soft, smooth, detachable Crotch gives sanitary, super-support. Launders like magic.

AN UNBEATABLE BUY

complete postpaid $3.00

extra crotch 75¢

SITTING
STANDING
IN ACTION

Count on Sportflex for comfortable, contour control

DON'T DELAY *Send for Your Sportflex Today*
IMPORTANT! Please specify waist size. C.O.D.'s accepted

Sportex Foundations
Dept. E-1 14 W. 17th St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

carry that bottle SAFELY in a VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.

Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E-11

GOOD 2 WAYS

GOOD—by itself
GOOD—as a friendly mixer

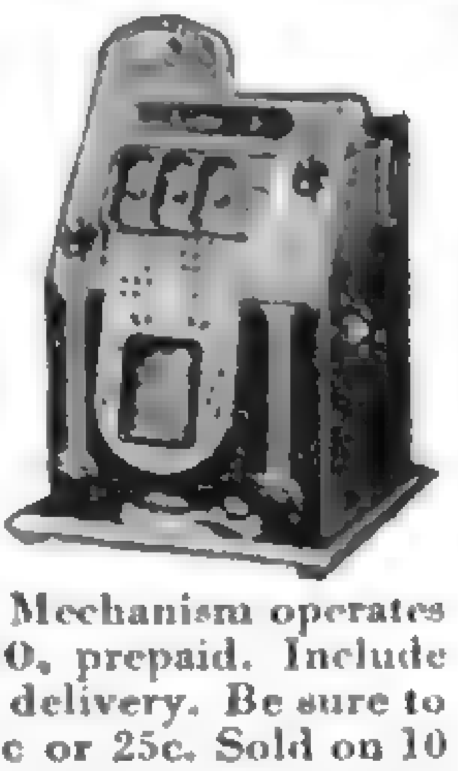
RUM and MAPLE
Pipe Mixture
ORIGINAL BLEND No. 53
The Friendly Mixer

Magic Is Fun! Make MAGIC Your HOBBY

Be the most popular person in your crowd! "SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Merlin Swift shows you HOW to do 186 fascinating tricks with coins, cards, ropes, cigarettes, etc.; also amazing "mind-reading" effects. No special equipment needed to perform these easy-to-do fully illustrated tricks! Mail only $1.00 (cash or money order) today for your copy of "SECRETS OF MAGIC." Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

D. Robbins & Co., Dept. S-1,
152 W. 42 St. New York 18, N. Y.

JACK-POT O' FUN FOR YOUR GAME ROOM!

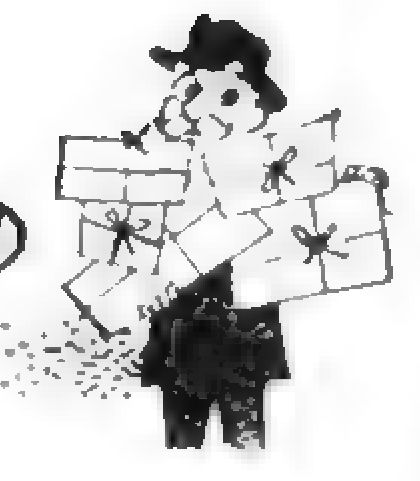


Pep up game-room parties with a real slot machine! Like those you see in Clubs, the famous Mills Gold Chrome Bell Machine pays out on "cherries", "plums", "bells", etc. No dull moments when the reels start spinning! Model shown is completely re-newed throughout. Cabinet is colorfully refinished. Mechanism operates perfectly. Price, *only* $139.50, prepaid. Include 25% with order, pay balance on delivery. Be sure to specify coin play desired, 5c, 10c or 25c. Sold on 10 day Money Back Guarantee. This and many other Reconditioned and NEW models, from $99.50 to $268.

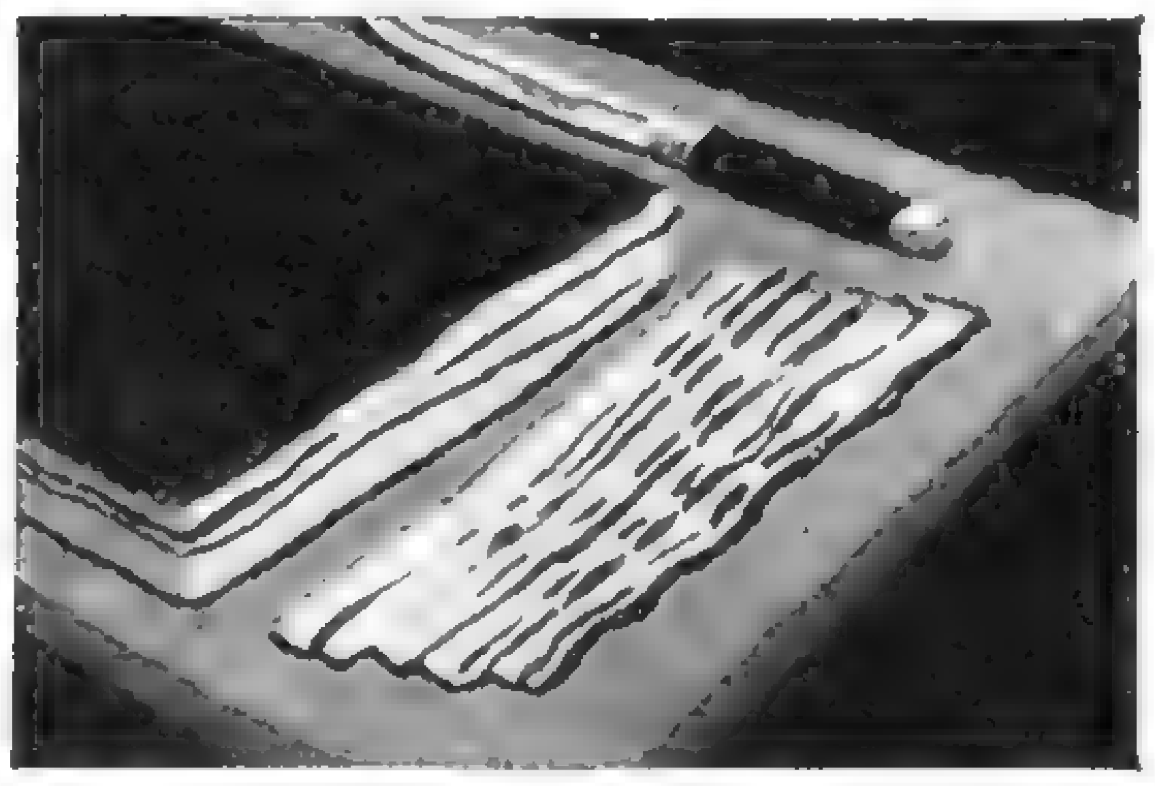
Offered only for home use. Literature mailed on request.

AUTO-COIN, 4135 Armitage, Chicago 39, Illinois

Talking Shop with Esquire



"OLD FASHIONED" GIRLS and fellas too, will like this easy way to make their favorite drink. Endless fruit-slicing and stirring is eliminated, with a jar of these prepared orange slices in a special syrup. This new Old Fashioned calls for slice of orange, a teaspoon of the syrup and 1½ jiggers of bourbon or scotch.



JAM SESSION. Does your favorite uncle have a sweet tooth? Send him this assortment of jams and preserves, and he can really have himself a time. There's a jar each of Green gage Preserves, Wild Blackberry Jam, a Prune and hazelnut Preserve, Wild Plum, Gooseberry jam, Orange marmalade and strawberry preserves.

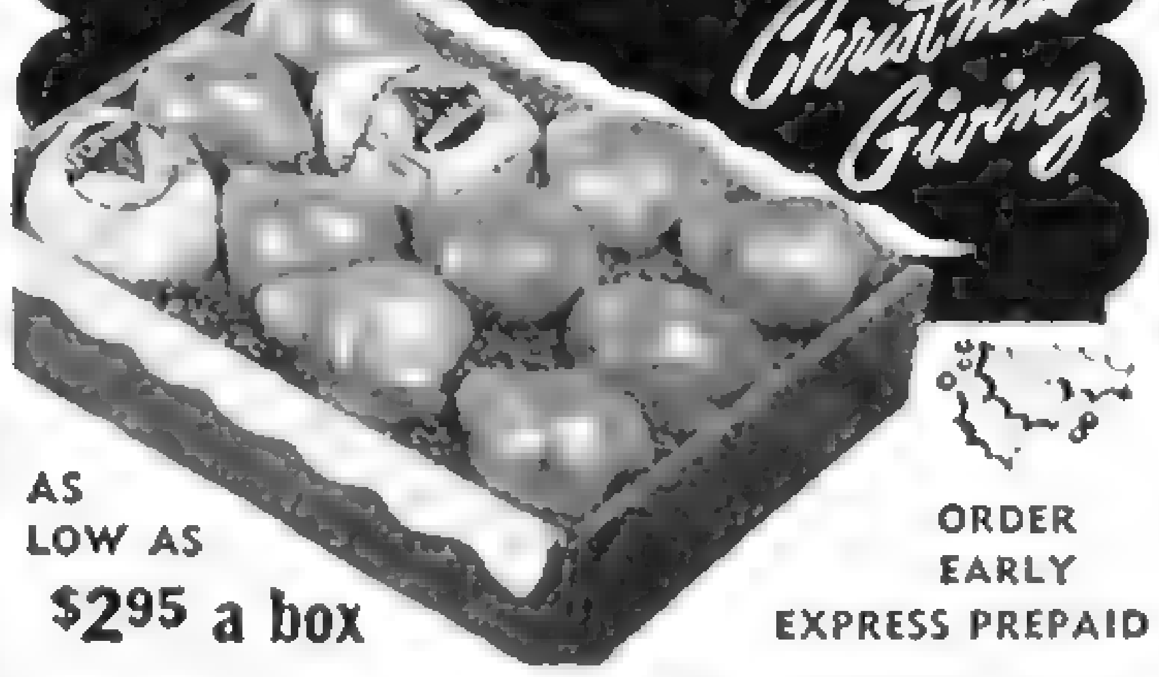
BREAKFAST'S READY! The family won't need a second call, when this sugar-cured, hickory-smoked bacon is frying in the skillet. It's de-rinded before curing, and all the cartilage disks are removed. Shipped in slabs of 8 to 10 lbs. They also put up a batch of pork sausages that will make a flapjack sit up and do tricks.

OUTDOOR CHEFS can add that Hickory smoked flavor to their steak, chops or broiled chicken, with a handful of this chopped picnic hickory. Trick is to moisten the stuff first, then place it right at the edge of the emberbed. A 2½ pound package will provide enough smoke to flavor about 100 lbs. of meat.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

COMICE PEARS
FROM THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
FOR *Christmas Giving*



AS LOW AS $2.95 a box

ORDER EARLY
EXPRESS PREPAID

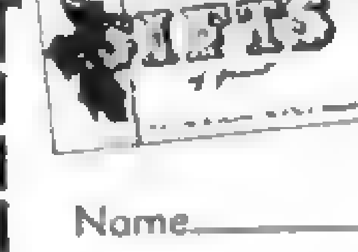
Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected — individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to U.S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift cards enclosed. Send gift list — we do the rest. No stamps. No C.O.D.s.

DELIVERED PRICES (Order by Number)

No. 1 Deluxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$ 2.95
No. 2 Deluxe Box (18 to 24 pears)	4.75
No. 7 Asst. Fruit Chest (about 14 lbs.) . . .	5.75
No. 5 Asst. Fruit Basket (about 18 lbs.) . .	11.85

For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG



PINNACLE ORCHARDS
441 Fir St., Medford, Oregon
Rush Free Color Catalog to:

Name
Address
City Zone State

INDIVIDUAL COPPER PANS

Cook and serve Sunday brunch this novel way! It's fun and saves work, too. Set of two, $6, including polished grained wood servers. Send check or M. O. Add 35 cents for mailing cost. No C. O. D.'s.

WALLIS PALMER HOUSE
118 E. 28 St. New York 16, N.Y. Dept. E

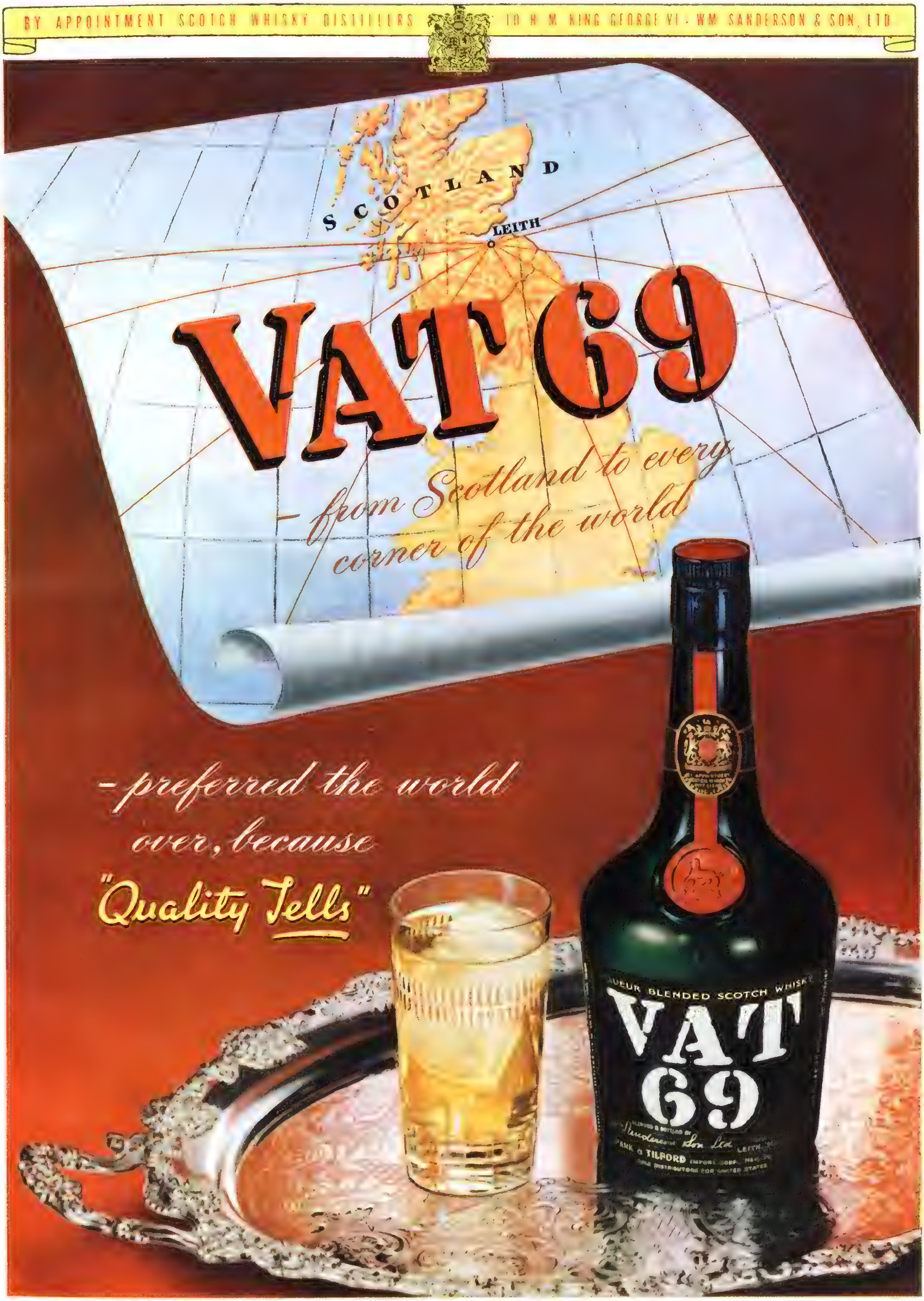
For every HER on your list!

This is it, men—a purse-size perfume atomizer . . . fool-proof, leak-proof unfailing! Fill like a lighter with any scent. New—different—good looking and forever useful. Order one for each of your favorites; makes a good gift any time!

Each Perfumette handsomely gift boxed with suedette carrybag and tiny filler-funnel. Permanent Gold or Silver Finish. Parcel Post, insured.

Only $4.95

ELANE TRACY
240 Bedford Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y


BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI · WM SANDERSON & SON, LTD
SCOTLAND
LEITH
VAT 69
– from Scotland to every corner of the world
– preferred the world over, because
"Quality Tells"
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

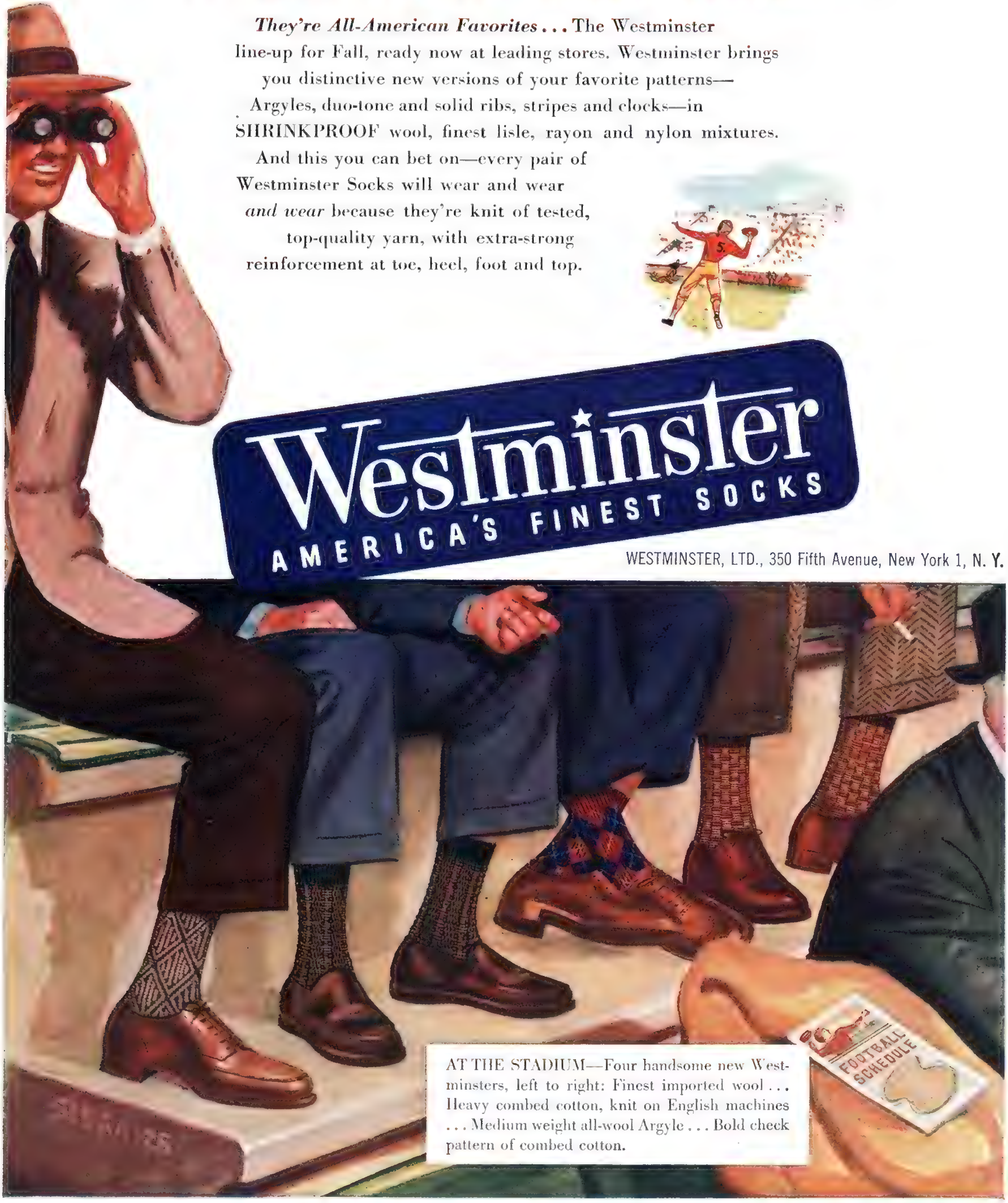
Westminsters

... THE SOCKS THAT WEAR

They're All-American Favorites . . . The Westminster line-up for Fall, ready now at leading stores. Westminster brings you distinctive new versions of your favorite patterns—Argyles, duo-tone and solid ribs, stripes and clocks—in SHRINKPROOF wool, finest lisle, rayon and nylon mixtures. And this you can bet on—every pair of Westminster Socks will wear and wear *and wear* because they're knit of tested, top-quality yarn, with extra-strong reinforcement at toe, heel, foot and top.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINEST SOCKS

WESTMINSTER, LTD., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



AT THE STADIUM—Four handsome new Westminsters, left to right: Finest imported wool . . . Heavy combed cotton, knit on English machines . . . Medium weight all-wool Argyle . . . Bold check pattern of combed cotton.

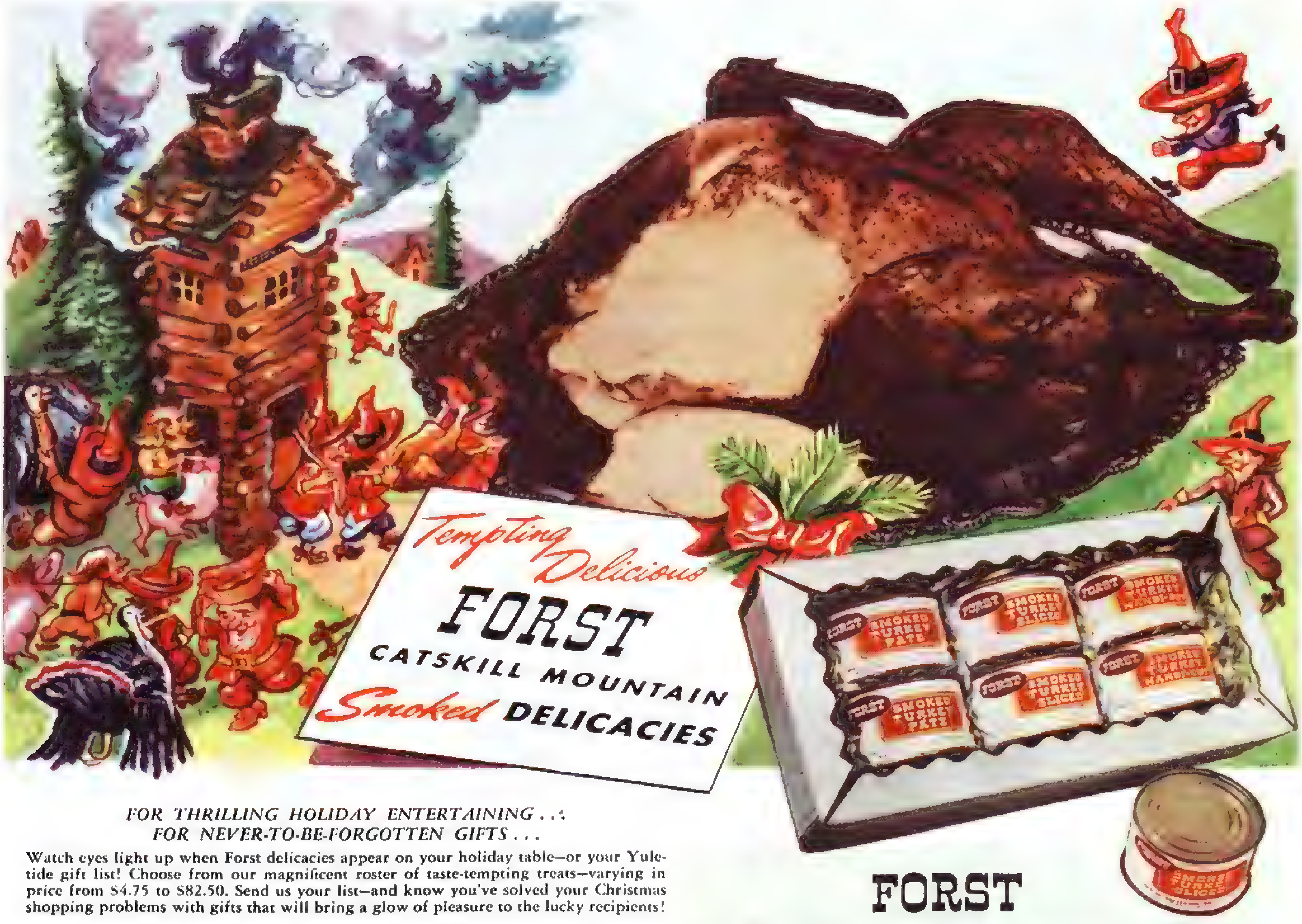
IT'S A

KUPPENHEIMER

—it's the proud result of more than 70 years' experience in the skilful tailoring of fine fabrics. The man who wears a Kuppenheimer knows the lasting satisfaction of owning a suit that is utterly correct. He wears a suit which complements his own dignity, discriminating good taste and judgment.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

COPYRIGHT 1948 B. K. & CO., INC.



FOR THRILLING HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING . . .
FOR NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN GIFTS . . .

Watch eyes light up when Forst delicacies appear on your holiday table—or your Yuletide gift list! Choose from our magnificent roster of taste-tempting treats—varying in price from $4.75 to $82.50. Send us your list—and know you've solved your Christmas shopping problems with gifts that will bring a glow of pleasure to the lucky recipients!

Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey
Ideal for Gala Feasts or Family Get-Togethers—a Gift Supreme!

To make holiday celebrations complete—let luscious, mouth-watering Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey be the guest of honor at your Christmas dinner! Here are choice, young, full-breasted birds, cured in rare herbs and spices, and then smoke-cooked in air-conditioned smokehouses to golden-brown perfection over fragrant applewood embers. Whole Smoked Turkeys range from 8 to 18 lbs., net smoked weight. Price $1.75 per pound. All ready to slice and serve.

Three Flavor-Rich Assortments of Smoked Turkey Delicacies
Vacuum-Packed to be Enjoyed Any Time—ALL the Time!

Sliced Smoked Turkey—Generous slices of tender, juicy white meat, rich full-flavored dark meat. Nothing added but flavorful turkey broth. • **Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey**—Both white and dark meat, cubed to make perfect à la king and creamed dishes, salads, sandwiches, etc. • **Smoked Turkey Pate**—A zesty spread for canapés, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, etc. *All are ready to eat—and keep without refrigeration until opened.*

YOUR CHOICE OF THREE POPULAR ASSORTMENTS:

New Amsterdam Selection
12—½-lb. cans—4 ea. of Paté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$16.00**

Hendrik Hudson Selection
6—½-lb. cans—2 ea. of Paté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$8.50**

Peter Stuyvesant Selection
3—½-lb. cans—1 ea. of Paté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$4.75**

Say "Merry Christmas" All Year 'Round—with the Forst Gift of Gifts

A taste-thrill for every season of the year—is the unique offering to members of the Forst exclusive "Delicacy of the Season" Club, details of which are given in the panel at right.

Select the Forst gifts desired, whether a $4.75 Peter Stuyvesant Selection or one of the "Delicacy of the Season" Club memberships, make up your list—and mail it to us with your check! We do the rest! All orders festively packed and shipped delivery charges prepaid anywhere in continental U. S. Supplies limited! Order TODAY!

The Forsts • Kingston, N. Y.

IMPORTANT! *All Forst Catskill Mountain Products Are Government Inspected!*

FORST
"Delicacy of the Season" Club

GIVE THOSE YOU FAVOR MOST A WHOLE YEAR OF INTRIGUING TASTE DELIGHTS

Here is a rare gift for your family and special friends that will serve as a deliciously different reminder of your thoughtfulness all year 'round.

At Christmas, members receive an 8 to 10 lb. golden-brown Forst Smoked Turkey.

At Easter, a tender, tempting 10 to 12 lb. Catskill Mountain Smoked Ham, sugar-cured and smoked Southern style, ready to eat.

In July, the Hendrik Hudson Assortment of picnic snack-tidbits—vacuum-packed in six half-pound cans—Sliced Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey, zesty Forst Smoked Turkey Paté, multi-useful Forst Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey.

Finally, Fall will bring a generous 4 lb. package of spicy smoked pork sausage and a whole 8 to 10 lb. strip of luscious Catskill Mountain Bacon.

All this for a total cost of only $47.50, delivery prepaid on all gifts, anywhere in continental U. S.

In addition to the engraved Membership Certificate, a personalized greeting card accompanies each gift.

★ ★ ★

If a more expensive, more sumptuous gift is desired—there are two other club memberships available—our Deluxe Delicacy offer at $68.50—and our extra-bountiful, Super Deluxe Membership, offering many other tempting Forst delicacies seven times during the year—a rare gift indeed at $82.50. Write us for full details.

Forst Bank References: State of New York National Bank, Kingston, N. Y, Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, 70 Broadway, New York City.

SUPPLIES LIMITED! PLACE YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDERS TODAY!
THE FORSTS
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
Smokehouse
KINGSTON NEW YORK
WHERE 80 YEAR OLD TRADITIONS ARE MAINTAINED IN THE MODERN MANNER

THE FORSTS, Route 178, Kingston, N. Y.

☐ I enclose Gift List and check for $................ . . Please ship the Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Delicacies checked below, charges prepaid.

.... Whole Birds, weight..................(8 to 18) lbs. at $1.75 lb. $________
.... New Amsterdam Selections (12—½-lb. cans) at $16.00 $________
............Hendrik Hudson Selections (6—½-lb. cans) at $8.50 $________
............Peter Stuyvesant Selections (3—½-lb. cans) at $4.75 $________

Approximate date required..................................

Your Name ....
Address ....
City .... *Zone*....... *State* ....

NOTE: We attempt to fill your order as closely as possible, but turkeys may be slightly under or over the weight specified.

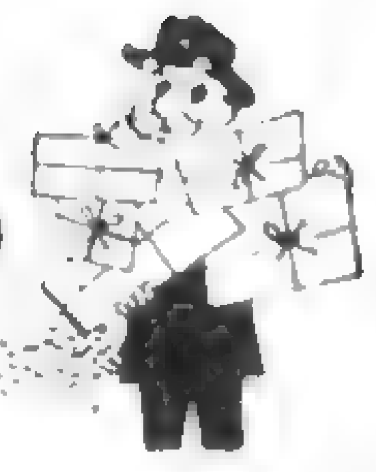
"DELICACY OF THE SEASON" CLUB ORDER

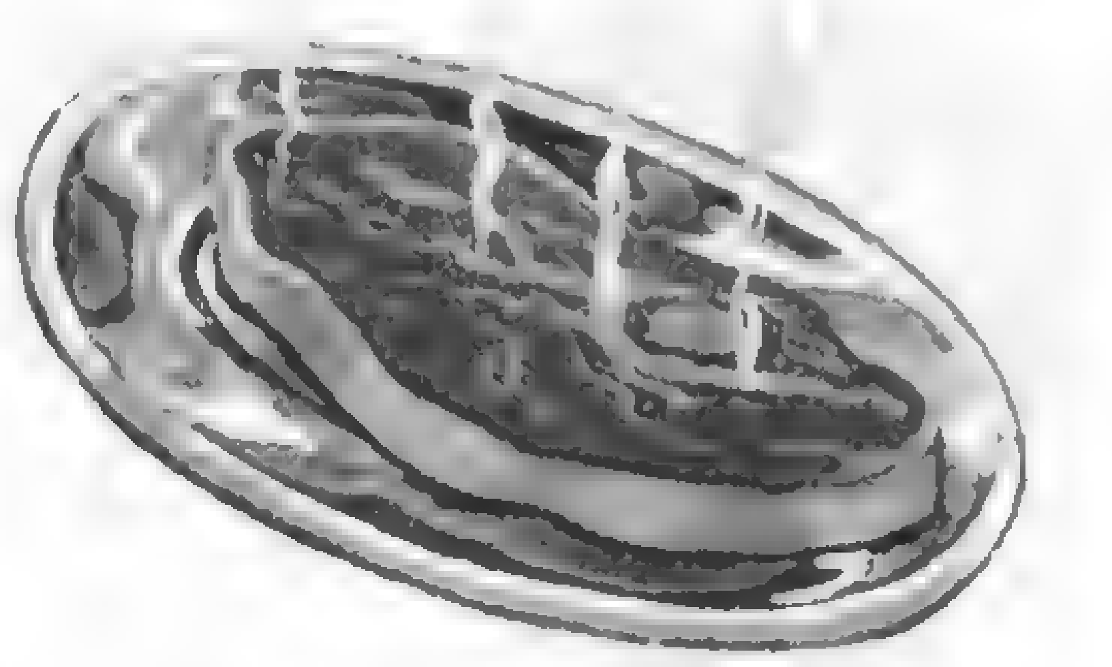
☐ I am attaching herewith my Gift List and check for $.............. to cover .... memberships in your "Delicacy of the Season" Club, at $47.50 per membership. It is understood that each person on my list is to receive the four gifts described in your advertisement; also, the engraved initiation Membership Certificate.

[ ] Please send me complete information regarding the bountiful Deluxe and Super Deluxe Memberships.

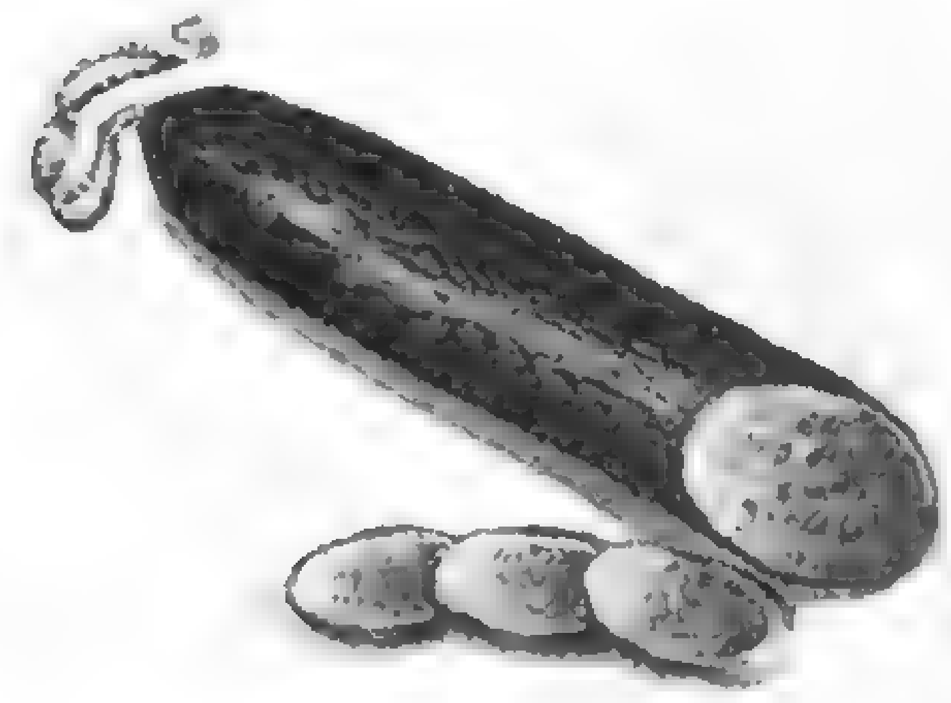
Your Name ....
Address ....
City ....
Zone....... *State* ....

Talking Shop with Esquire



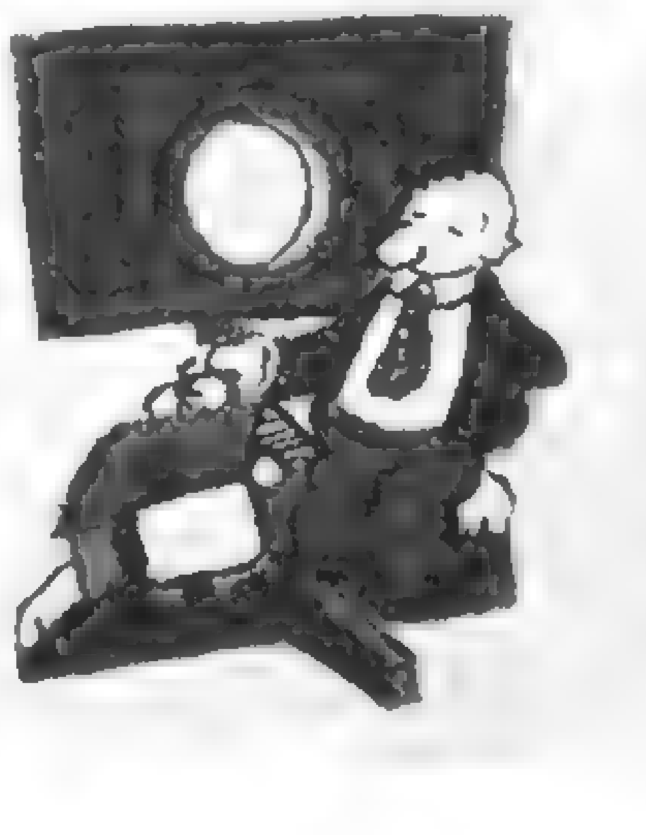


HOT ITEM. Why do "professional" steaks in an excellent restaurant taste so good? Maybe because they arrive sizzling hot and stay that way. Trick is to broil and serve on the same platter. Here's a heavy, cast aluminum platter that will retain the heat, and keep your steak or chops hot right through the meal.



SUMMER SAUSAGE that calls for "seconds," because it's prepared the Old Fashioned way. Made from all-beef meat, seasoned and hung in a smoke house for a long, slow session over the Hickory logs, to give it a special flavor. No further cooking necessary—just slice and serve. Prepared in Wisconsin, mailed direct.

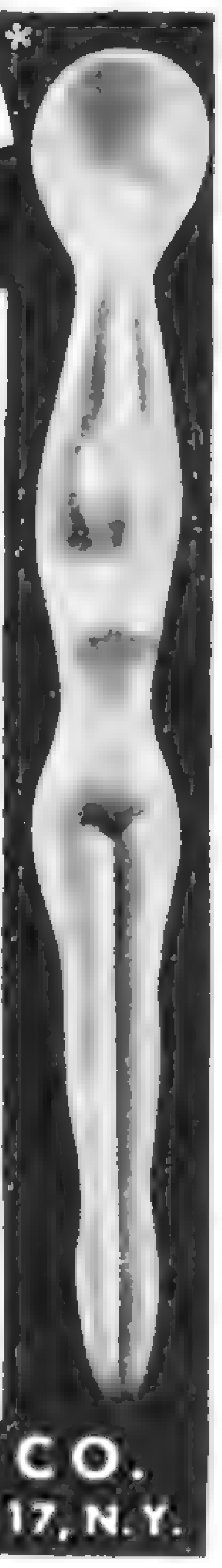
BLOW ME DOWN! Here's a game for the kids—the Pop Eye version of Tiddley Winks. Object is to flip the jumbo-sized disks through a series of obstacles made from the comic strip figures—Wimpy has a hamburger sign, Olive Oyl a daisy, Pop Eye a can of Spinach and so on. First player to complete the course wins.



Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.



Aqua-maid* STIRRERS

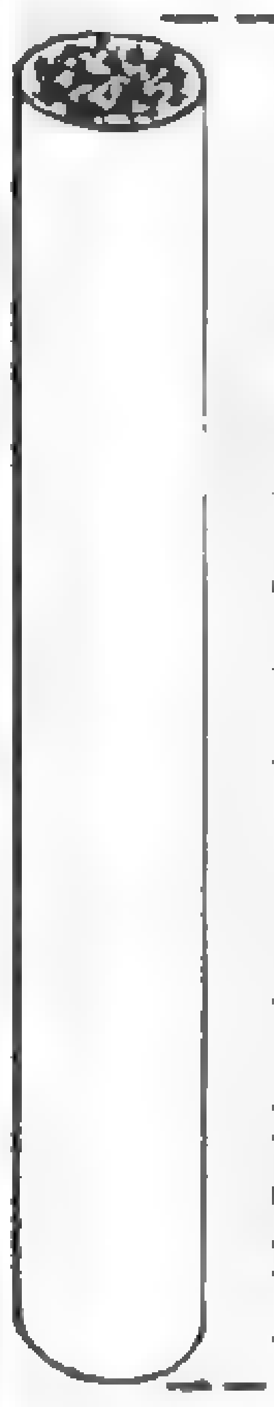
The Life of the Party

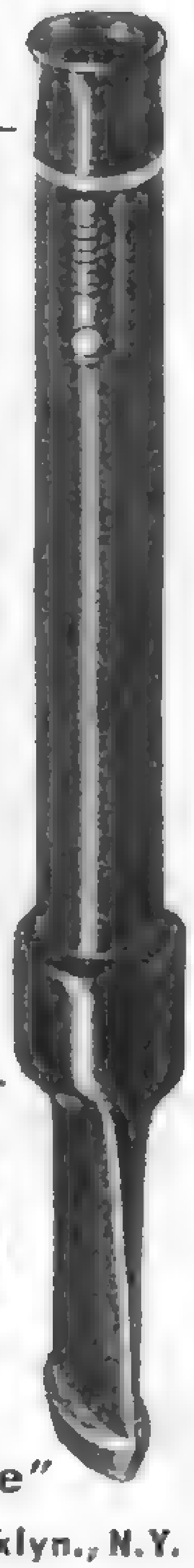
A great little mixer...she breaks the ice at any gathering ...is always in circulation at your bar. This streamlined siren stirs up conversation and cocktails. A fluid diver...she mixes with the best highballs...joins folks in a drink anytime. An irresistible gift for your friends.

Made of plastic, she comes in 8 assorted colors: aqua, topaz, green, rose, azure, blue, fuchsia, ruby, in solid colors of ivory and black and in crystal. Beautifully gift-boxed.

8 for $2.00
4 for $1.10
Postpaid
No C.O.D.'s
*Patent Pending

CRYSTALIER CO.
485 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.





Filters the Smoke but NOT the Flavor

...You get true cigarette flavor through a Zeus and, at the same time, you remove as much as ½ the nicotine and other toxic ingredients from smoke. No other holder can make such a claim.

No filters to buy...a cigarette is your filter

ZEUS STANDARD, still $1
also Zeus Deluxe . . . $2
Zeus Diplomat . . . $3.50
For men and women

ZEUS
CIGARETTE FILTER HOLDER
"Smoke all you like... like all you smoke"
L & H STERN, Inc., 56 Pearl St., B'klyn., N.Y.

SMOKE Weber NONE BETTER
IT'S NEW!
IRISH BILLIARD
- Genuine imported briar
- Superb craftsmanship
- Priced from $2.50 to $15

Processed for instant sweet smoking

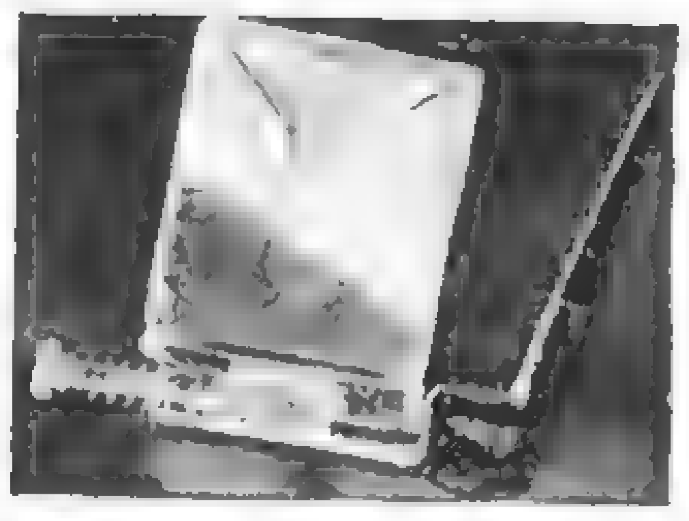
GOLDEN WALNUT $5
At better dealers
Send for Free BOOKLET

WEBER BRIARS, INC.
140 Cator Ave.
Jersey City 5, N. J.

BROWN DERBY Salt & Pepper
In miniature hat box [illegible] $2[illegible] postpaid

BROWN DERBY
BARBECUE APRON
Man Sized, 54" x 28", with map of Hollywood and some famous Brown Derby Recipes $2.25 postpaid
BROWN DERBY TABLECLOTH
To match Barbecue Apron, 40"x 40"
$4.00 postpaid
Write for catalog of distinctive gifts
FROM THE WORLD FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD BROWN DERBY

The BROWN DERBY HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTS
1628-C N. Vine St. Hollywood, Calif.



amazing
tobacco
pouch
works in
wind or rain

Automatically Fills Pipe!
Tamps Tobacco Without Spilling!

Fill your pipe without spilling—even when wearing gloves! Works perfectly in wind or rain. Keeps out moisture, odors, air and dirt! Holds full tin of tobacco—yet fits vest pocket! We pay postage! $2.50

GIFT OF THE MONTH, Inc.
Dept. EN 542 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

"666"
GLEAMING COPPER SAUCE PANS

Copper sauce pans such as these should be an inspiration to anyone, whether to do your own cooking or merely to plan the meals. In addition to being cooking receptacles par excellence, these solid copper pans are highly decorative hanging in your kitchen.

All our copper pans have solid bronze handles and are hand lined with pure block tin, not electroplate.

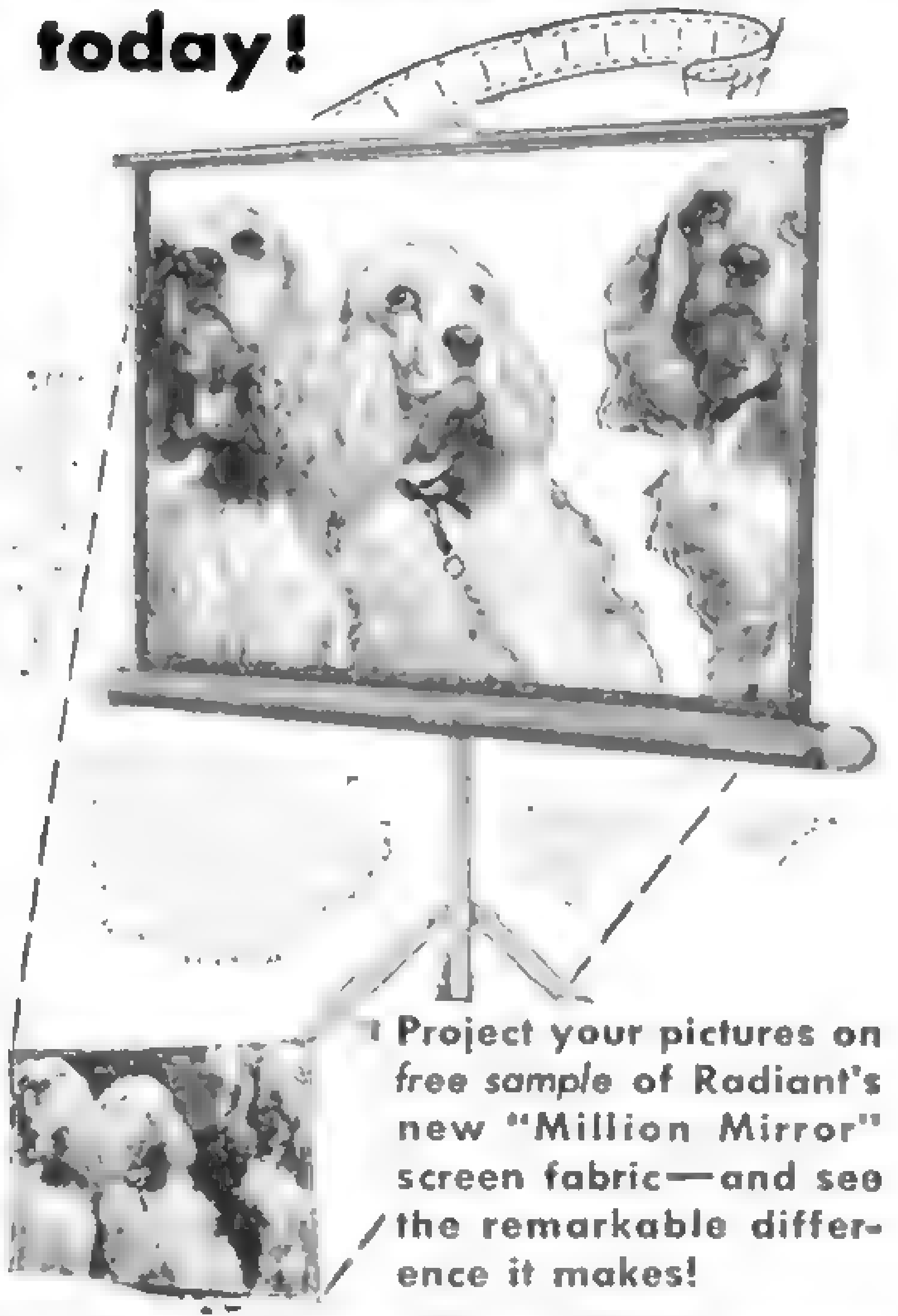
For quality in copperware always look for the "666" stamped on the back.

No. 10E ½ qt. $3.40
No. 12E ¾ qt. 4.25
No. 14E 1 qt. 5.65
No. 16E 2 qt. 6.95

Postpaid. No C.O.D.'s

For larger sizes, write for our catalog

Bazar Français
EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.



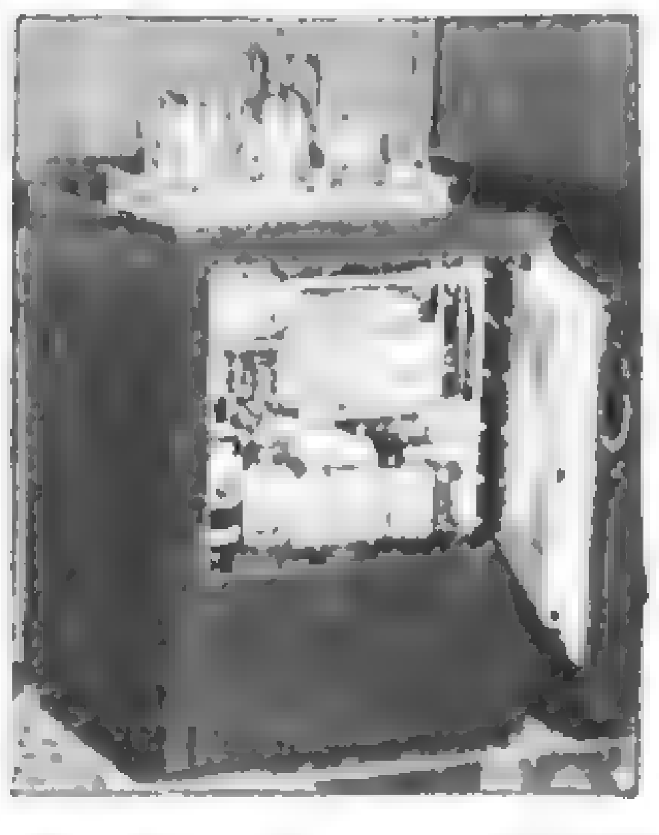
Make this amazing FREE "SCREEN TEST" today!

Project your pictures on free sample of Radiant's new "Million Mirror" screen fabric—and see the remarkable difference it makes!

See how millions of tiny glass mirrors, firmly imbedded in the pure white screen surface, make your pictures fairly glow with life! See what happens when light is *reflected* instead of absorbed! You will enjoy clearer, sharper black and whites—richer, brighter, more brilliant colors. Here is projection as real as life itself! The new 1949 Radiant Screens have many unusual and exclusive features. See them at your dealer today!

Write today and get absolutely FREE
- Sample of new Radiant "Million Mirror" Screen Fabric... Test it with your own projector and see for yourself the remarkable improvement over any other projection surface.
- Basic Film Source Directory—your handy guide to hundreds of film sources.

RADIANT MANUFACTURING CORP.
1295 S. Talman Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.



Every Man
WANTS
THE HANDSOME NEW
Artkraft*
BEV-ETTE
FOR CHRISTMAS!

The Personal Refrigerator FOR Office or Game Room

Smartly styled and finished in executive brown to harmonize with the finest office or home furniture, the BEV-ETTE is a full size 3½ cubic foot refrigerator. Ample ice cube capacity. Designed to accommodate standing bottles, large or small, plenty of snacks, etc. Can be locked.

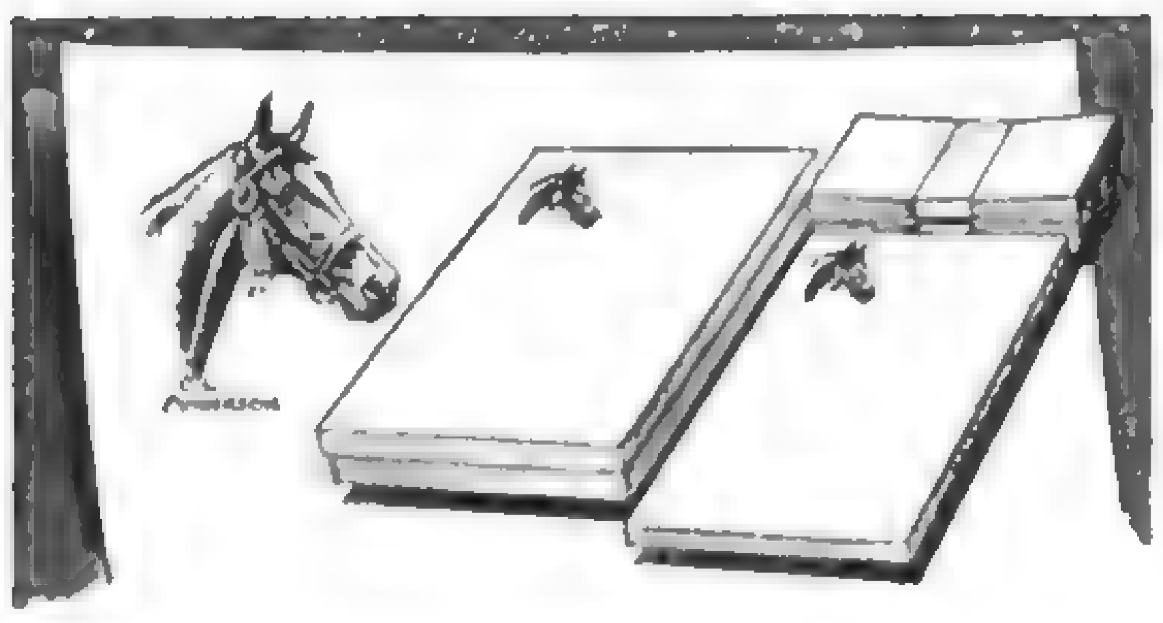
$209.50 f.o.b. Lima

THIS COUPON FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
Artkraft* MANUFACTURING CORP.
328 KIBBY STREET LIMA, OHIO, U.S.A.

☐ Please send literature and name of the nearest Artkraft* BEV-ETTE dealer.

NAME
ADDRESS

SIGNS OF LONG LIFE
QUALITY PRODUCTS FOR OVER A QUARTER CENTURY
*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Attractive new Stationery for Horse Lovers

Delight your friends in the horsey set with a gift of this distinctive buff-colored bond letter paper decorated with a beautiful horsehead by the well-known artist C. W. Anderson. Box contains the unusually large quantity of 80 sheets, 7¼ by 10½, and 50 envelopes. Only $3.50 postage prepaid. Your money back if you are not delighted.

"little joe" **Wiesenfeld Co.**
Dept. B-47 Baltimore 1, Md.

FOR TROUSERS
FOR SKIRTS

THE PERFECT HANGER
IDEAL FOR
TROUSERS, SKIRTS, SLACKS

Holds 5 trousers, skirts or slacks. Reduces pressing bills, keeps up your well-groomed appearance. Garments slip on, or off with ease—a real space and time saver. Holds with "Bull Dog" grip without marking garments. Nickel-plated spring steel clips on sturdy steel brackets. Easy to mount on wall or door. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Order Now! **$1.50** each
Postpaid in U. S. A.
Postage Extra on C.O.D. orders 2 for $2.75 4 for $5.00

WILBAR SALES CO., Dept. 320
549 W. Washington, Chicago 6, Ill.

Want to be WITTY?

We put out a series of original gag sheets written by a top gag man. Perfect for speakers, salesmen and those who like to be the laff of the party.

Send only $1.00 for over 500 hilarious up-to-date wisecracks to:

Laughs Unlimited 276 W. 43 St. New York City

17-JEWEL WRIST WATCH - STOP WATCH

CHRONOGRAPH

- TIME-OUT FEATURE
- RADIUM DIAL
- SELLING NATIONALLY FOR OVER $60.00
- 2 PUSH BUTTON
- ANTI-MAGNETIC

Sold By Mail Only **$29.75** Plus 10% Tax

A regular size wrist watch and time-out stop-watch combined. Sold with a one-year factory guarantee. Your money back in 10 days if not satisfied. **$2.00 Deposit on C.O.D. Orders**

ORDER TODAY — IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

• Write for Information on Stop Watches •

BROPAR DISTRIBUTORS
DEPT. 1123
P. O. BOX 1997 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

make INSTANT COFFEE TEA, HOT CHOCOLATE BOUILLON *...in only 3 minutes with*

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC **COF-TEA** WATER HEATER

FOR QUICK SNACKS
EVERYWHERE, ANYTIME
FOR HOME, OFFICE, HOTEL, COLLEGE, TRAVELERS

Boils cup of water for hot drinks in 3 minutes; full pint in five. Automatically keeps water near boiling indefinitely. Cannot overheat. Made of durable aluminum, rugged plastic base. Fully guaranteed. Detachable cord set included.

At your dealers or order COF-TEA direct. Send check or money order.

INSTANT Cof-tea ELECTRIC SERVER

ONLY **$9.95** PREPAID

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES • INC
44 Summer Avenue
Newark 4, New Jersey

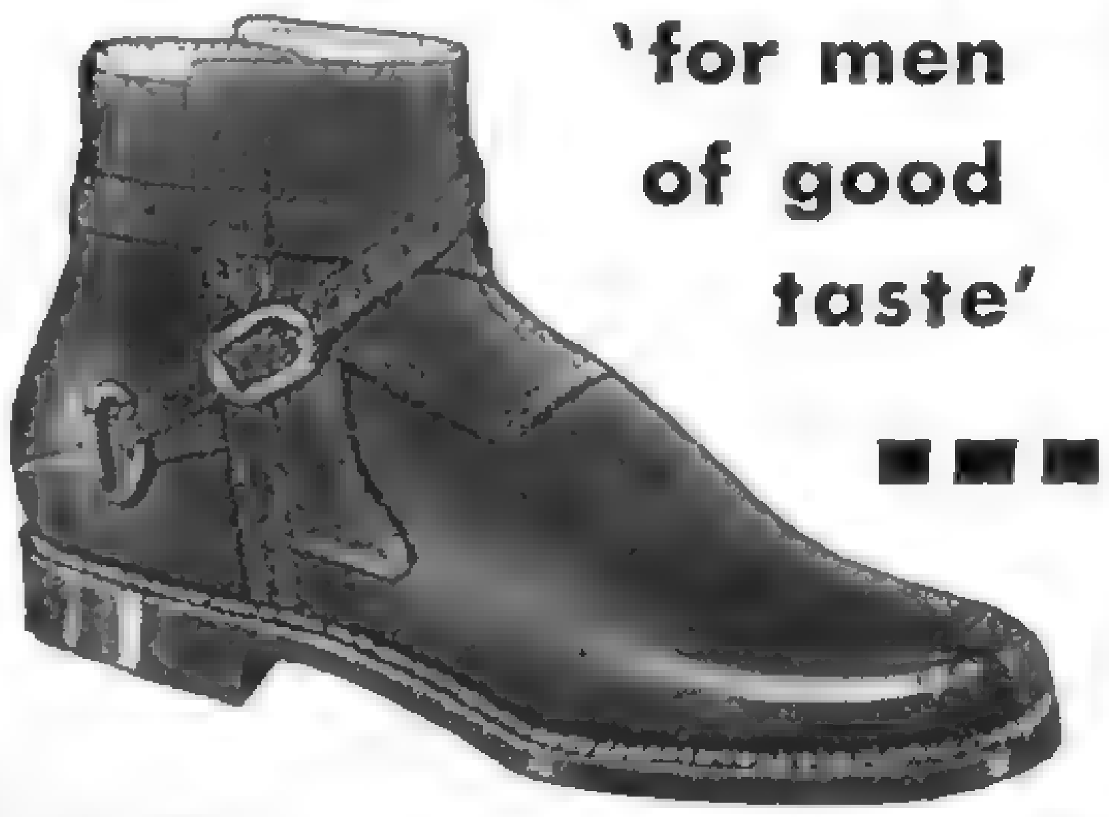
THE FLYING BOOT
'for Skyfarers'

■ ■ ■ Here's an exact copy of the Brazilian Boot—that smart, easy-to-get boot every man has been looking for. Fashioned of the finest leather money can buy, over comfortable fitting lasts. Tops are soft and pliable. Rich Cordovan Brown only. "C" width and wider. (not recommended for narrow feet) Sizes 5 to 12 **$20.00**

(In stock for immediate delivery)

Just the shoes to make any uniform look smarter!

THE FLYING JODHPUR
'for men of good taste'

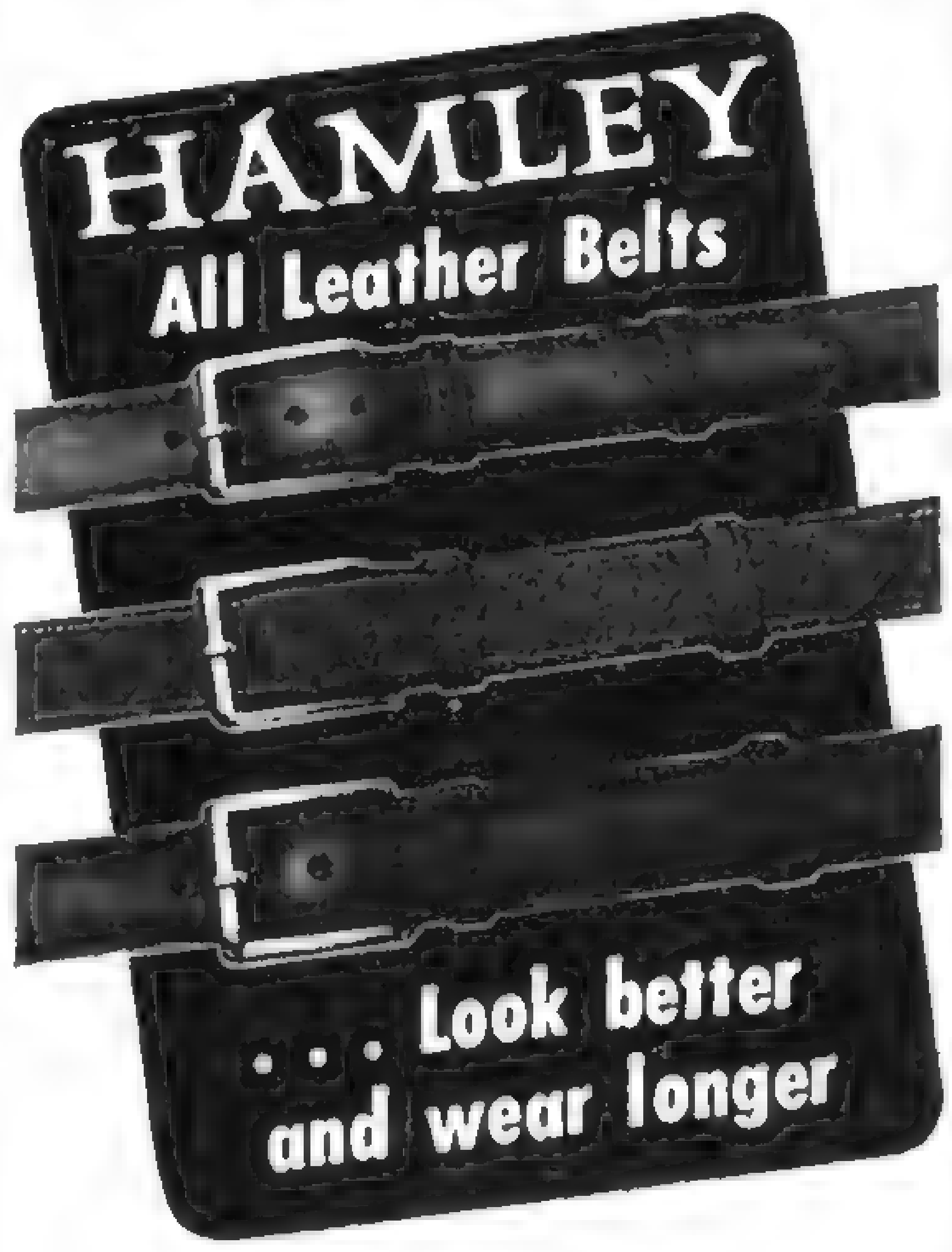


■ ■ ■ We are proud of this fine imported shoe made by Mexico's finest bootmaker—TRES CABALLOS. It's soft as a glove, yet fully leather lined, bench-made of finest quality leather. A popular favorite of modern men, this shoe is ideal for hiking, riding, flying or business. Rich Cordovan brown only. Sizes 5 to 13 **$18.00**

Order by mail, giving size and width. For overseas shipments, add $2.00

Write for free full color folder on Indian 100 percent Wool Ties and shoe literature

NAVARRO BROS.
★ IMPORTERS ★
113 So. Oregon St., El Paso, Texas

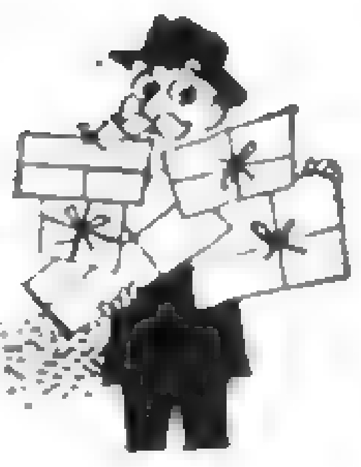

HAMLEY
All Leather Belts
. . . Look better and wear longer

Hamley belts are made for the 1 man out of 10 who appreciates solid leather and expert crafstmanship. Each Hamley belt is hand-made from the finest top grain leathers. There's a choice of colors (cinnamon, brown, black and others) to blend with any suit or slacks. And the cemented, solid leather construction, assures the man who owns a Hamley belt of good use for a long time. Get a Hamley belt today from your favorite store or write Hamley and Company, Saddlemakers since 1883, Pendleton, Ore. In ordering specify your waist measure. Prices: $3.25, $4.50, $5.50, $6.00 to $13.50.

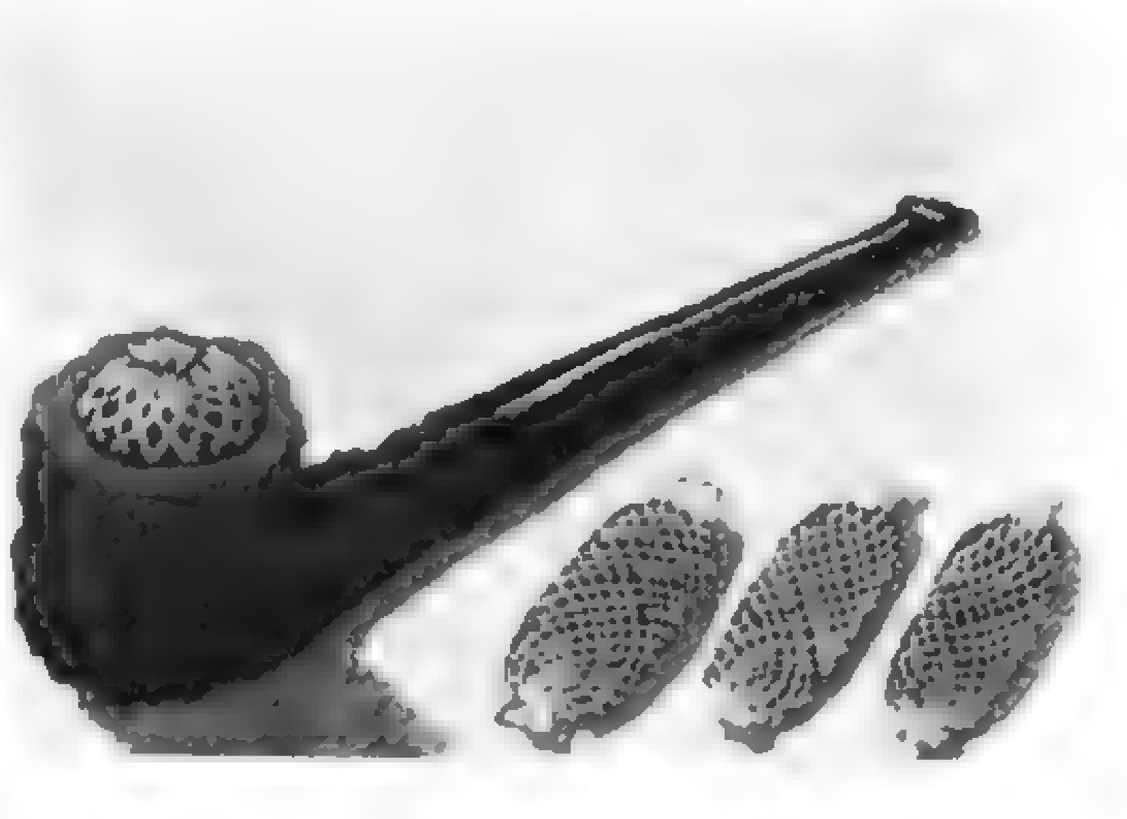
IF IT'S A HAMLEY, IT'S MADE OF BETTER LEATHER

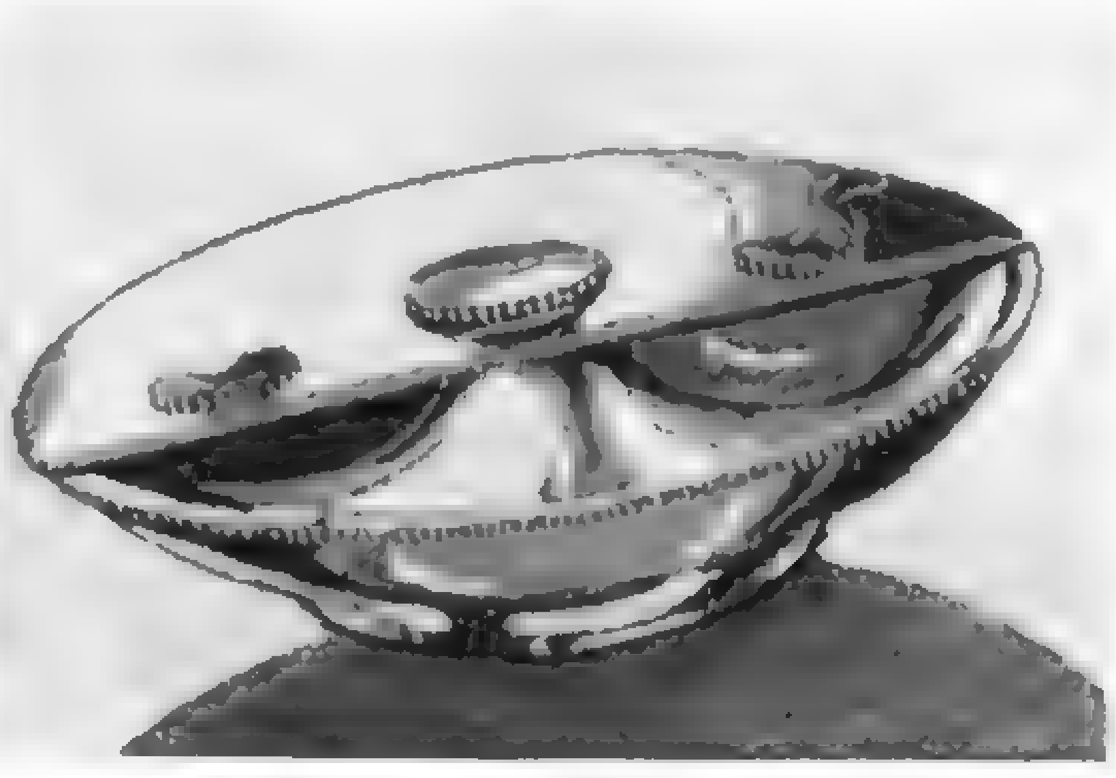
HAMLEY
All Leather Belts

Talking Shop with Esquire



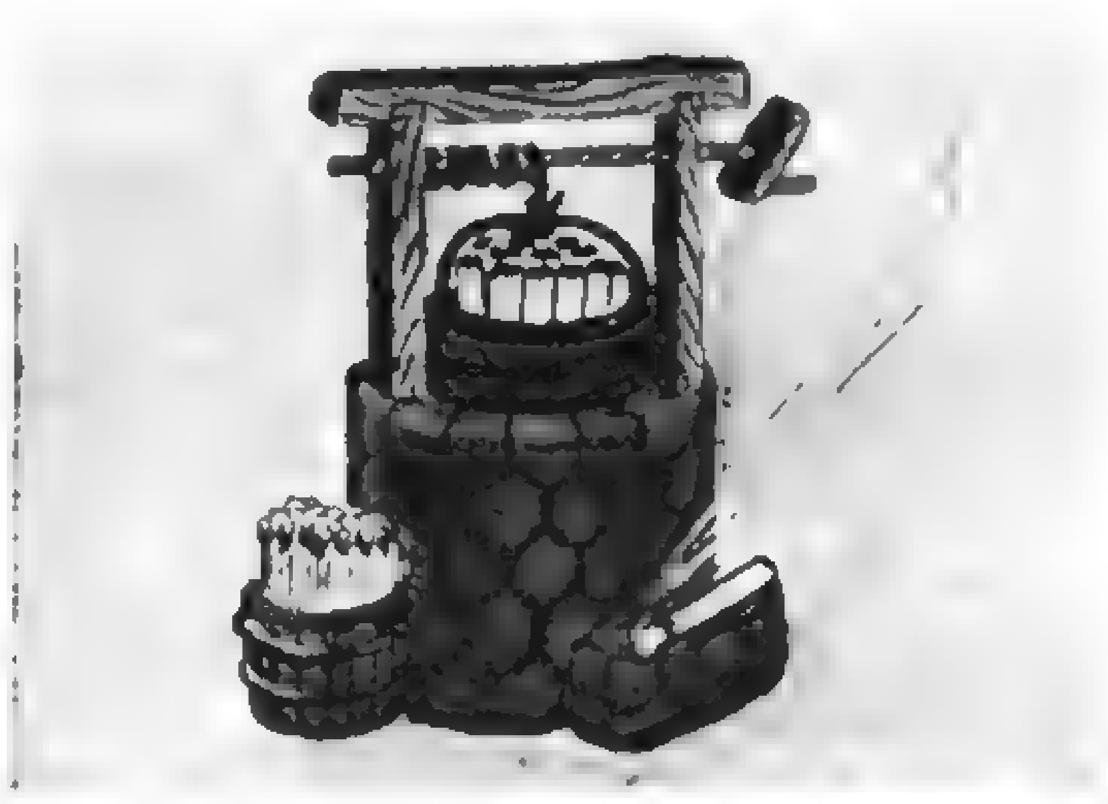
MADE-TO-MEASURE for pipes. Each of these "cartridges" contains a bowlful of tobacco.—Put the whole deal in your pipe and smoke it—no ashes, embers or shreds of tobacco to contend with. The woven glass fiber jacket lifts out, after your smoke, ashes and all. No bulging pockets, just carry as many as you need.





TWIRL AWAY. Ashes just seem to disappear when you spin the revolving base of this chrome plated ash tray. The trick lies in the concealed chamois cleaner which hides cigarette and cigar butts under the ¾ lid. A twirl to the right makes the ashes vanish; a twirl to the left permits emptying.

STAND-UP PIPE. The design of this new pipe enables it to stand alone — not because the bowl is sheared off flat, but because of the specially balanced base and stem. Combines the lines of the Bull Dog style pipe and the Oom Paul, and for all of its hefty look, weighs less than 3 ounces. Special boring eliminates filter.



WISHING FOR A CIGARETTE? Just turn the wooden handle of this miniature wishing well, and up comes a wooden bucket-full of your cigarettes. An extra "barrel" holds a supply of matches, and the area in front of the well serves as an ash tray. About ten inches high, with frame and stones in proper scale.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BAR HL BRAND
BIT & SPUR DESK SETS
Authentic Western with Guaranteed Esterbrook Pens. 9 Styles. Send for literature or order direct from **HOWARD E. LONG**
1818 Williams St. Denver 6, Col.
Spur Set illus. E1090 — $10.00

The Perfect Gift!

PERSONAL MATCHES

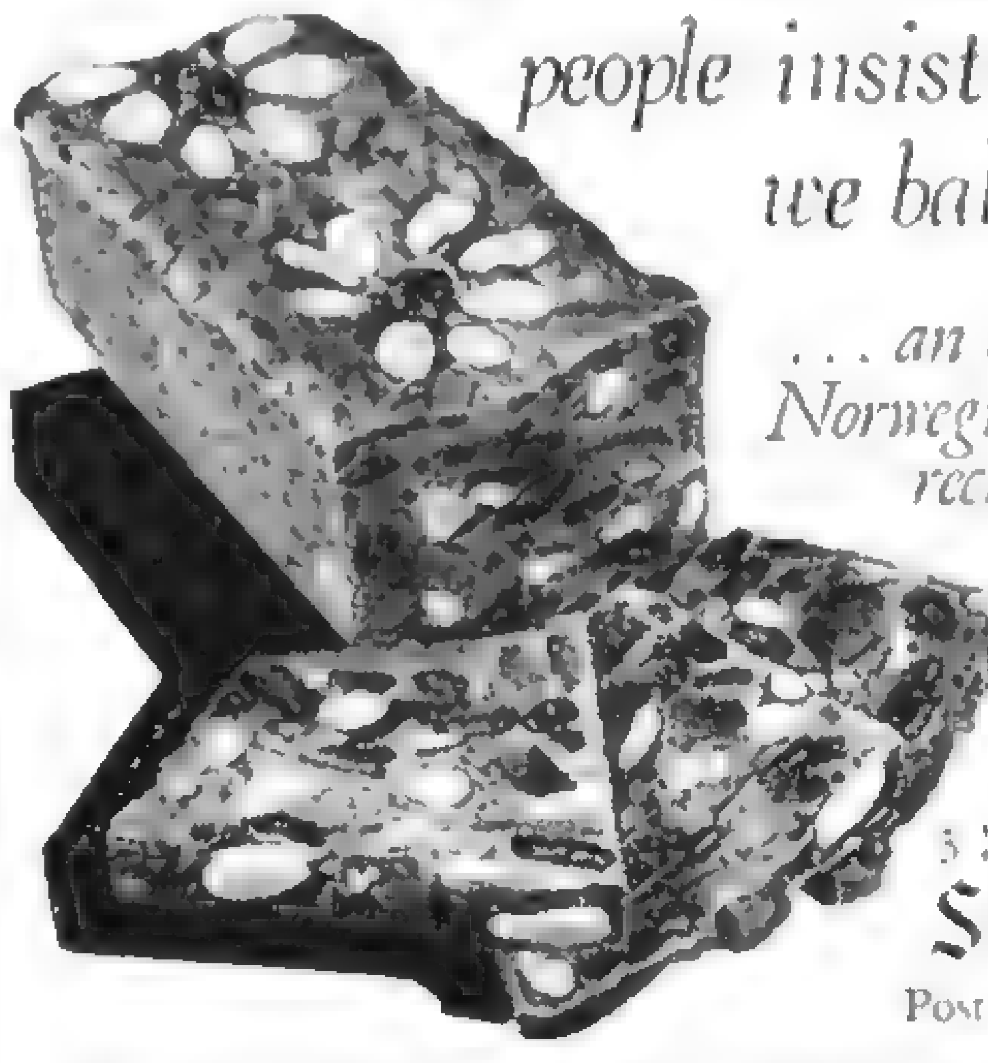
Box of 50—$1.25 3 Boxes for $3.45

Personalized with name or monogram. Rushed to you gaily gift boxed to keep or give away. Choice of colors: Blue, Red, Purple, Black, Green, Yellow, Brown, or White. Perfect gift for men or women! Mail orders filled.

UNUSUAL GIFTS! Send for large free catalog

HORACE ANDERSON'S GIFTCRAFT CO.
1232 E. 47th Street • • Chicago 15, Ill.

This is the Fruit Cake people insisted we bake



. . . an old Norwegian recipe

3 lbs. $6 Postpaid

First a few friends, then hundreds, wanted one of these delicious Norwegian fruit cakes. They liked the spicy taste, the fine nuts and choicest fruits. There is no other fruit cake like it. Limited baking, so send your check or M. O. now. No store has *this* cake, sold only by mail. Order now!

from the tiny ovens of Packalee Morgan

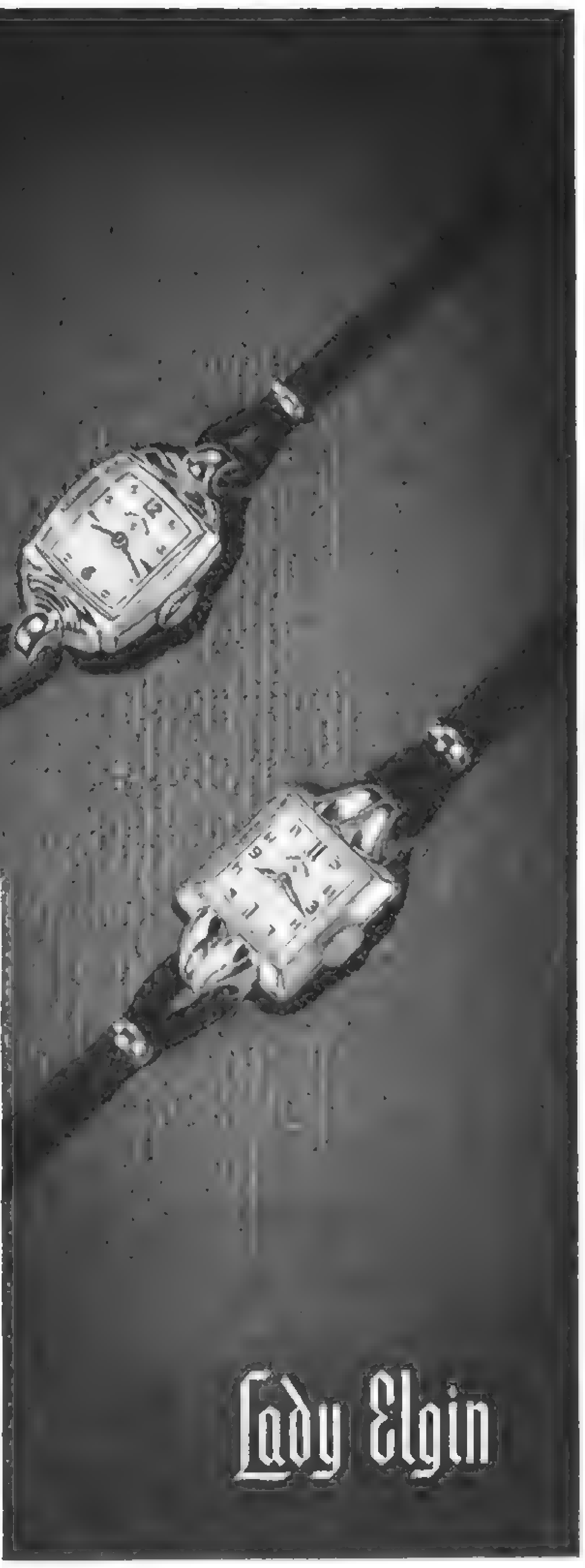
Box 271A Elizabeth, New Jersey

"Handsome, yes...but that new mainspring makes history!"

THE
DuraPower Mainspring*
ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

said ***ROBERT MONTGOMERY***
when he learned
the facts on the new
DuraPower Mainspring
in ***ELGIN*** *Watches*

"BEST-DRESSED MAN"
Robert Montgomery
co-starring in
"The Saxon Charm",
Universal-International
Picture



Styled by Henslee
Lord Elgin

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $65.00. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All prices include Federal Tax

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending

You choose an Elgin Watch with assurance that you're getting superbly smart styling, for Elgins are acclaimed by "best dressed" men and women every-
ere. But there's an *inside* story that will excite you too, just as it did Robert Montgomery.
; Elgin's exclusive DuraPower Mainspring. Here in the part that *runs the watch* is truly a
tory-making achievement.

This miracle mainspring will *never* rust—and rust is the greatest cause of breakage.
will *hold* its "springiness" for a constant accuracy never before possible in any watch. Elimi-
ed are 99% of all repairs due to steel mainspring failures!

No other watch in the world has this latest achievement of America's creative and
oductive genius. And it's yours at no extra cost in every Elgin model. You can be sure
t the one you love will be *happier* with an Elgin. So visit your jeweler right away; he
v has more Elgin Watches to show you. Look for the DuraPower symbol "dp" on the dial.

ELGIN watches

TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America ★★ to wear on your wrist

HEAR ELGIN'S "2 HOURS OF STARS" THANKSGIVING DAY • NBC NETWORK

By Appointment • Gin Distillers
to H. M. King George VI
Booth's Distilleries, Ltd.

Again Available!

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

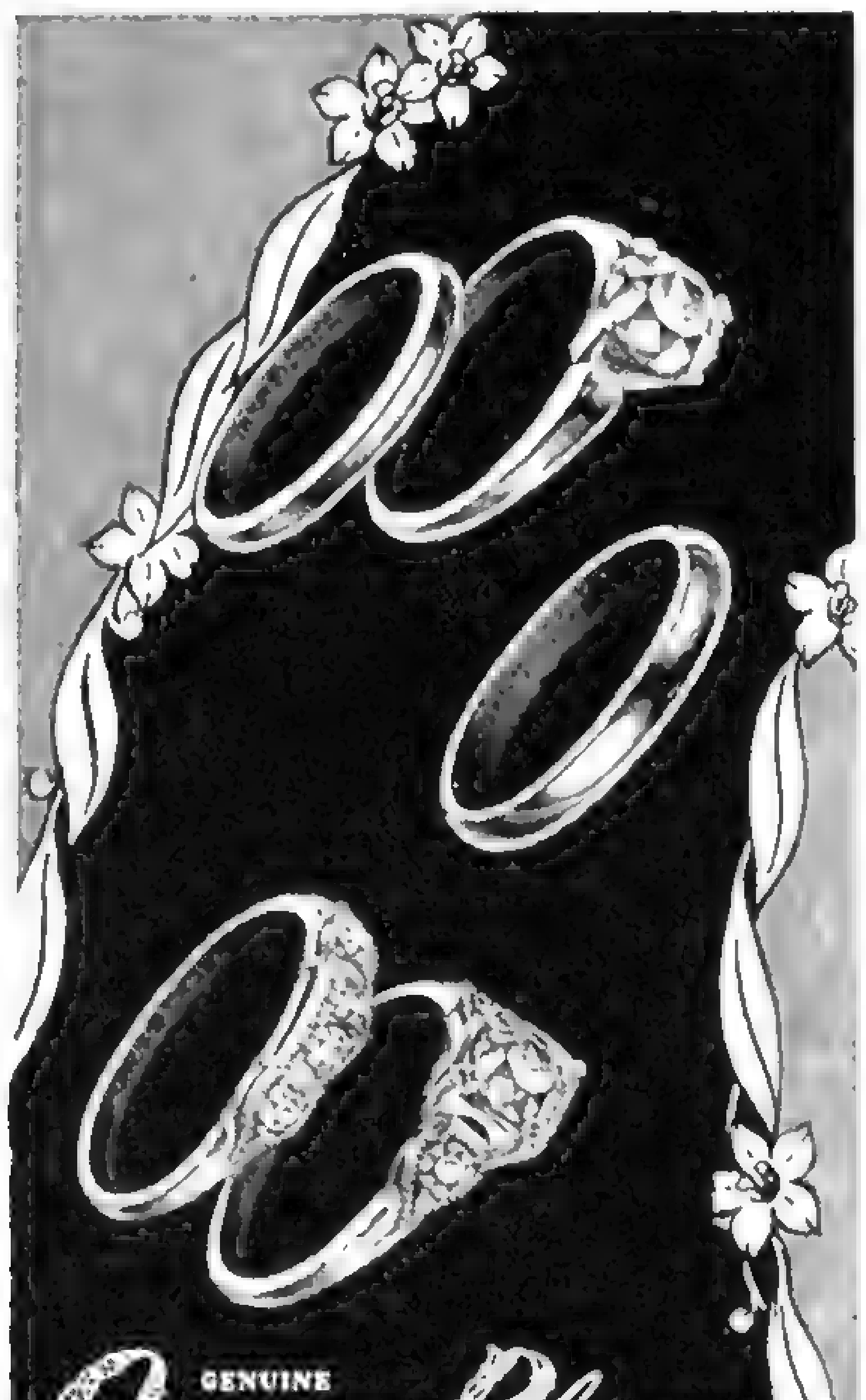
-the world's finest

DRY GIN

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

Imported from England
Yes, once again you can enjoy the *perfect* Martini. Its *essential* ingredient, Booth's "House of Lords" Dry Gin, is finally back!

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF



GENUINE
Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING RINGS

Preferred by generations of smart would-be-weds for their ageless beauty, superior handcrafting and high standard of quality. You will find them at the better jeweler's in your community.

Engagement rings $50 to $5000, Wedding rings $10 to $1000. Write for "Orange Blossom Traditions" booklet.

Traub Mfg. Co. • 1936 McGraw, Detroit 8, Mich.

Going Places with Esquire

Painting the Town

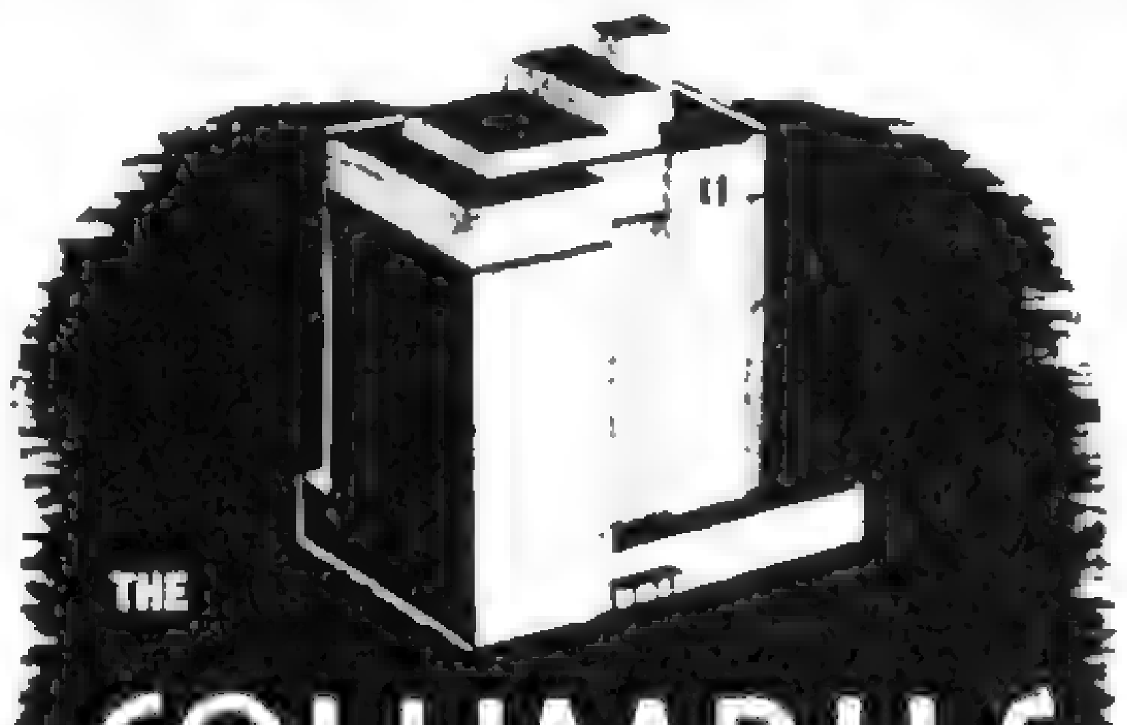
THE BIG nights were the ones in the twenties and it would be sheer folly to hope that we will ever know their like again. Yet what we sometimes forget is that the mere fact of their bigness did not *ipso facto* imply perfection. For the nights of the twenties had their flaws and only rarely were they marked by purity and grace. What's more, they were hideously expensive. You went for your salary, you got loaded on the vilest of the vilest possible liquor, and in the morning all the enchantment was fled and you were no good to anyone—especially yourself. They were fun, those nights . . . Or were they really?

OH, YOU had some splendor in those nights, and no one's denying it. You had Morgan (Helen, that is) up on the baby grand whispering *My Bill* in a way that touched your heart. And, needless to say, you had Clayton, Jackson, and Durante—and they were the best; the very, very best! But also you had those prices and that booze. And never, never was there any assurance that some impetuous hoodlum might not plug you through the temples of your lovely, your oh, so darling little head, simply because his aim was bad that night. But all of us cherish the tricks our memories play upon our silly, nostalgic selves. So the twenties, we like to maintain, were the best . . . The best? Like hell they were.

DID THE twenties have as many fine restaurants as we have at our disposal today? Did the era of wonderful nonsense have establishments like El Borracho or Danny's Hide-a-Way or Chateaubriand, to mention only a few? Did it provide any better filet mignons than those on the sizzling platters at Ricky's in Greenwich Village? Or curries to equal those at the India Prince? Or lobster more succulent than that at Garrison's? Or, to change the subject slightly, waitresses in a class with those at the Sheraton Cocktail Lounge?
We think not.

"SERVICE WITH Charm" strikes us a pretentious claim for a cocktail lounge to make, but in the case of the one in the Sheraton Hotel it seems entirely appropriate. What the Sheraton management has done in the way of I-love-my-wife-but-oh you kid appeal is to outfit the waitresses in the cocktail lounge in extremely fetching costumes—diaphanous-sheer and with deep decolletage. (There are two costume changes a night, by the way, and they are both exciting.) As a veteran observer of the entertainment scene, we regard this specialty of the Sheraton as one of the few real innovations to have been made in years.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



THE
COLUMBUS
MIAMI'S FINEST BAYFRONT HOTEL
HEART OF MIAMI
OPEN ALL YEAR

Leather Weather
IS HERE!

Lexol your shoes to prevent stiffness and cracking. Apply generously to rain soaked leather. Easy to use (no rubbing), impregnates the fibres, restores the natural oils. Use Lexol once a week on footwear in regular use. For all fine leather articles use

LEXOL
LEATHER CONDITIONER

Lexol
LEATHER CONDITIONER

At shoe, luggage, sporting goods, camera, and department stores.

THE MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
Dept. F-11 Newark 4. N. J.

"Out with the secret! . . . How did you get such flavor?"

"It's made with Trader Vic's own Grenadine"

. . . the essential flavoring of Trader Vic's world famous rum drinks. Made of purest pomegranate juice, it is true in flavor, with a full heavy body and sparkling ruby color. For finer drinks, try a bottle today.

Trader Vic's
Pomegranate
GRENADINE
Syrup

Schieffelin & Co., New York 3 • Distributors

The
GIFT OF DISTINCTION
Sparklet
REFILLABLE SYPHON

TEN SPARKLET BULBS
the Bulb with the RED Band
SPARKLETS

Darling—
Here's good cheer at your fingertips! Inexpensive Sparklet Bulbs turn plain water into club soda. No bother with empties

At all better stores—$10

SPARKLET DEVICES, INC., Division of Knapp-Monarch Co., St. Louis 16, Mo.

In Hollywood... It's The Kings

Hillside 8303
The Only Bona Fide Eastern Seafood and Steak House on the Pacific Coast. Sea Foods Flown in from all parts of the U.S.A via the American Air Lines.

8153 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA

We're at the Sheraton Lounge!
Where are you?

"Service with Charm"
Continuous entertainment
no tax—no cover—no minimum

SHERATON LOUNGES

NEW YORK
NEWARK
PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON
BUFFALO
DETROIT
CHICAGO
WORCESTER, Mass.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
PROVIDENCE
PITTSFIELD, Mass.
NEW BRITAIN, Conn.
BOSTON

28 SHERATON HOTELS
In 22 American cities
THE HALLMARK OF HOSPITALITY

8mm CASTLE FILMS 16mm

For Home Movie Fun and Thrills!

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN TWO GREAT FUN MOVIES—

OWN AND SHOW THESE LAUGH MOVIES STARRING THE NATION'S FIRST FUNSTERS!

"OYSTERS AND MUSCLES"

A riot of hilarious gags! You'll roar at the antics of Lou Costello and his encounter with a "wild oyster" stew! You'll scream when Bud Abbott matches the inimitable Lou with "The Masked Marvel"—champion muscle man of the wrestling mat. Laughs — roughhouse of action from start to finish! Be among the first to own this Castle fun film. Order your copy now!

"NO INDIANS, PLEASE!"

The wildest, wackiest western ever filmed! You'll hold your breath with suspense at their thrill-packed escapades! You'll shriek when scalp-hungry redskins ride like demons after Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in a beat-up flivver! You'll be limp with laughter at their hair-breadth escapes, their side-splitting gags as they ride for their lives! Own this terrific laugh movie!

FANS! OWN THIS THRILLING HOME MOVIE RECORD OF BASEBALL'S ANNUAL CLASSIC — CASTLE FILMS'

WORLD SERIES-1948

Here is the smashing climax of the big-league season! See all the close decisions — the fast double-plays — the miracle catch—the hit in the pinch! Order your CASTLE FILMS' WORLD SERIES from your photo dealer TODAY!

THESE ARE A FEW OF MORE THAN 160 PROFESSIONALLY PRODUCED HOME MOVIES YOU CAN OWN OR GIVE FOR LASTING ENJOYMENT

CASTLE FILMS

DIVISION OF UNITED WORLD FILMS INC.

445 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK 22

FIELD BLDG.
CHICAGO 3

RUSS BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO 4

LOW COST

A wide variety of thrilling new movies from which to choose. Historic news films. Adventure . . . Sports . . . Travel . . . Westerns . . . Old-Time Movies . . . Music Album . . . Cartoons!

FREE! New 1948 De Luxe Castle Films catalog. Profusely illustrated. A thrill in itself. Every projector owner should have it. SEND COUPON NOW!

SEE YOUR PHOTO DEALER OR SEND HIM THIS HANDY ORDER FORM TODAY!

$1.75 ...A $5.50 ...B $2.75 ...C $8.75 ...D $17.50 ...E	8 mm 50 feet A	8 mm Complete* B	16 mm 100 Feet C	16 mm Complete* D	16 mm Sound* E
OYSTERS and MUSCLES					
SPORT MOVIES					
WORLD SERIES					
ZALE VS. GRAZIANO Fistic thrill after thrill in a record championship upset!					
SUN, SEA, and SAILS Romance and thrills of the bounding main!					
WESTERNS					
GUNTOWN Outlaw versus the law in a showdown struggle!					
WESTERN HONOR Blazing six-guns and flying fists in flaming action!					

$1.75 ...A $5.50 ...B $2.75 ...C $8.75 ...D $17.50 ...E	8 mm 50 feet A	8 mm Complete* B	16 mm 100 Feet C	16 mm Complete* D	16 mm Sound* E
NO INDIANS PLEASE					
CARTOONS, WOODY WOODPECKER					
ACE IN THE HOLE Jet propelled hilarity!					
THE LOAN STRANGER Woody outfoxes Mr. Fox!					
CARTOONS—ANDY PANDA					
GOODBYE MR. MOTH					
ADVENTURE					
CHIMP, THE COWBOY Chimp recovers bandits' loot and with hilarious monkeyshines captures outlaws!					

**Complete and Sound Editions are based on original footages of theatrical releases.*

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Ship C.O.D.

E-11

Please send the movies checked in the size and edition indicated.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

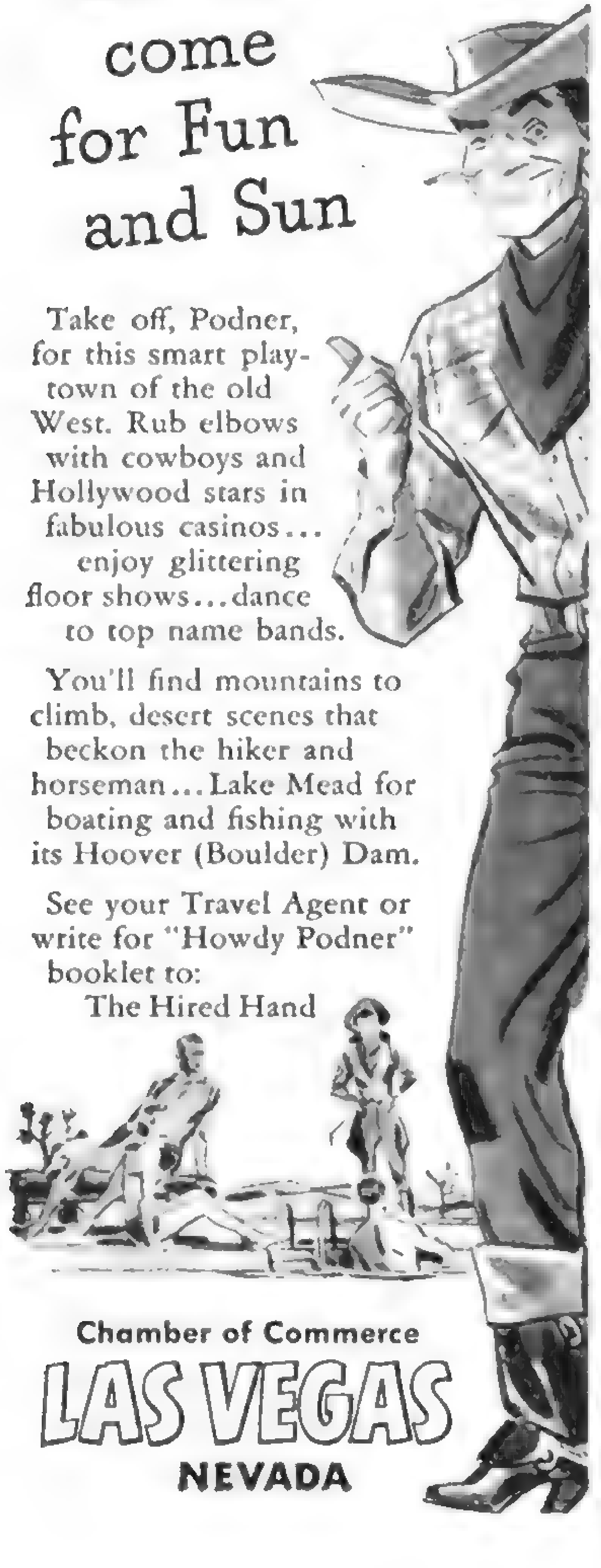
City ____________ *Zone* ______ *State* ____________

Send Castle Films' Free Deluxe Catalog

A NOBLE SCOTCH
OLD ANGUS
"Gentle as a Lamb"
OLD ANGUS
BRAND

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Pack up and come for Fun and Sun



Take off, Podner, for this smart playtown of the old West. Rub elbows with cowboys and Hollywood stars in fabulous casinos... enjoy glittering floor shows... dance to top name bands.

You'll find mountains to climb, desert scenes that beckon the hiker and horseman... Lake Mead for boating and fishing with its Hoover (Boulder) Dam.

See your Travel Agent or write for "Howdy Podner" booklet to:
The Hired Hand

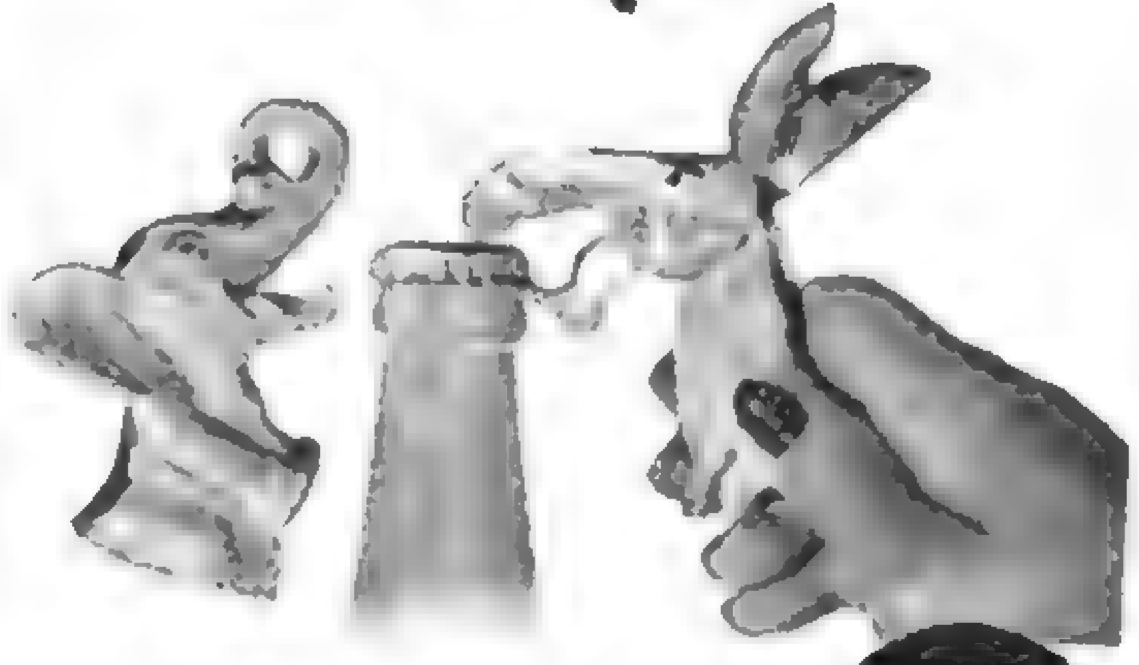
Chamber of Commerce
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA

HILARIOUSLY DIFFERENT!
THE HICKING POST ASH TRAY

Everyone laughs at this funny little drunk! For desk, bar, or den—hand painted in 6 colors. Sturdy cast iron, easily cleaned. Excellent party favor, prize. Dozen $15.

$1.50 EACH

FANTASTICALLY FUNNY!



GOP AND DEMO
The Party Openers

$1.00 EACH

Republican elephant and Democratic donkey bottle openers, hand painted in natural colors! Timeliest novelty you've ever seen. Rugged cast iron. Pair $1.75, dozen $10. Postpaid.

NOVELTYME Studios
YORK 4, PENNA.

FROM Denmark TO U.S.A.

AALBORG AKVAVIT

AALBORG
TAFFEL AKVAVIT
AALBORG

Perfection among connoisseurs — when served ice cold as an aperitif or "The Copenhagen" cocktail. An informative Aalborg recipe booklet is yours on request.

100% Potato Neutral Spirits — 90 Proof

A Century of World Fame

Briones & Co., 85 Pearl St., New York 4, New York

Going Places with Esquire

Getting Away From It All

NOVEMBER is one month when you have your pick of accommodations at practically any resort where you might want to spend a fall off-season vacation, so it's a grand month for anyone who likes his comfort and prefers to take his ease away from the crowds. Weather is still fine through most of the south—and up in the Canadian Rockies you can usually get your first taste of skiing late in the month. It's the end of the rainy season down in Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean. Most of the resorts in this area are shined up and looking their best in preparation for the annual Yankee invasion later in the season.

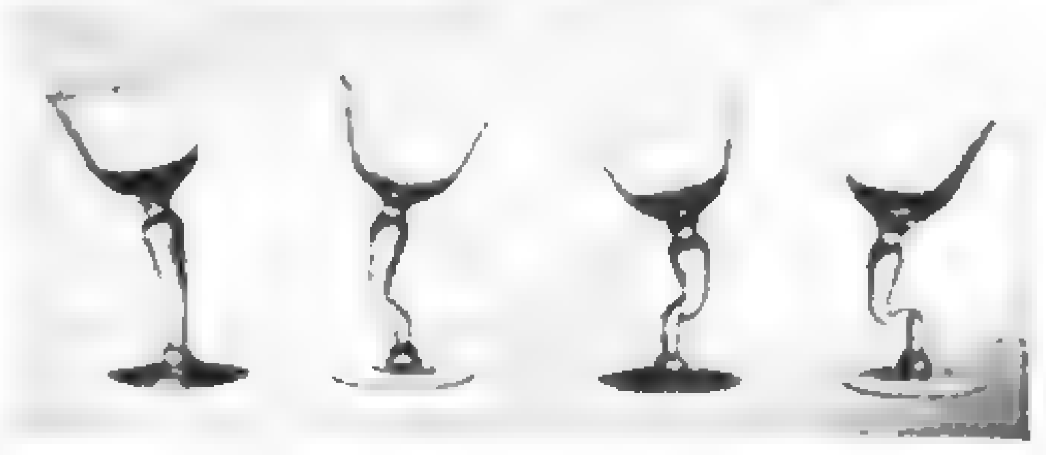
TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGERS IN THESE PLUSH DAYS of first, cabin and tourist classes are reminded of cheaper —and somewhat sterner — times by a document framed in the master's cabin of the new Cunard White Star liner Parthia. A passenger list of the original Parthia, dated 1879, the paper quoted fares of "$80 and $100 Gold," and listed 48 first class passengers and 229 "steerage souls."

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY is trying something experimental in running some of its newer C-1 and C-2 cargo ships in a regular service from U. S. and Canadian ports to the Caribbean area and booking cruise passengers on four different itineraries. A 34-day continuous round-trip from New York to Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Croix, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Surinam, Grenada and St. Vincent can be had for $550 up. For the same price you can book a 38-day trip from Montreal and Halifax to Bermuda, St. Kitts, and British Guiana. From New Orleans you can cruise the Caribbean for 29 days for $520. Ports vary, but usually include some of the most interesting stopovers in the West Indies.

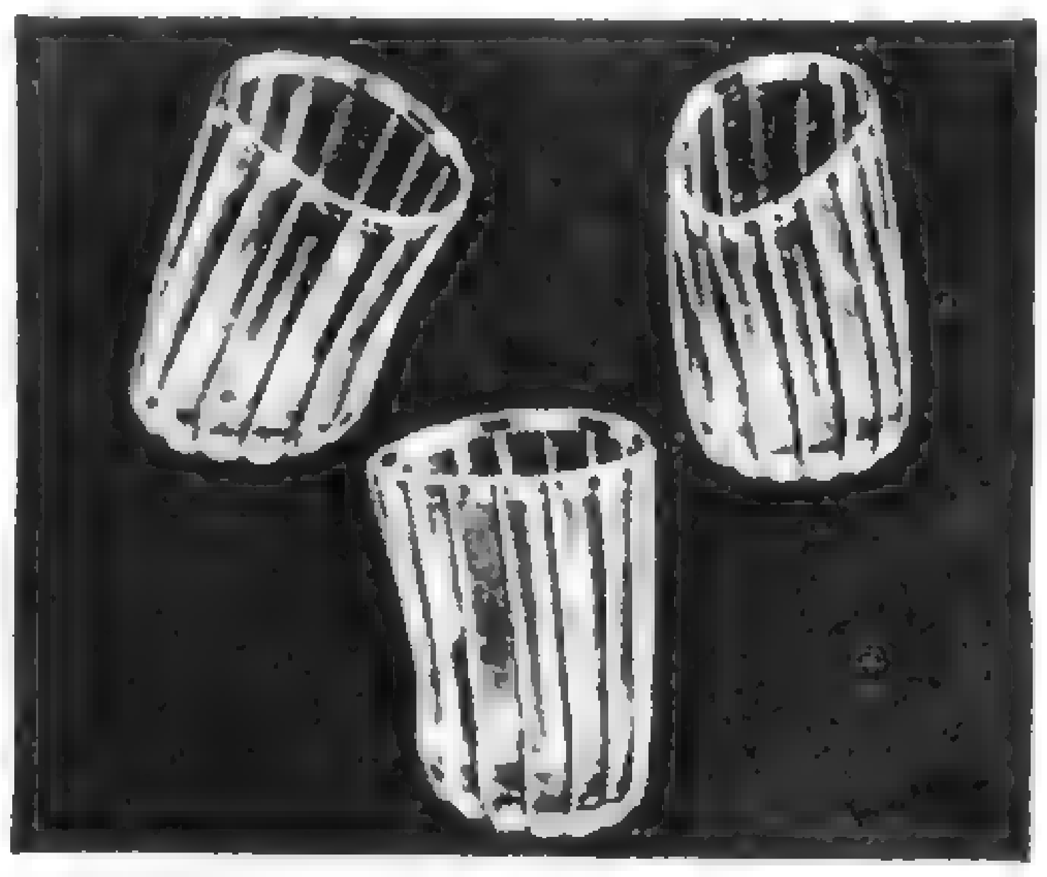
TRANS-WORLD AIRLINE HAS A BEEF against "armchair meteorologists" which is particularly timely in November. TWA is miffed at some prospective passengers who make their own amateur weather forecasts on the basis of a quick look out the window, decide that cloudy weather or rain means their flights won't take off and cancel their confirmed reservations. "TWA, in co-operation with the U. S. Meteorological Service maintains a skilled staff of meteorologists at all key operations points," the airline points out with admirable restraint. "Their confirmation is based on the latest and most comprehensive technical information from sources throughout the world."

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

GOOFY GLASSWARE



◆ Here's the climax of the party — fun and laughter reach their peak when you serve the third round of drinks in these distorted, sagging, fugitives from the D.T.'s—either the Tired Tumblers or the Cockeyed Cocktails. Each singularly shaped in clear crystal glass.



COCKEYED COCKTAILS . . set of 4 $4.95
TIRED TUMBLERS . . . . each $1.25

THERE IS ONLY ONE
BAR MART
62 WEST 45th STREET, N. Y. 19, N. Y.
Home Bars
Gadgets
Cellarettes
Glassware

Send for our informative and amusing gift catalog 43. Enclose 10¢ please, to cover postage and handling.

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
Steaks, Chops and Chef's Suggestions
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL. 4-1414

HOUSE OF MURPHY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

IT'S MY LIFE · I LIVE IT · I LOVE IT · CRITICISM BE DAMNED · HOUSE OF MURPHY

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Wherever you go... Whenever you go...

you're dressed

for the season in

Season Skipper

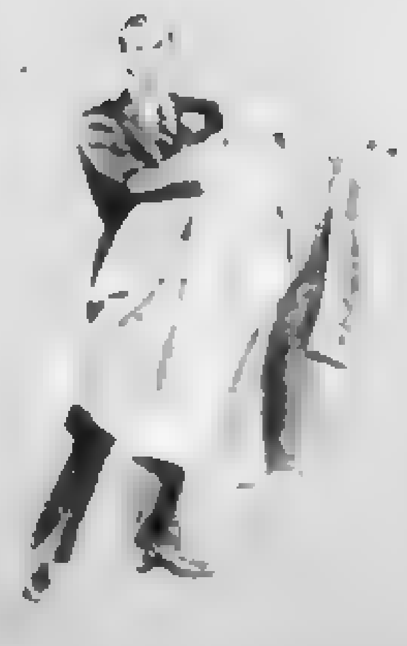
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

two complete coats in one

Chilly weather one day, and blustery cold the next! You're set for any weather in a Season Skipper* coat—it's truly two complete coats in one! When the weather is mild, it's a trim, handsome topper! When winter winds howl, the patented all wool lining makes it a warm overcoat. The lining *buttons* in and out—no metal gadgets to get out of order. You can buy the coat and lining separately if you like—but get them together and be right for any weather all year round. Season Skipper coats are expertly tailored in 100% virgin wool Tweeds, Fleeces, Gabardines, Venetian Coverts, Camel Hair and Alpaca.

$65 and up with the lining

$10 less without the lining



For nearest Season Skipper dealer, write
C. B. Shane Corp., Dept. E-118,
325 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill.;
200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.;
608 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1948, C. B. SHANE CORP.

Backstage with Esquire

A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR., author of the riproaring tale of the Old West entitled *The Keeper of the Key*, says: "I spent my youth hard by the Rockies at Choteau, Montana, where short grass and tall stories grow." He attended the universities of Washington and Montana and a few years after getting his degree from the latter, went to work in the newsroom of the Lexington, Kentucky, *Leader*. Twenty-two years later he resigned the position of executive editor there to devote most of his time to writing. He teaches a course in narrative writing at the University of Kentucky, in Lexington. Usually he summers in Montana, along with his wife, two children and a parrot.

The adventures of **AL MOORE** (an artist whose lovelies have captivated our readers for the past couple of years) began in Bismarck, North Dakota, thirty-nine years ago. While he was in grammar school his family moved to Oregon and during his high-school years in Portland he was the local football hero. At Northwestern University, where he took the usual liberal arts course, he continued playing football—so brilliantly that during his senior year he got a bid from the Chicago Bears. Shortly after graduation he was married and started playing for the Bears. But a serious knee injury on the gridiron ended his football career and after four years in a gasoline filling station (the conventional job for college alumni of that day) he turned to art. He gradually progressed from being a fashion artist for two leading department stores in Chicago to top-flight illustrating. For some eight years he has been a confirmed New Yorker, as are his wife and their children, Molly and Bob.

H. S. Rummell

H. S. RUMMELL wrote *How to Live in the Country* while homesteading in St. Louis. Before the war he was employed by his alma mater, the University of Missouri, "in the non-teaching arm of the service," and made his debut in this magazine a decade ago with an article on groundhogs. He says: "The great events of the interval since 1938 are the birth of a daughter and a son and three years in the Navy. The Navy commissioned me to help train officers via the V-12 system and set me down in Philadelphia. While there I had several chances through friends in the Navy Yard to pace the decks of genuine seagoing naval vessels. My present job, and by far the most interesting and satisfying, concerns rehabilitation of the more severely-disabled veterans of the last war."

ARTHUR DALEY (*The Large Mr. Little*, page 51) has written sports for the New York *Times* for 22 years. He says: "I received a Christmas present on Christmas Eve of 1942. John Kieran, Information Please encyclopedia and *Times* sports columnist, quit as columnist. I got the job and I've been rattling around in his capacious shoes ever since."

Timothy Fuller

TIMOTHY FULLER, whose gift for high comedy is displayed in *An Acquaintance with Thieves*, is principally known for his mysteries. A Bostonian, he was educated at Noble & Greenough School and Harvard (class of '36). He left college during his junior year to write a detective story, *Harvard Has a Homicide*, featuring Jupiter Jones, amateur sleuth. Since then three other books (all whodunits) and numerous magazine stories have been published over his by-line. When not writing or entertaining his three small children he can usually be found in the hunting or fishing areas near his Norwell, Massachusetts, home.

R. I. Berrens

Edgar at the Gate, by our discovery of the month, **R. I. BERRENS,** was conceived and written on his daily subway ride from the Bronx to Brooklyn where he is a teacher of English, journalism and radio-script writing. He finds the droning monotony of the subway conducive to creation—provided he gets a seat. A graduate of New York University, he has always lived in the city he says: "except for the general interruption several years back when I was an Air Force Captain in the Pacific. I returned from a coral APO with eighty sonnets and dream of a slender volume with thick paper." He hopes readers will like *Edgar* but if not, he urges them to join with a local group to get the teachers a raise in pay.

DR. J. B. RICE insists he's in dead earnest about *The Case for the Unwed Father* which he outlines on page 47. He says: "My experience as a doctor convinces me that the man in the case is often as bewildered and dazed, and needs help as badly as the girl with the squirming bundle in her shawl."

Victor Kalin

VICTOR KALIN, who painted the exciting illustrations for *Cloak Across the Blood* has his studio in his home at Darien, Connecticut, but his wife says: "He puts his shoes on every two weeks to go into New York." He majored in fine arts at the University of Kansas and won the distinction of being the first undergraduate student to become a member of the art faculty there. During his college years he made his first dent on the advertising art world by winning the national Ziegfeld Girl contest with his drawing of a saucy wench. During World War II he joined the Army and was sent overseas as a field correspondent for *Yank* Magazine. While stationed in the Azores he met and married Kay Bryan, his favorite Red Cross girl, and now they are four, including Richard and Rebecca. His extracurricular interests include hot jazz—he plays the trumpet—raising delphiniums, and cooking exotic concoctions from *The Gentleman's Companion*.

Robert Shaplen

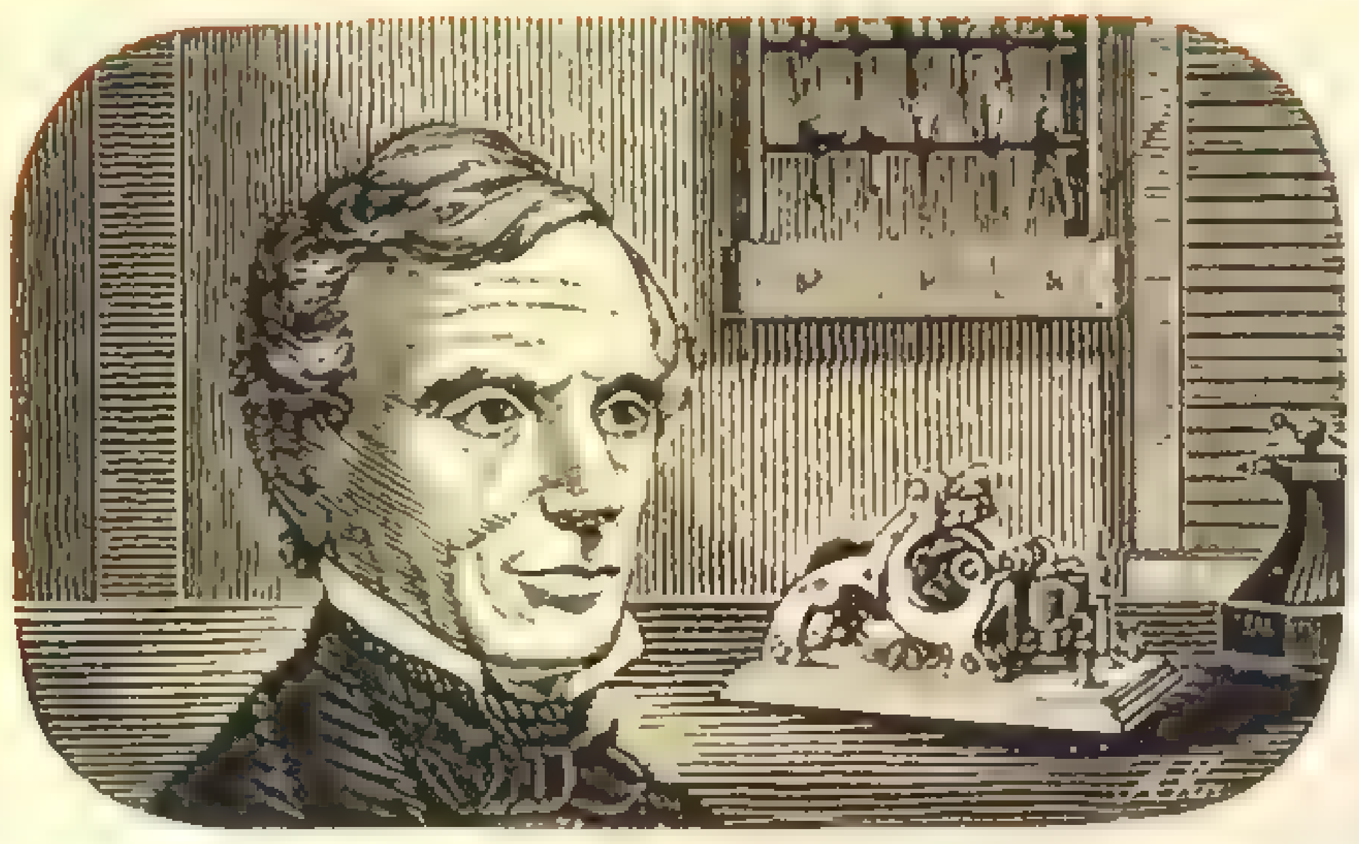
After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, class of '37, **ROBERT SHAPLEN** simultaneously entered Columbia's school of journalism and joined the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He covered every kind of assignment for the *Trib*, from courts, FBI and features to rewrite and editing. In '43 *Newsweek* sent him to the Pacific as a war correspondent. While making the long trek through the islands from Australia to Japan via Manila and the various jungles he found material for *The New Yorker* Magazine and for some 40 NBC broadcasts. Eventually he wound up in China to head *Newsweek*'s bureau, and traveled extensively through China, Manchuria and to Southeast Asia and India. It was during these excursions that he learned about the two-gun lady pirate, *China's Captain Kit*. At present he's at Harvard, studying government and politics on a Nieman Fellowship.

Speaking of *A Heart Condition*, his current story (page 54) **WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM** explains: "It had its origin in a sudden switch of sympathy which my wife and I experienced on getting to know a very handsome woman. We had thought she was suffering from a brute of a husband and finally realized the situation was actually reversed." Mr. Gresham lives in Staatsburg, New York, and says: "One of the great discoveries of my life recently has been how comfortable and friendly a rural community is. I never suffered from the paranoic fears lots of supposed intellectuals have of the 'terrible lack of privacy' you have in a country settlement. But I was surprised at how nice everyone has been since we have settled in Dutchess County, how relaxed they all are and how easy it is to make friends here."

Ted Koepper

TED KOEPPER's beautiful kodachrome, *At the Crack of Dawn*, page 84, was the result of a picture expedition to Canada just about a year ago. He says: "At 5 a.m. I heard rifle shots, grabbed my Speed Graphic and ran to the edge of Lake Baskatong. The sun was rising through the morning mist, delicately tinting the clouds and pouring golden colors on the waters, revealing the hunters in silhouette. I shot the picture fast!" He was a successful artist before he switched to the camera and color photography. When he isn't photographing glamour girls in the studio, you'll find him sailing his 30-foot racing sloop with his wife and son David, or turning out water colors of racing sailboats in action, just to keep his touch.

An American Original
means Something Better



SAMUEL MORSE (1791-1872). His invention of the telegraph after twelve long years speeded the nation's growth by revolutionizing communication methods. An American Original, which means something better.

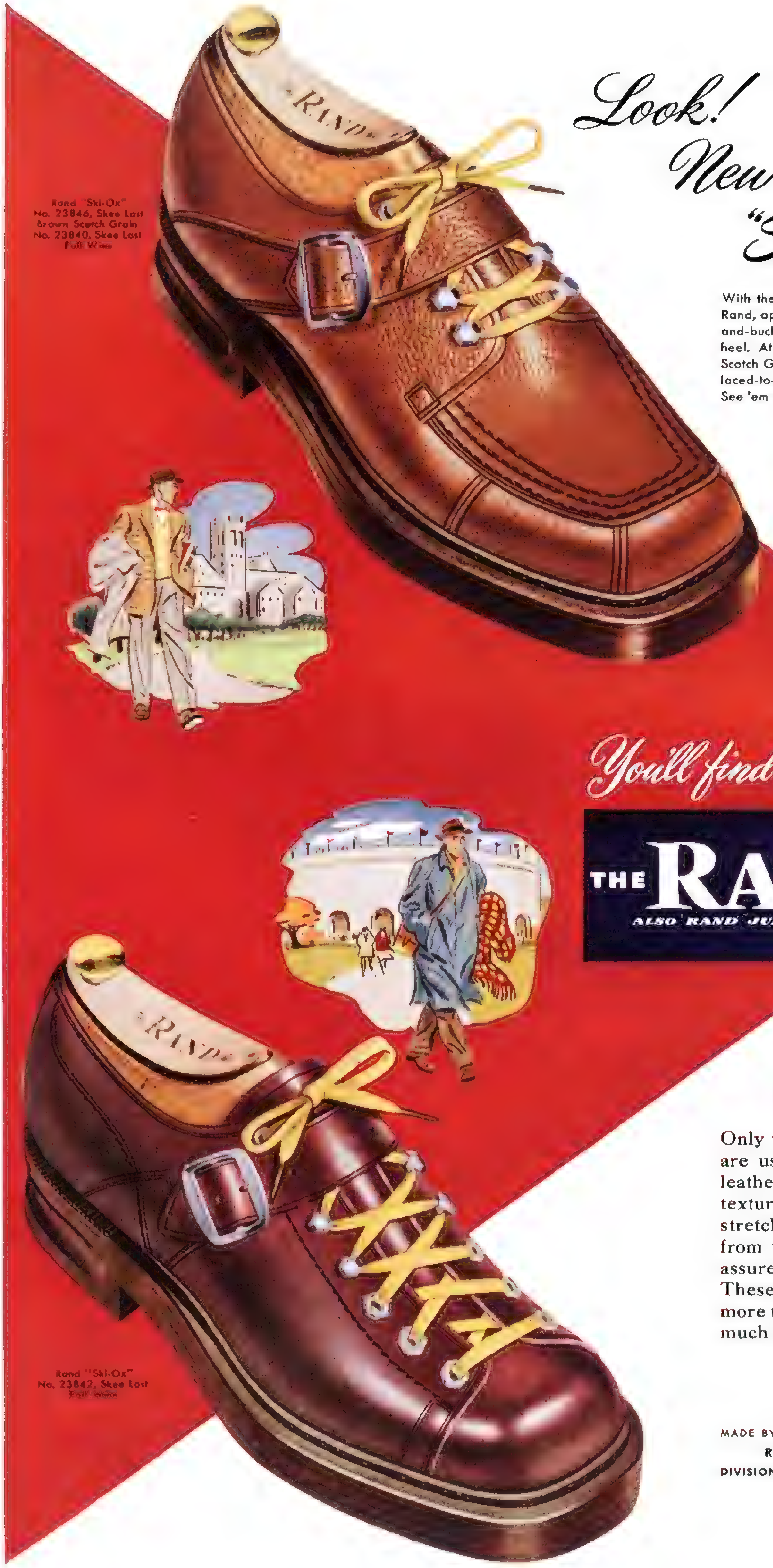
SOMETHING BETTER, too, is Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin—patiently made by an Original and exclusive process which results in its NATURALLY golden color. Taste it to know it's NATURALLY smoother . . . mix it to prove it's NATURALLY dryer in a Martini or Collins.

JUST ASK *Anyone Who's Tasted It!*

An American Original
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and exclusive method...the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America ...distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

LET the *golden color* of ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN guide you to the world's cooling-est Collins or dry-est Martini.

Distilled from American Grain, 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.



Rand "Ski-Ox"
No. 23846, Skee Last
Brown Scotch Grain
No. 23840, Skee Last
Fall Wine

Rand "Ski-Ox"
No. 23842, Skee Last
Fall Wine

Look! New! "Ski-Ox"!

With these shoes you'll make news! Offered by Rand, aptly named "Ski-Ox," both feature strap-and-buckle, triple sole, storm welting, and grooved heel. At top—moccasin blucher oxford, brown Scotch Grain (also in Fall Wine leather). Below—laced-to-toe blucher oxford in Fall Wine leather. See 'em quick at your Rand dealer's.

BY *"Randy"* YOUR STYLE SCOUT

You'll find Style News in

THE RAND SHOE
ALSO RAND JUNIORS FOR BOYS

gRAND value

Only the choice cuts of fine skins are used in Rand Shoes. Upper leathers are carefully mated for texture, color, and resistance to stretch. Sole leathers are cut only from the best part of the hide to assure better flexibility and wear. These operations cost us more, take more time, but make Rand Shoes a much better shoe value for you.

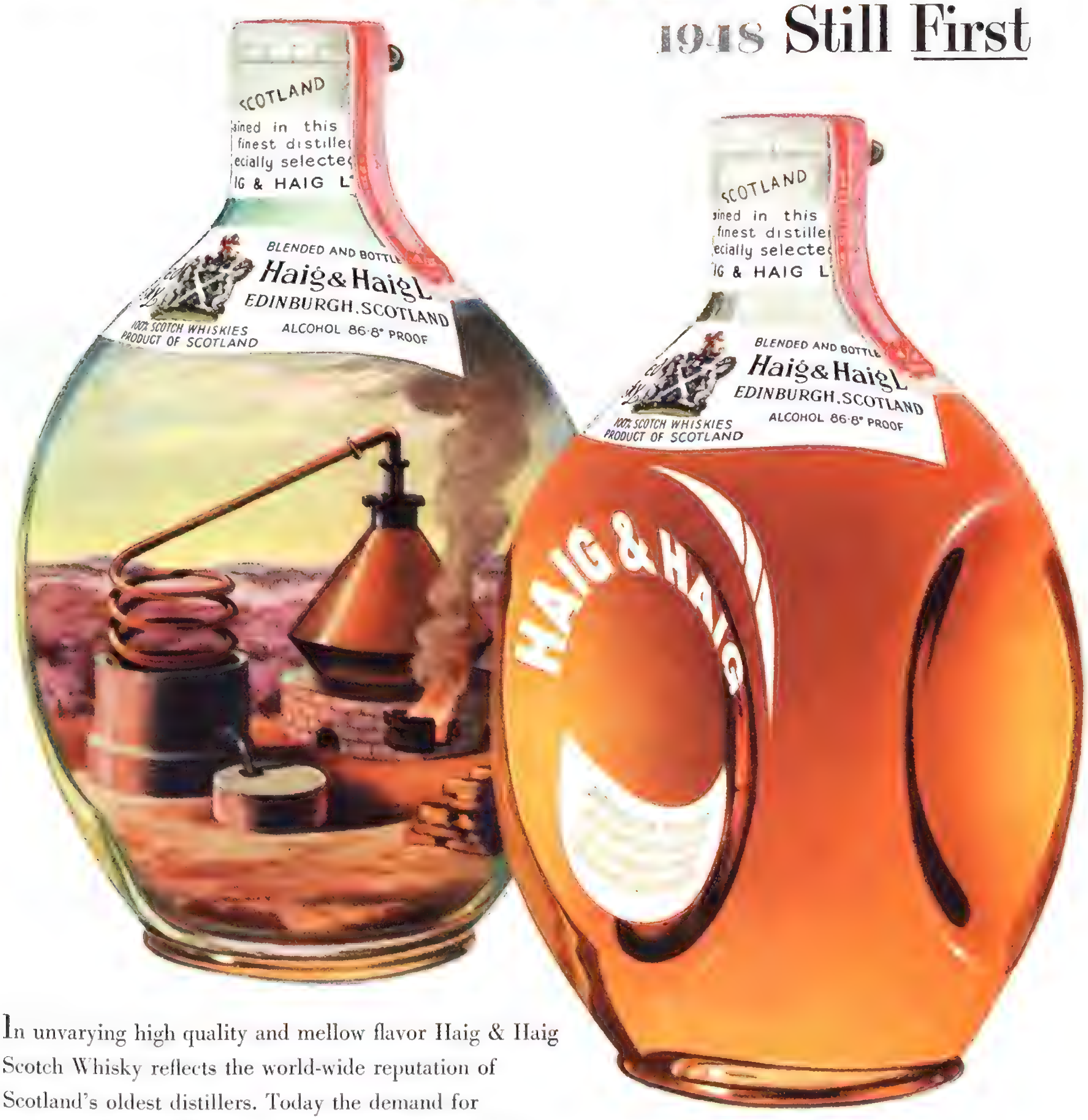
Also Randcraft Shoes
for men and young men
at lower prices

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS
ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

FIRST IN QUALITY...FIRST IN FLAVOR

1627 First Still...

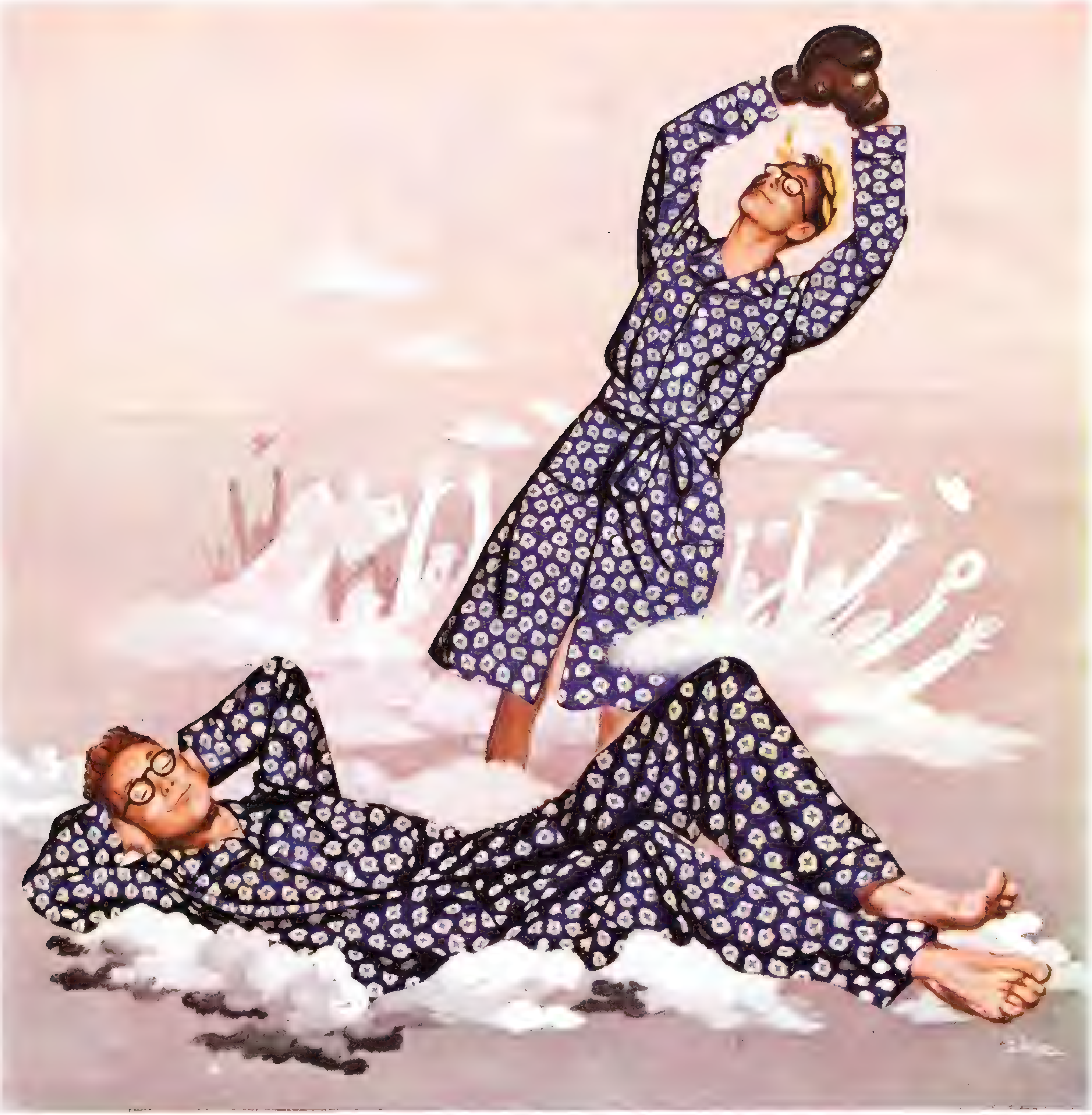
1948 Still First


SCOTLAND
ained in this
finest distille
ecially selecte
IG & HAIG L
BLENDED AND BOTTLE
Haig & Haig L
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
ALCOHOL 86·8° PROOF
SCOTLAND
ained in this
finest distille
ecially selecte
IG & HAIG L
BLENDED AND BOTTLE
Haig & Haig L
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
ALCOHOL 86·8° PROOF
HAIG & HAIG

In unvarying high quality and mellow flavor Haig & Haig Scotch Whisky reflects the world-wide reputation of Scotland's oldest distillers. Today the demand for this famous Scotch Whisky is greater than ever before.

Don't be Vague... say **Haig & Haig**

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK



Notched-collar, printed rayon pajamas, $8.50. Matching sleep coat, $7.95

Rayon boxer shorts, $2.00;
Notched-collar, striped rayon pajamas, $10.95

Knock-out Tailoring
in TEXTRON menswear

No doubt about it—for tailoring that means solid comfort, Textron Menswear gets the decision every time. Just check the winning points. Textron pajamas score with longer trousers, roomier armholes. Shorts have the famous "parachute seat"—the "boxer" style with super-soft non-restraining elastic waist band . . . the model with gripper-fasteners has easy-fit elastic sides. Finest rayons or Sanforized cottons. Pajamas $3.95 to $10.95. Shorts $1.00 to $2.00—at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON, INC., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BLOUSES • HOSTESS COATS • WOVEN & TRICOT LINGERIE • MENSWEAR

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Case for the Unwed Father

The father takes the rap every time a little bundle of joy turns up without a license. Isn't it about time somebody realized he didn't do it all alone?

An Article by

J. B. RICE, M. D.

Blizzard Sequence

TIME: Winter night, sometime after dark.

SCENE: Front porch of small-town American home. Deep snow covers ground, and it is still snowing. Through open front door can be seen a warm, comfortable living-room interior. In doorway stands middle-aged woman dressed circa 1920. She holds her skirts up around her, as though in presence of something unclean. Her husband stands on porch with right arm outstretched toward snowdrift in yard. Below him crouches young girl, her thin clothing revealingly and attractively draped. She clutches a baby to her breast, sheltering him against the storm with her frail body and a ragged shawl.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION, SOUND. The middle-aged woman sways. The girl cowers. The man glaciates. Pointing to the snowdrift he rumbles, "Go! Never darken my door again!" But a tear glistens in his eye. The woman behind him weeps more openly. The girl below him weeps still more openly. The baby weeps the most openly of all.

CUT

This is the moving picture of The Unmarried Mother that I have carried in my heart since childhood. Whether it ever happened outside the pages of *The Police Gazette* or the billboards in front of the Bijou Theatre, I don't know; but it's my picture and I like to grieve over it.

Whatever her condition in an earlier generation, assuredly the unmarried mother cuts a different figure today, with hundreds of social-service agencies competing with one another for the privilege of ministering to her needs, and low-cost legal help always ready to defend her rights. If our social conscience continues to wax at its present rate, it probably won't be long before a Guide for the Unwed Mother will be supplied with each parked automobile—just in case.

But what of the unmarried father? How many social agencies are organized to help him? None. Society's only interest in him is to run him down, hang it on him, and make him marry or pay. Even science has picked up his scent. Scores of articles in technical journals have shown how to use blood-group tests in paternity cases. To the best of my knowledge, though, only one medical article has appeared which even admits that the unmarried (putative) father may have problems. He not only *has* problems, he *is* one; and something certainly ought to be done about him without any further delay.

My tenderly cherished picture of The Unmarried Mother is not so far out of focus today, except for one important detail. Now it is the unmarried father who cringes, meek and friendless, while Society sternly orders him to go jump into a snowdrift!

True, the tribulations of the unattached sire are never so evident, so weighty, nor so ominous as those of his unexpectedly fertile bedfellow; nevertheless, his heart is often full of woe and his cup frequently runneth over with gall. Surely there should be some small corner where he could creep, rest his burden for a little while, and find a share of friendly counsel.

Since he is the very mainspring of illegitimacy, some thought might be given to the circumstances responsible for his delicate condition, the emotional factors underlying his unrestrained behavior, and his motives, however dishonorable they may prove to be. Only after he has been thoroughly investigated and found to be a hopeless case should Society have the right to condemn him and to concern itself exclusively with his just retribution.

Because the human male can't droop his ears and lacks a tail to tuck between his legs, his misdeeds seldom inspire sympathy in the righteous hearts of men and women who have never been caught without benefit of clergy themselves. I wish all those who dismiss the putative father and his plight with a "serves him right" could have seen one despairing lad when the lawyers got through with him. Wiping the sweat from his burning eyes, he groaned, "I wish all *I* had to do was to have the baby."

However, the legal and economic worries that harass the man of easy virtue usually produce less real anguish than do the psychologic troubles that rend him, body and soul.

In the first place, doubts about his paternity sometimes haunt him. Nature sees to it that mothers *know* they are mothers; but men must take their fatherhood on faith. The evidence is only hearsay at best; and in the case of the unwed father it may constitute what is called "a prejudiced communication." Nevertheless, the average man, whether he openly admits his responsibility or not, usually believes it implicitly when told that he is in a family way. The male ego being what it is, he finds it difficult to imagine that a woman might have had other interests while he was showering her with his attentions.

Fatherhood is, as a state of mind, less ebullient, less exacting, and far less virulent than motherhood; but it can cause keen distress when thwarted. A young man I know of (we'll call him Jack), an attractive extrovert in his middle twenties, came to me for help not long ago because he felt he was being cheated. "It's a fine baby," he said, "a very fine baby—just like me—and I want my rights and privileges."

"Let's go back a minute, Jack. Do you think you really love the child's mother?"

"Sure, oh sure, Doc; but you ought to see that baby." (Jack wasn't eloquent.) "It's a very fine baby—very fine—and I want my rights and privileges."

"Why don't you marry the mother? Then everything should work out smoothly."

Jack exploded. "Marry her? Say, I've done *everything* to get that little mule to marry me—everything but call the cops. Gee, maybe that's an idea! Maybe I could sue her."

"No good, Jack. The unmarried father has lots of responsibilities, but no rights. I'll see her, though, and find out if some-

(Continued on page 107)

KODACHROME FROM I. N. P.

"I Get Your Point, Sir"

Fencing may look easy, even sissy. But try it some time with an artist with the sabers and see how quickly you're(a) exhausted and (b) very foolish-looking indeed. These two fencers are executing one of the eight basic actions, which are, after two thousand years of the art, fairly rigidly stylized. Grace of motion derives from the past when fencing was a deadly game. George Santelli (back to camera) is a former European champion at saber and foil who has been coach of America's Olympic teams since 1924. When he first came to America fencing was for the few; now more than 175,000 Americans play at this aristocratic sport. Among Santelli's pupils at the Salle Santelli are: Maurice Evans, Eva LeGallienne, Paul Gallico, Paul Lukas. Facing the camera: Dr. Tibor Nylas, National Saber Champion and member of the U.S. Olympic fencing team.

The Keeper of the Key

This yarn, written by the author of the best-selling novel, "The Big Sky," is as delightfully and charmingly hilarious as anything we have come across since early Mark Twain. We guarantee a laugh and chuckle all the way

A Story by A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

The man wasn't bothering anybody. He just sat at one of those little tables in the bar at the Moon Dance House, trying to hold himself together, and by and by he gave up and laid his head on his crossed arms and went to sleep.

It wasn't long until the town marshal came in, looking full of business. He spotted the man and went over to him and prodded him awake and led him away.

"The new marshal's too darn far up in the collar," George Jackson said, watching them go out the door. "Things ain't like they were in the good old days."

George and Ray Gibler and I were at the big round table having a short one.

"You're headed the wrong way, son," Ray said to George. He lifted his glass and sighted through it. "The old days are coming back. I seen the time it was risky even to soup up a beer, especially if you had a little Indian blood in you."

"Sure. Prohibition," I said.

"Nup. It was a long way back."

"I know, and we were just pups and all that stuff. So now you can go ahead."

A grin cut creases in Ray's leathery face. "You sure like to cut away the underbrush, so's a man can't sneak up on a story."

"Well," George said, when Ray didn't go on, "we're listening."

"'Member old Judge McCoos?"

I answered, "Just barely."

Ray fired his pipe and hitched himself into a slouch in his chair and began to talk.

* * *

Maybe you remember (he said), Judge McCoos was a harness maker and a good one. He was the justice of the peace besides; and even if he didn't know any law, he had a couple of old law books on the desk in the back of his shop where he held court, though I never seen him break 'em open.

A Dutchman, I guess he was, with a nose like an Idaho spud and ears as big as round-up flapjacks. But for all that spread of ear he couldn't hear thunder, and so he carried an outsize horn for people to plead guilty into. I think it was those ears not hearing that first showed me size wasn't everything.

He set a lot of store by his court, the judge did. He took it serious, and everybody else better do the same, you bet. When he sat behind that old desk and pointed that horn out, you would think he was man and God both, and sometimes I believe he got a little mixed up himself. There wasn't many cases came before him, but sometimes maybe a half-breed would steal a little something or start a fight or get his nose so wet even the town marshal took notice of it.

So one day the judge said to me, "Ray, I have to be out of town for maybe a week, and there's some work in the shop that maybe people will be calling for, so I got to give the key to somebody."

I said, "How's justice going to get done while you're away, Judge?"

"How's that?" he came back, turning the horn on me.

I yelled my question into it.

"Justice can wait," he answered back. "Hayin' can't." He put his hand up to one of those flapjack ears and gave it a pull. "You got time to watch the shop, Ray?"

I said I didn't, which wasn't so far from the truth.

He pulled the ear again. "You guess Frank Newcomb can stay sober that long?"

"It would be hard on him."

"How's that?"

"Sure," I said. "Sober as a judge."

"He's a good-enough man, sober," Judge McCoos said, "and we're friendly, and besides, who else has the time for it?"

Which was a question, all right. Old Frank Newcomb, now, he didn't have much but time—time and a fine appetite for the bottle. Frank had punched cows and skinned a freight team and worked at the livery stable off and on, but not for very long anywheres on account of it kept him from the bar. He used to call himself a humble drinkin' man, though I've seen humbler fellers.

"Seeing you can't keep the key yourself," the judge said, "could you kind of ride herd on Frank for me while I'm out of town?"

"I'll try," I told him, "but I can't guarantee results."

Judge McCoos waggled his head slow and said, "I guess I'll turn the key over to him." He took the horn out of his ear, rubbed that big nose of his, and went back to mending harness.

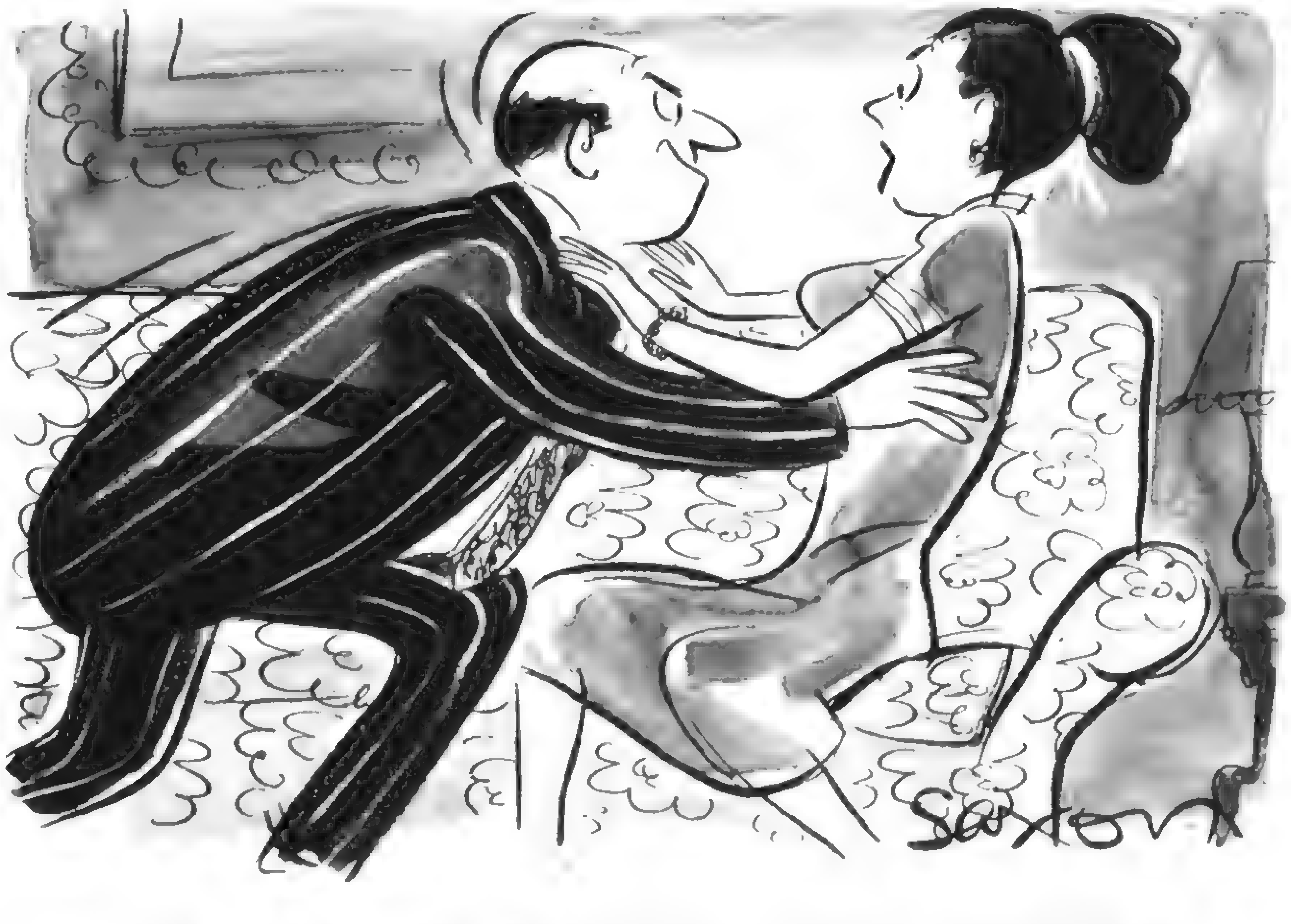
So the judge gave old Frank Newcomb the key and went off somewhere, and that's when things started to happen.

Frank was bright as a button that first day, handing out hame straps and belly bands and breechin' and passing the time of day with folks and building up good will for the shop. He was quite a feller. He had eyes as blue as a good trout hole, all tracked round with wrinkles that made him look real sociable; and what hair he hadn't shed was red and kind of bristly. He had a good stomach on him, too, that swelled against his lower vest (if he happened to have it buttoned) and spilled over his belt and never gave him any trouble no matter how he used it.

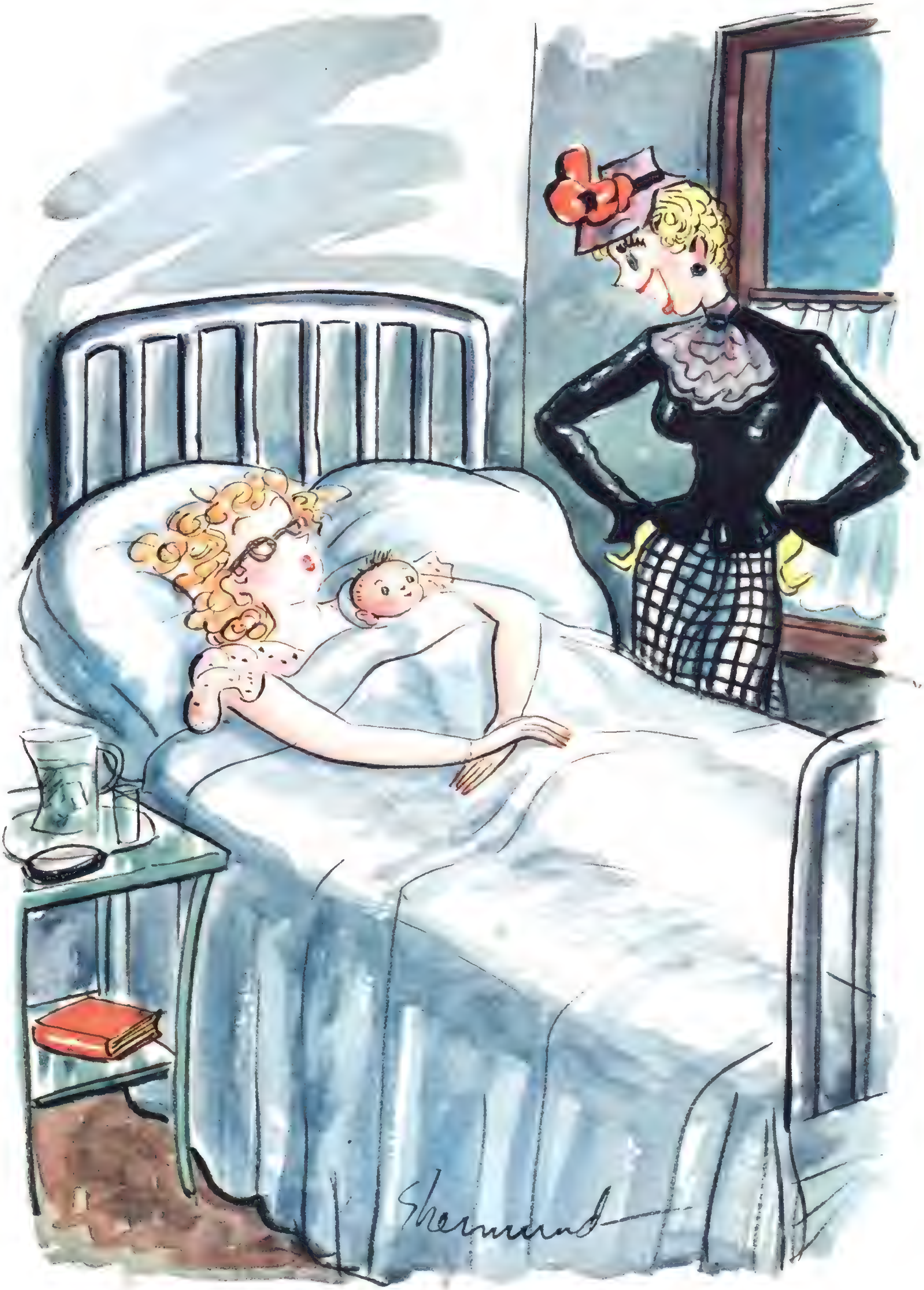
Along late that first day, though, a stranger came in and bought a saddle and laid the money down. It wasn't every day a man bought a saddle, nor put cash on the barrel head, either, and Frank set out pronto to celebrate the stroke of business he'd done for the judge. With the seventy-five dollars the saddle brought, he had the ammunition for quite a celebration, even allowing for the new and steeper prices Whitey Hanson was charging for what he called whiskey.

I saw Frank that night and I saw him next day and I saw him off and on throughout, and his condition, while the money lasted, remained about the same, meaning he couldn't feel any better no matter what. I guess being in the judge's shoes gave him ideas, too, or maybe it was just that he knew he had quite a load aboard and better steer careful—anyhow, he talked solemner than usual and

(Continued on page 110)



"For goodness sake, Mr. Dawson — when are you going to grow up?"



"Shows how wrong you can be about people—I had you pegged as an Alice-sit-by-the-fire"

The Large Mr. Little

Lou Little is determined not to become the "Grand Old Man" of college football, but chances are that when the time comes to quit, "Ike" will talk him out of it

A Sports Article by

ARTHUR DALEY

The big fellow with the infectious grin strode rapidly across the room and stuck out his hand. "Hello, Lou," he said with breezy informality. "How are you?" Lou Little gulped hard, swept completely off his feet by the magnetic personality of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The Columbia football coach knew then and there that he would not leave Columbia for Yale. General Ike, the incoming president at Morningside Heights, had just made a saving tackle on the goal line.

It had been a most peculiar situation. For eighteen years the large Mr. Little had been performing gridiron miracles for the Lions. Then, all of a sudden, Yale dangled tempting bait in front of his eyes, offering him not only the coaching portfolio, but the post of athletic director as well. Lou was fascinated with the fascination of a small boy. He had never before realized what an impact Frank Merriwell had made on his life. Merriwell, you know, was the fictional hero who made last-minute touchdown runs for dear old Yale. He hit ninth-inning home runs. Undoubtedly, he was the greatest athlete who never lived. He was the idol of every youngster during the first decade or so of this century. And no one worshipped more avidly at his shrine than a schoolboy in Leominster, Massachusetts—a boy named Lou Little.

All during high school the burning Little ambition was to play for Yale as Merriwell had done. But he spent more time reading about his hero than reading his textbooks. He thought the end of the world had come when he failed to pass his entrance examinations for New Haven. And now, some thirty-odd years later, Yale was beckoning to him. The old fires were rekindled.

For more than a month Little was torn by indecision, sweating blood as he weighed one prospect against the other. Lou had had eighteen happy, satisfying years at Morningside Heights and could stay there forever. But he'd reached a stage in life where he'd acquired all the money and prestige he'd ever need. Above all, he hated the idea of becoming the "Grand Old Man of Football."

Yale opened up a new vista for him, a new challenge. Eventually he'd be able to turn his back on the rigors of active coaching and assume the comparatively lighter burdens of the athletic directorship. And always lurking somewhere in the background of his thoughts were the phantom figure of Frank Merriwell and his own boyhood ambition. At last he made his decision—his next stop would be New Haven.

Ted Blair and his gleeful committee reached out to rake in the pot. Then Columbia played its trump card.

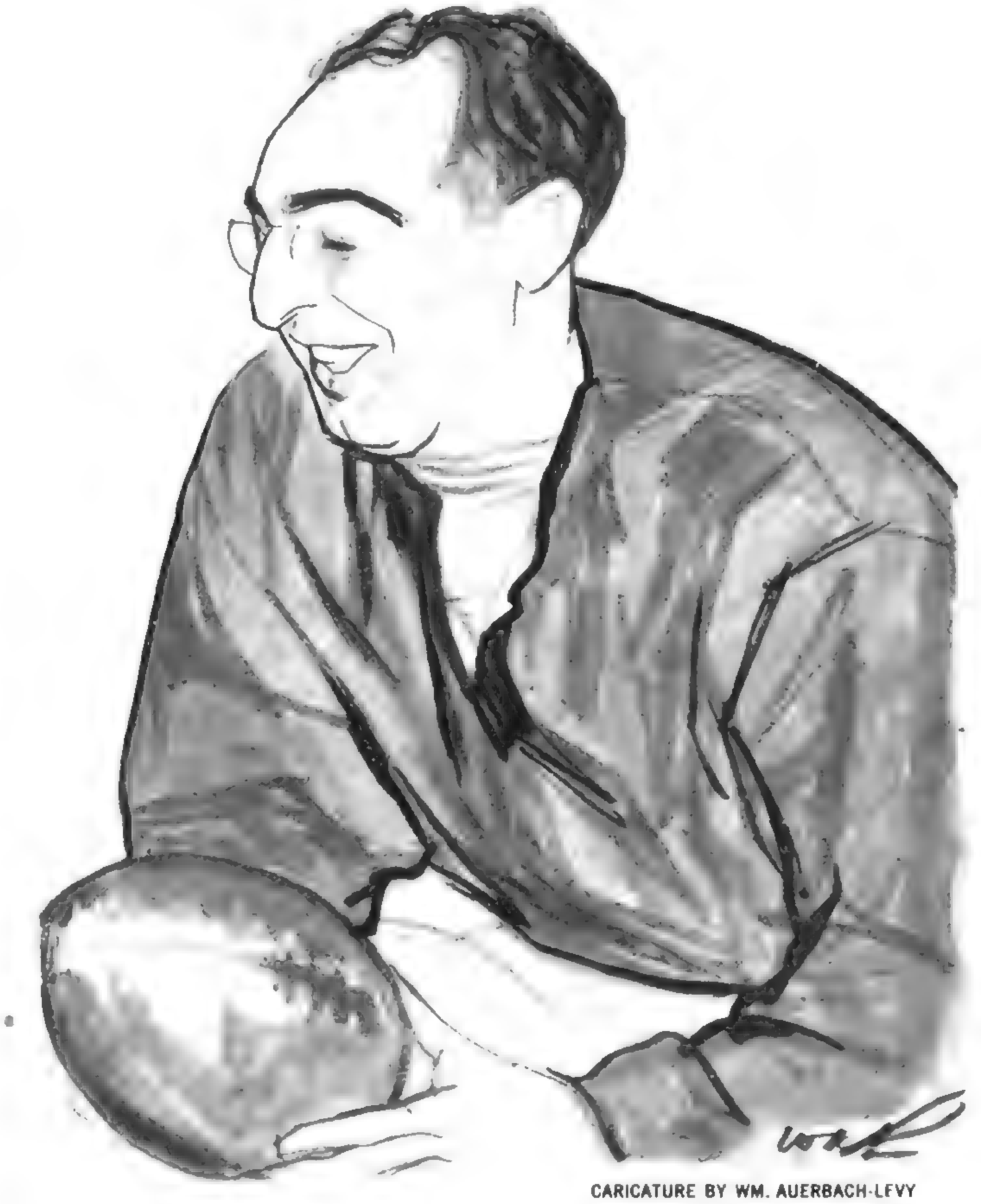
General Wild Bill Donovan, the cloak-and-dagger hero of the last war, had been holding the card up his sleeve all along. Donovan, an alumnus of Columbia, invited Coach Little to accompany him to Washington for a visit with President-designate Eisenhower. That did it. Little capitulated and immediately started brewing a new batch of upset potion for Lion rivals. The reputation of General Ike had been made long before he ever formally took over the presidency of the fifth oldest university in America. But as far as grateful Columbia alumni are concerned, he's already performed the equivalent of raising a billion-dollar endowment. He's the fellow who charmed Lou Little into remaining, and they firmly believe that this will rank as one of the outstanding achievements of his regime.

That's the sort of grip Little has on the imaginations and affections of the Lion supporters. Before he came to Baker Field, Columbia had been a football doormat which even insignificant schools could trample on with impunity. It had been such a graveyard for coaches—even Percy Haughton, one of the game's immortals, had failed there — that Columbia men everywhere thrilled to the core at Lou's introductory speech back in 1930. "I did not come here to fail," he said grimly. Nor did he.

He gave back their self-respect to the Lion alumni and undergraduates. His overall average of eighty-five victories, sixty-three defeats, and nine ties in eighteen years cannot begin to match records compiled by some of the nation's better powerhouses, but, compared with what the Light Blue had been doing before he came, that's at least the equivalent of eighteen undefeated seasons. And such is his magic that he occasionally bobs up with an upset of titanic proportions, rocking the entire gridiron world. He'll do it again too. No one knows where he will strike next, and rival coaches have sleepless nights, slumbering restlessly beneath the sword of Damocles and wondering whether Lou is going to cut the thread.

For the longest while now, everyone has been taking Lou Little pretty much for granted. Not until Columbia and Yale held their tug-of-war for his services was attention focused upon him once again, making the sports world realize anew what a truly remarkable character the Lion coach has become in football. Lou is probably the only mastermind in the game who doesn't have to win to keep his job, because he has implanted a quaint mass psychological reaction in the minds of Light Blue supporters. "If Lou can't win with this team," they remark with a careless shrug of their shoulders, "no other coach could." This is not a polite fiction that the Old Blues use to delude themselves. It just happens that it's the absolute truth.

Whenever there is a gathering of the more astute observers of the gridiron scene, such as sportswriters, coaches, or other experts, and the conversation gets around to the top coaches in the trade, the name of Lou Little is always in the very forefront of the discussion; and Lou is inevitably ranked among the top three. As an elder statesman of ever-growing stat- (*Continued on page 134*)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

Homestretch

DAMON RUNYON, who should have known, once said: "All Horse Players Die Broke." Perhaps the horses shown above running at Aqueduct are out to prove it. Remaining completely impartial, we give you the following figures: In 1947 it is estimated that a small outlay of $1,852,000,000 was made at the tracks and those zeros are not the result of a stuttering typewriter. Of this amount, a sum of $1,800,000,000 was laid across the boards and

KODACHROME BY PESKIN BROS.

$52,000,000 was paid into the proprietors in the form of admissions. If you can still take some ciphers, herewith some prices paid for the ponies: Jackpot price was $500,000 paid movie magnate Louis B. Mayer for a stallion named "Alibhai" and next price was $448,000 paid the Aga Khan for a pony name of "Star Dust." However, the money is not all on the outgoing end. "Stymie," claimed for $1,500, brought in $880,000 in purse money and the season's best three-year-old, "Citation," who has been called the best horse since "Man o'War," has won eighteen out of twenty starts and earned $544,700 in less than two years. Who wants something, a sure thing, in the fifth?

A Heart Condition

The Old Doctor's eyes were good—nearly twenty-twenty—and so were his intentions; but he saw too late that a woman is not always what you see

A Story by
WILLIAM L. GRESHAM

You can talk all you please about a "murderous glare," but I have seen murder looking out of a human face and it wasn't a glare; it was a smile. And it was on the face of a fifteen-year-old girl.

She was a girl named Jennifer Engelsen, and she reminded me a little of my oldest daughter at that age — only this child Jennifer was darker. She took after her mother that way, because Grace Engelsen, the mother, was little and dark, with big dark eyes that had shadows under them. The Engelsens hadn't been in the bungalow next to mine a day before I had figured out that there was something mighty wrong in that family.

I'm seventy-three years old and I had forty years of country medical practice before I retired. I figure I've run up against about every variety of the human animal there is. If you watch the little things people do, they can't hide much. And when I first saw Fred Engelsen—that was the husband, Jennifer's stepfather—he was tearing the hook out of the mouth of a little sunfish four or five inches long.

Now when I get one of those little fellows I most always wriggle the hook out as gentle as I can and throw him back in the lake. But this Engelsen man gave a rip that meant only one thing to me—he enjoyed doing it. That was when I happened to catch that look on Jennifer's face. She was smiling. The smile seemed to say, "Enjoy all your meanness and cussedness while you have a chance. Because I'm going to kill you." And right then I felt the breeze up my neck. She was the sort of girl who would take a lot from her stepfather, long as it only hurt herself. But if he started tormenting her mother, I felt that she wouldn't stop at anything.

Seeing as how we both shared the same boat landing, I went over and introduced myself.

Grace Engelsen wasn't much on fishing, apparently. She had on one of these skimpy dresses I believe they call playsuits or some such. Anyhow, she looked younger than her daughter in it; only she didn't have the girl's curves. She was a slim, straight little thing, was the mother. She'd brought her sunglasses and a deck chair and a book, and I remember noticing the book—it was one of these books on European politics or some such like the book clubs are always sending out.

I saw Fred Engelsen kick the book into the water. He made believe it was an accident. "The little woman is a great reader," he said, turning his heavy, red face to me and winking. "Deep stuff. Well, it's deeper'n ever now. Eh? Eh?" And he let out his laugh. You could have heard it clear across the lake, I judged. His wife didn't say anything, but I could see her fists clenched under the towel she had in her lap.

"Don't go for that deep stuff myself," Fred said, without apologizing for knocking the book into the drink. "Never got past the eighth grade. But I guess I done okay. Better'n some of these white-livered squirts the fancy colleges turn out. You ask 'em what's two and two and they grab for a slide rule." He caught his wife's eye, and I got the feeling that he was rubbing salt in some old wound, but at the time I didn't know what it was. I found out later. Grace's first husband had been an engineer.

It was just about midway of the afternoon, time I generally try to knock off a nap. But they were new folks and I sort of had the feeling that if I or somebody was there, this fellow Fred wouldn't be quite as hard on his wife. I got up to go once, and Jennifer said, just a little too eager, "Please don't go, doctor. Please don't."

So I stayed.

Fred was all for taking the canoe and paddling over to the shady side of the lake, figuring he'd have better luck fishing over there. "Come on, Jen, get your rod," he said. "We'll leave the old folks ashore. Come on."

The girl hesitated for just a second; then she looked out across the lake as if measuring the distance. She stood up. She was wearing a bathing suit like the kids wear nowadays—there wasn't much of it. Lord, what a commotion a suit like that would have kicked up when I was a young fellow! Nowadays, they think nothing of it. But the reason I'm bringing it up was that when Jennifer was stepping into the canoe, her stepfather was giving her the eye same as if she was a strange woman he'd never seen before. And Grace, the mother, was sitting there, taking it all in. She beat her fist once against her thigh. It was under the towel and she didn't know that I saw it, but I did. I'm seventy-three but I've got pretty good vision: twenty-twenty in my left eye, twenty-forty in my right.

"You'd better let Jen paddle over, Fred," his wife called to him.

"Don't try to teach your grandmother how to lick molasses," he shouted back.

"He really shouldn't do anything strenuous," Mrs. Engelsen said to me when they were out of hearing. "He has a heart condition and his blood pressure is quite high. I've tried to get him to stop work for a year or so—I have a little money of my own. But he won't do it. Fred doesn't mean one-tenth of what he says; it's just his blood pressure. It makes him awfully irritable."

I don't recall what I said, but I thought to myself that there was probably nothing the matter with her Fred but what was inside his own head. He might run around a-hundred-and-seventy systolic, but blood pressure never yet made a man yank the hook out of a fish the way he did it.

We settled down, (*Continued on page 167*)

"Now remember, Gloria, only mommies call daddies 'big fatheads' "

Ah, Sweet Mystery →

It may have been Freud who first studied the many sides of women, but it wasn't the good old Doctor who discovered them. And while it's true they can appear as many-sided as an octagon, we have felt it necessary to show only these four sides which we offer for your inspection. Though your choice may be the smiling one or the soft-mouthed one, fundamentally, as woman has always been and undoubtedly will remain, a woman is that thing—woman.

KODAMONTAGE BY GLEB DERUJINSKY

Tony Zale: Working Man

Some fighters have flash and some have guts and some hit the canvas before they're hit, but here's one of the breed who believed in his work and worked at it

A Sports Article by

JIMMY CANNON

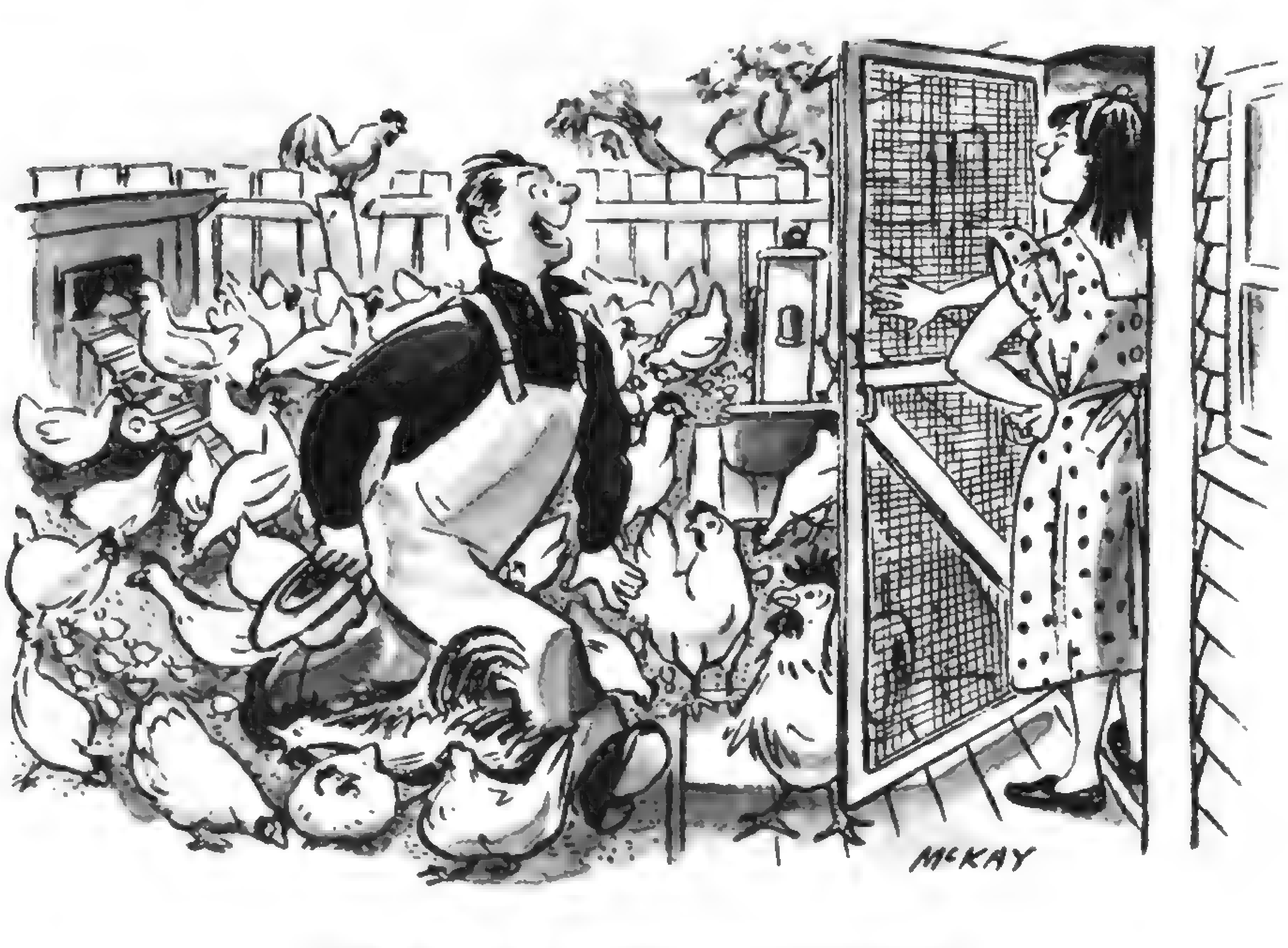
The reporter who covers a run on the sports beat immediately appoints himself to be an authority on courage as soon as the assistant sports editor puts his name down on the assignment sheet. We are arrogant in our measurement of guys we write about. We demand that they be perfect in competition and proceed on the theory that athletes should be exempt from fear. We can be timid and frightened in our personal lives, but we are cruel judges of human behavior when we settle down to play our pieces on the typewriter. We may move down the bar when a guy gets stormy. We allow ourselves to cross the street or walk in the gutter when a man approaches us late at night and our excuse is that he may be a stick-up guy. We permit cab drivers to address us with a profane insolence. We take this as we are on the way down to the office to denounce a young man because he was not brave according to the standards we have established for his sport. We stake the hackie to a bigger tip and congratulate ourselves for being intelligent.

Many of us violate all the principles of our profession. We cringe when editors bawl us out. There are some among us who refuse to call their shots as they see them and abandon accuracy because the facts may involve us in a dispute with a foe who has our number. Naturally, there are some who do their daily essays with a commendable loyalty to the truth. Among these is Dan Parker who is fearless and angrily opposed to all injustice in sports and a guy who makes our business a better one because he is in it. If I were a professor of journalism I would instruct my class to pattern themselves after Parker, although his humor can't be taught in classrooms. As long as Parker functions as a sports columnist the trade can never completely disgrace itself. Our past is rooted in dishonor because it was the practice years ago to transfer ignorant office boys into the sports department when the city editor decided they were too old to run copy and too stupid to compete with the opposition on general assignments. The pay was low and blackmail was condoned by the publishers. The sports editor was permitted to shake down all those who would hold still for him and if he suggested he could use a raise they told him in many instances to go out and hustle up the extra dollars by doing publicity for the promoters he was supposed to police. It is a practice which still continues in many towns, but the Parkers of the profession have given us a respectability which was long denied us. There were cities where fight promotors cut a fixed percentage off the top of the gate and distributed it to the guys who covered the show. They considered this bribery a normal part of their advertising budget and the journalist who refused it was thought to be a boob.

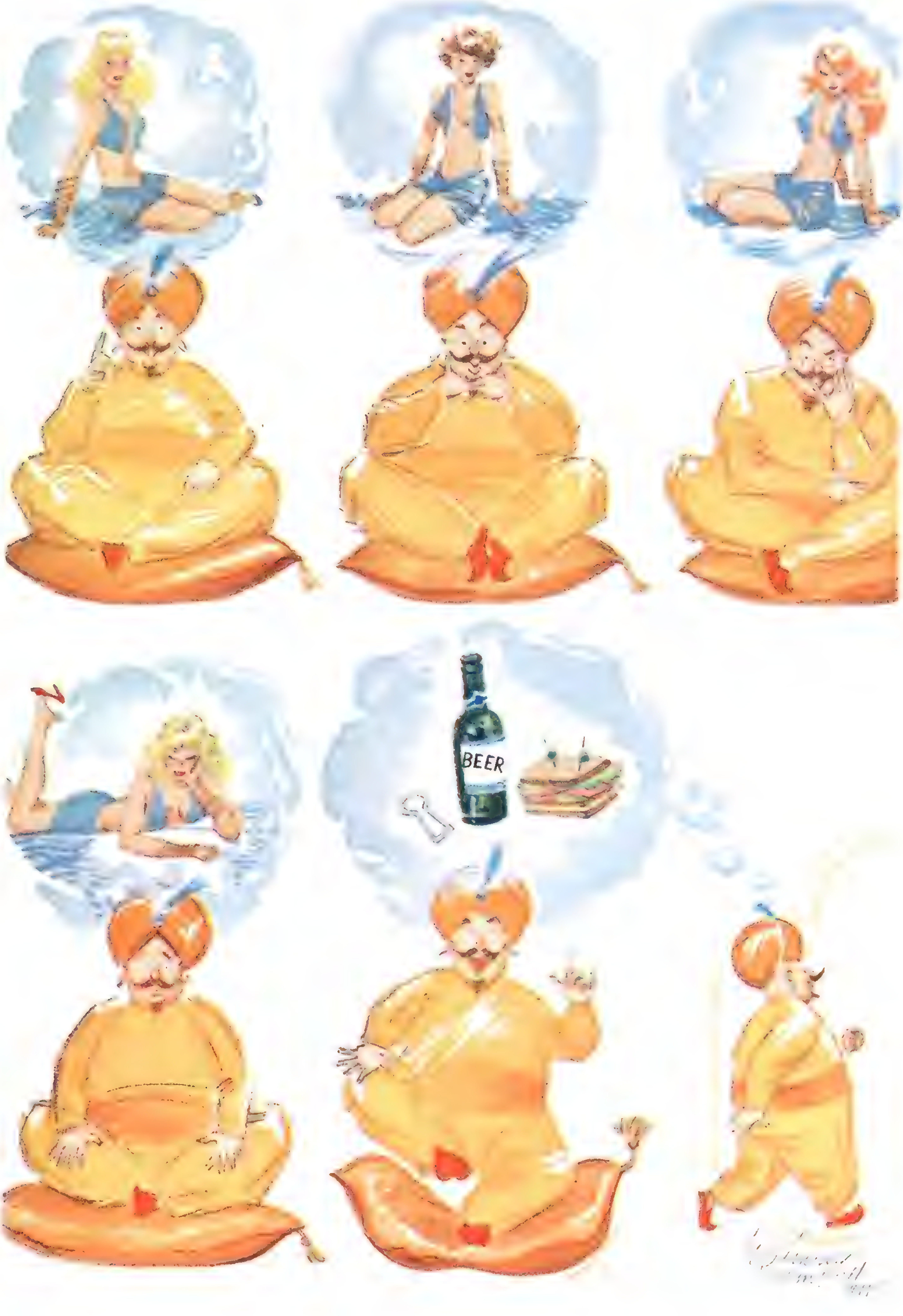
But no matter how honest we are, we ransack the personalities of athletes for cowardice with a scrutiny which frequently becomes obscene. No other group in the newspaper business is as severe in their judgments of a man's behavior as we are and if we did it in any other department we would get ourselves a libel suit every time we went to the post. The literature of the sports page is devoted to sizing up a man's capacity to endure pain and humiliation. In the saloons where we gather we argue about it endlessly. We are cruel in our appraisals and we do it with the belligerence of people who are protected from physical danger by the nature of our job. We punch typewriters and they don't hit back, but there are few among us who have compassion for the quitter. We make fear in a man playing a game to be a crime against his sport. But we never know the truth and we must forever doubt our own conceptions of what we see in guys who use their bodies. Each man's capacity for fear is different and forever a secret within him. It is impossible to investigate this in a man because if he wants to conceal it there is no way you may probe for the truth. The psychoanalyst is defeated when his subject lies about the terrors which populate his mind. So you are compelled to assess athletes by a general rule if you try to be faithful to the requirements of your job. The demands change with the game and you must shift your philosophy as the seasons turn. Cowardice disgusts you no matter where it happens; no matter what form it takes. Bravery exalts a man. It can be pointless and done for dirty reasons, but the act itself never has demeaned the human race, although it is possible the motives may sicken you.

It always annoys me when I watch a football player step outside to avoid being tackled because you know he is fracturing the laws of his competition. He is committed to these dogmas when he goes onto the field. The pitcher who refuses to come in with the curve when he is in trouble is a guy breaking baseball's code of deportment if this is his best pitch. It does not involve physical suffering, but it is an act which disgusts the players who obey the mandates of their sport and go with them, no matter what the consequences may be. Basketball players quit in devious ways and even the gentle jostling of such a sport may turn a man out of the pattern of his skill and this misbehavior is hard to detect and difficult to write about, because even when you see it you are never sure. Golfers surrender their talent to the foe their nervous systems become under pressure, and so do tennis players, and they are not gambling their health or their sanity. What is asked of other athletes is trivial when you compare them with the prize fighter. They do not bleed and their bones do not break and lunacy is not the reward of many defeats. You see it clearly. There is no privacy for the coward in the fight racket. It does not make it better, but the truly game man is appreciated more in boxing than in any other sport. It is preposterous to say a tennis player or a golfer is game and then use the same adjective when you are describing a fight.

The bad ones sit in their corner and refuse to come out if they are taking a licking. There are those who appeal to the referee to save them, and legitimate punches in the body make them complain they are being fouled. Some go down and stay there when they can get up. Although they are hurt and sick with punishment, the fight racket insists that a pug come up and get it until insensibility gives him a pardon. The majority of those who fight main events in the big clubs are speckled (Continued on page 151)



"Oh boy! Do I smell roast chicken?"


BEER

An Acquaintance with Thieves

Show business, it's wonderful! Here's a twist on an old gag that ought to keep you guessing to the end and send you rushing out for a pair of ducats on the aisle

A Story by

TIMOTHY FULLER

"DARLING," said Clarissa Mainwaring, her famous voice sliding huskily into the lower register, "he was unquestionably the handsomest thief I ever laid eyes on!"

Detective Bowen had been carefully picked to handle the Mainwaring jewel case: he was bright, polite, and had gone to college briefly, but to Yale. "I see," he said gently. "Of course, it is possible that your acquaintance with thieves is not so wide that . . ."

Miss Mainwaring lifted an eyebrow, hoisting it as firmly as one might a Venetian blind. "I would have you know I have been intimately concerned with Broadway producers, Park Avenue lawyers, and Wall Street brokers for rather more years than I care to recall."

"You said, I believe, that this particular thief was masked."

"From forehead to chin, love, but the face is scarcely the sole criterion. I should say . . ."

"Cris," interrupted Tony Dever from the depths of Miss Mainwaring's lush dressing-room chaise, "I'm sure Detective Bowen is fascinated by your performance, but he is after facts. Would you say the thief was about six feet, thin, wearing a dark suit, with tan shoes and hat?"

"I would say nothing of the kind," said Miss Mainwaring. "He was not over five-ten, stocky, in a light grey suit, black shoes, and he wore no hat. His hair was dark and wavy."

"Thank you," said Detective Bowen. "Now if I could have a list of the missing items."

"I am simply ravaged thinking about that brooch, Tony," Cris said and explained to Bowen, "Lord Caldington gave it to me years ago and he died so tragically in the war."

"He broke his neck playing polo in India," Dever quickly pointed out.

"He was in uniform at least," snapped Cris.

"I assume everything was insured," said Bowen wearily.

"Certainly," said Cris.

"No," said Dever.

"*What?*"

It was the sharp, agonized cry of a wounded fawn. Had Clarissa's present Broadway vehicle offered her a like emotional range, it would have had a better box office.

"Your last husband let the policies slide and pocketed the cash. I just learned of this latest treachery or I would have . . ."

"That stinker," opined Miss Mainwaring and stretched both arms toward Detective Bowen. "You *must* get these things back for me."

"That is generally regarded as the function of the police," said Bowen. "But I can't guarantee anything."

"There must be a way. What will *he* do with them?"

"If he's a professional, he'll sell them to a fence for about a quarter of their value. By the way, how much are they worth?"

"A hundred thousand," Dever said quickly.

"Oh, come now, Tony," Cris said, "that's rather high."

"It's our story."

Detective Bowen allowed his eyes to move from Miss Mainwaring to her press agent. "Is there any chance that this is all a dodge?"

Dever laughed. "Fake jewel robberies to get publicity for actresses went out of fashion ten years ago. Of course," he added, "as long as it's happened, I'll make the most of it."

"You're both dreadfully dreary," Cris said. "I must have my jewels. I don't see why we can't simply offer to buy them back from this fellow, as if they'd been kidnapped. At the most they're worth twenty thousand and if he can only get a quarter of that anyway, I should think he would be happy to make twenty-five hundred from us if we also promised him immunity from the law."

"I really think, Miss Mainwaring," said Bowen, "that the police had better handle it in the same old way. We've had a surprising amount of good luck with the routine methods."

"But he struck me as such a reasonable as well as a charming young man," Cris protested. "His last words, as he left the cab, were, 'It's a pity our careers keep us apart.' Of course, we'd hand him counterfeit money."

"It's extraordinary," Dever admitted, "but I'm not sure you haven't come up with an angle, Cris. It won't get the gems back, but it should appeal to the press."

"Stop following me!"

"If you don't mind," said Bowen, "I'll run along now and get to work on this thing. I'll keep in touch with you."

"I thought he was rather nice," Cris said lazily. "What was his name?"

The sedater metropolitan press gave the Mainwaring holdup a scant half-column, but the tabloids were more co-operative. One of them, heading a leggy picture of Cris, SEEKS RENDEZVOUS WITH THIEF, was even thoughtful enough to print her unlisted telephone number for the crook's convenience. This resulted in a number of calls from cranks, but she was able to get rid of them by demanding to know the inscription on the back of her missing wrist watch. It was late afternoon when the valid call came through.

"Just a minute," the voice said and, after a pause, "My, my. 'Dimples from Slim.' I didn't notice any dimples."

"You wouldn't have," said Cris. "And you certainly took your time about calling me."

"My work keeps me up so late I've just seen the papers. How much are you offering?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"That's funny. This stuff looks real to me."

"It is. But if you don't take my offer, the police are bound to catch you. Detective Bowen is extremely able."

The man clicked his tongue. "I know Bowen. Clever. Ruthless. Determined."

"It's nothing to joke about. Make up your mind."

"I'll do it, Dimples, but only because I want to see you again. Name the meeting place."

"Well," Cris said, "it's usually done in a lonely, out-of-the-way spot, isn't it? Graveyards and places like that?"

"Graveyards are so cold in the winter. How about a night club? Bill's Den, after your show tonight?"

"But aren't you afraid? I mean . . ."

"Your word is my bond."

It occurred to Cris that a brightly lighted night club was not the ideal setting for passing over phony money. She had pictured a dark, windy corner, a quick, unexamined handing over of the respective envelopes and then footsteps hurrying away in the night. On the other hand, a night club offered certain advantages.

"All right," she said.

"Fine. One question, though."

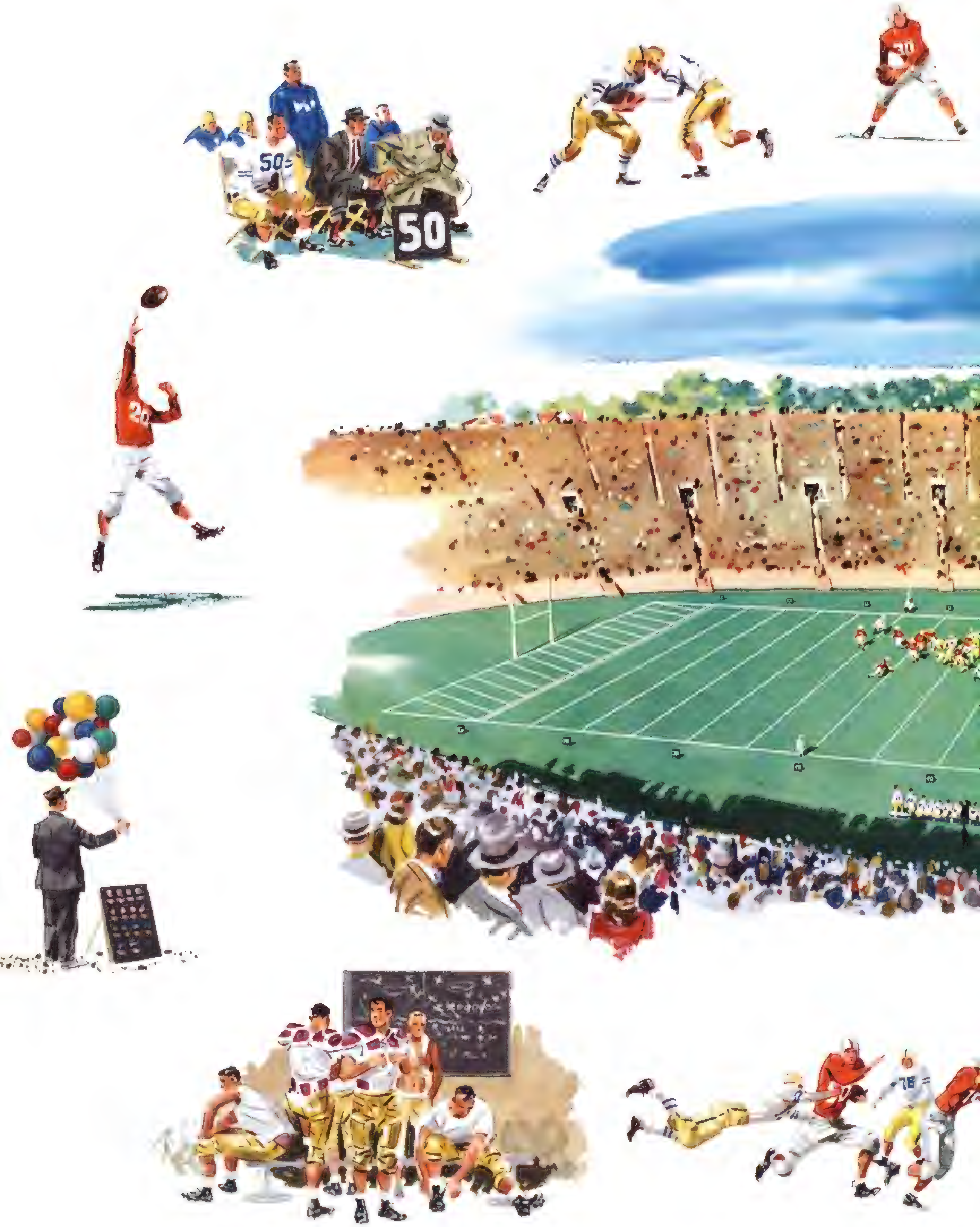
"Yes?"

"Whatever happened to Slim?"

She hung up, smiling.

When Detective Bowen telephoned, just before she left for the theatre, she could afford to be magnanimous.

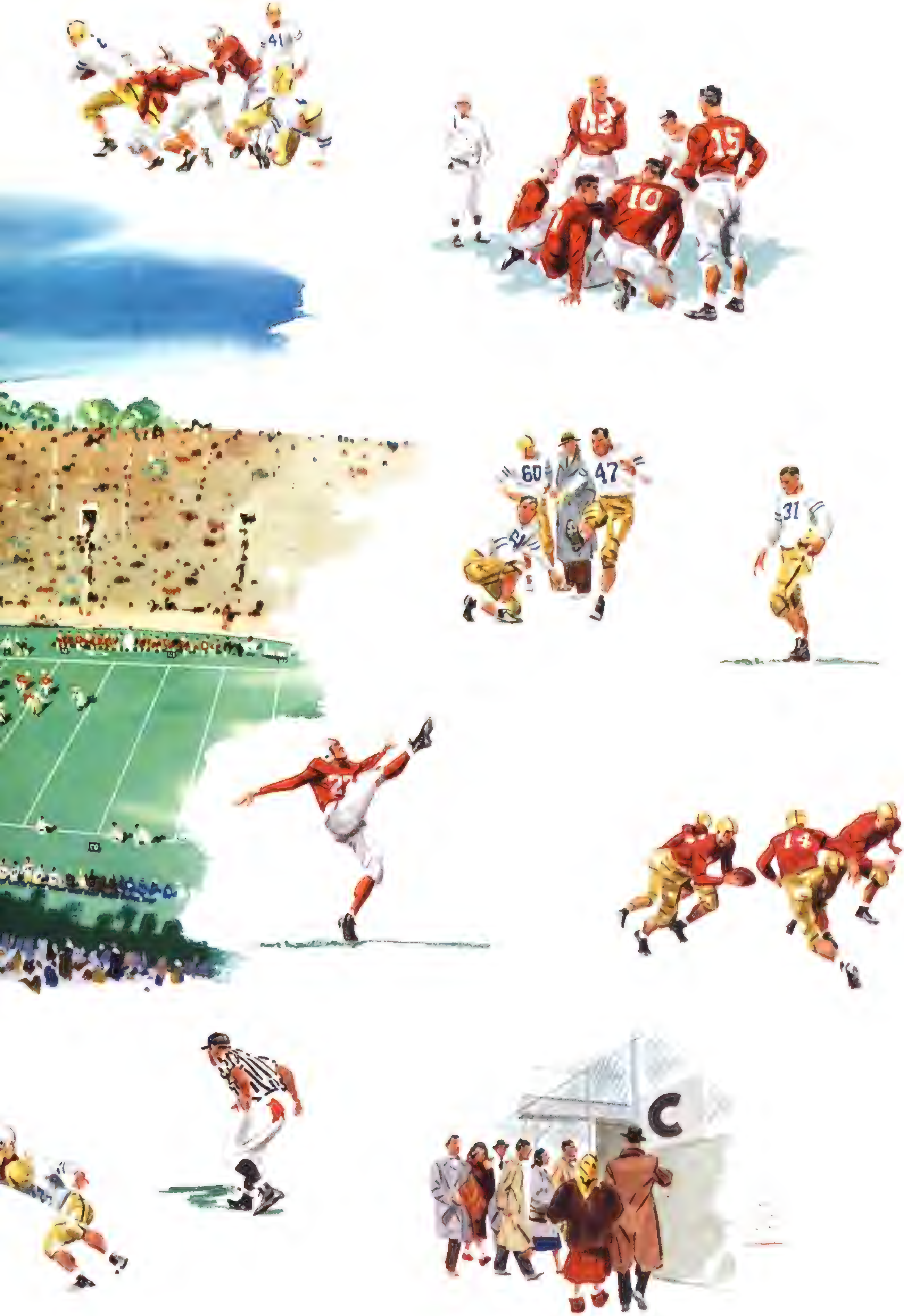
"I've (*Continued on page 122*)



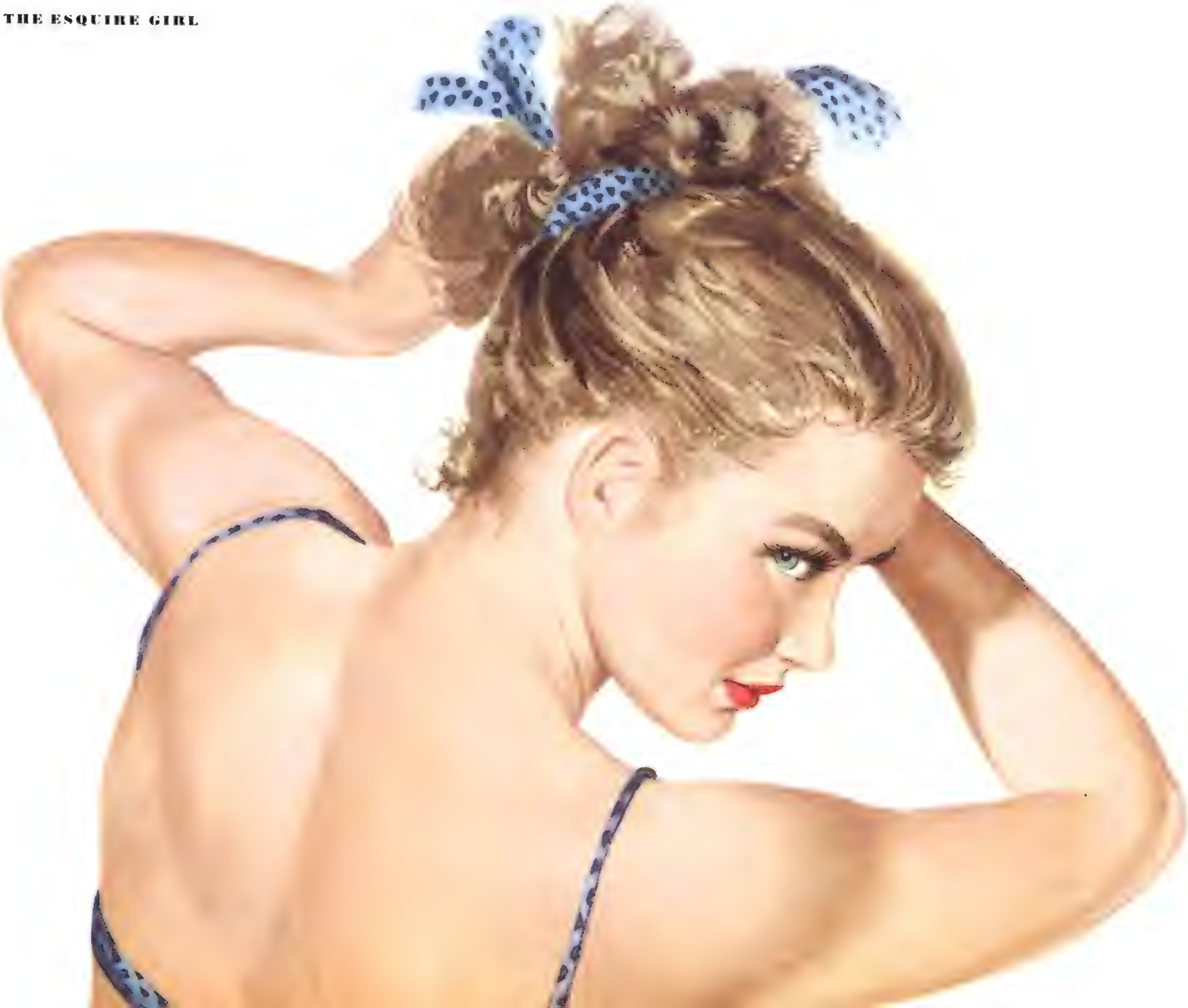
Two on the Fifty Yard Line

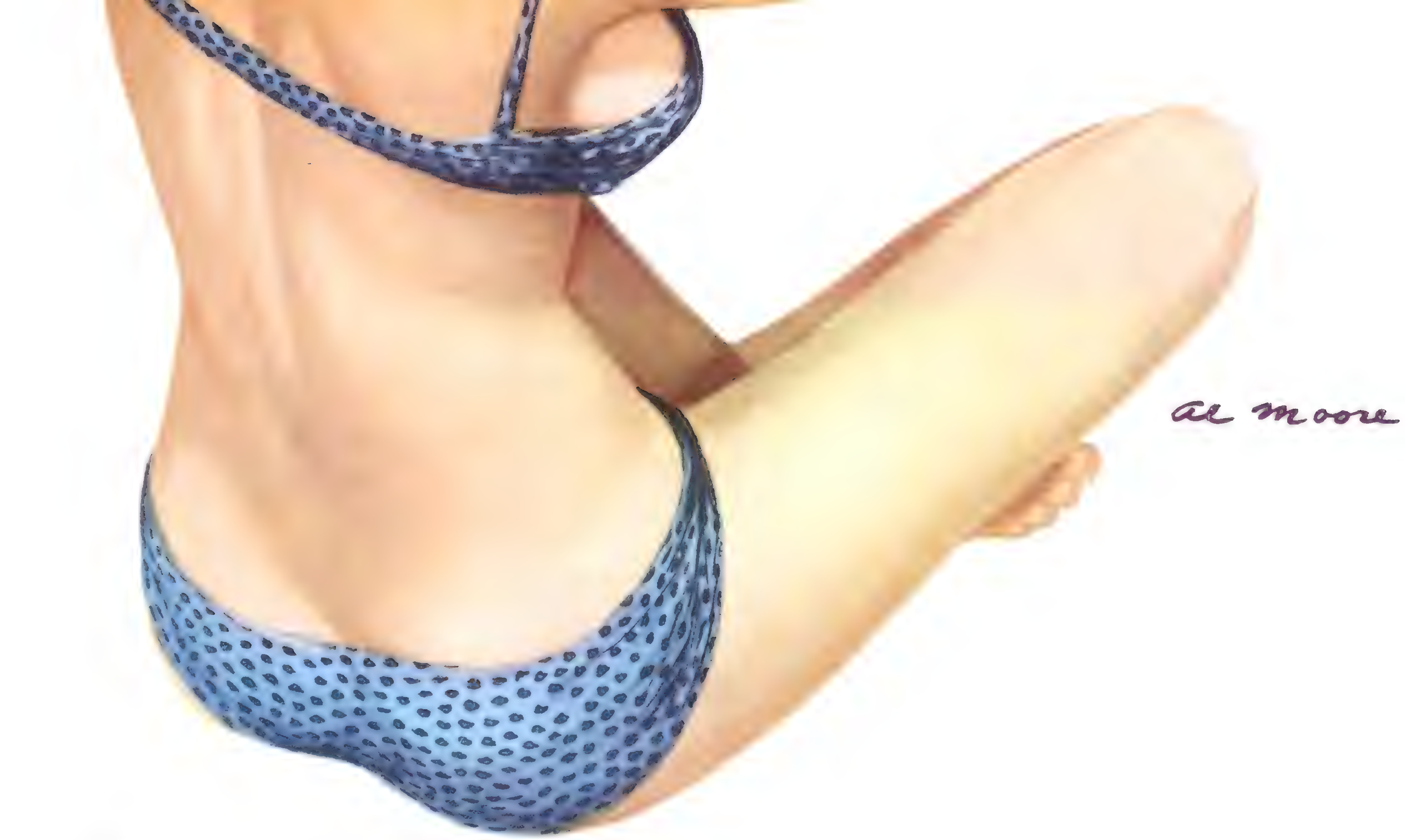
PAINTING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

"I WILL not permit 30 men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind," said Cornell's president Andrew Dickson White in answer to a challenge from Michiga in 1873. Seventy-four years later the rivalry between two teams—Notre Dame and Army—had become so intense that their annual meeting was an emotional crisis of national significance and authorities decided to suspend the



series in the interest of the country's collective sanity. Today most people can name eleven football players to one college president. They can diagnose a reverse or a delayed buck without knowing what the word "curriculum" means. For Americans, the show is the thing, and football is a big show. All the strident colors, the passes and tackles, the crew haircuts, the fur coats, the bands, pennants, and feathers have become part of a bigger hit than *Oklahoma!* or *Tobacco Road* can ever be. "Gentlemen," Tad Jones is supposed to have said in the churchlike quiet before a Yale-Harvard game, "you are about to play football for Yale. Never in your lives will you do anything so important." The only trouble with that was that he was almost right. And out they went to agitate the bag of wind.





Thanksgiving Dish

Painting by
AL MOORE

Frank had no business in my studio. But whatever his business was, he promptly retired when he saw my painting of Her.

His whistle took several paragraphs, and a couple of the sentences were censored.

"Boy!" he said. (He meant "girl!")

He was looking at her, in oils. The body was all there: I hadn't put the face in, yet.

"Who?" he croaked, quivering.

"A model," I said.

"Exciting. Come on, André. Who?"

"No way for a married man to talk."

"Prude. Who?"

"Sorry, I can't say. I'd be violating the code. Every model is anonymous."

Frank fumed. He sputtered. He fired questions in his sharpest legal manner. He tried trickery, cajolery, flattery and threats, among other things. None of them worked.

"All right," he said. "I'll be in tomorrow. And the next day. And the next until you finish that face. I'll find her for myself."

He left, boiling, both Centigrade and Fahrenheit.

When the door closed, I looked at the painting. That figure was exciting I had to admit. I remembered. And why not? It was Frank's wife—lovely.

It won't be hard, *I thought, to find another model for the face.*

How To Live in the Country

Do you like to mow the lawn? Are you interested in wild-life control? Is your wife a garden clubber? No? Then it's a sure thing you'll want to read this

An Article by

H. S. RUMMELL

THE pastorale is a form of literature that sings the joys of country life, appears regularly in the better magazines, and usually carries the by-line of a lady author. These little pieces about the birds and shy tiny crocuses tell you that all you need to win health, happiness, and serenity of soul is a piece of land to live on. If you can't manage a farm, at least get a place in the suburbs.

I repeat, because it's important to males, that most of these rhapsodies are written by women, a sex with no standing whatever as mowers of lawns, spaders of gardens, or grubbers of stumps. If your wife has recently suggested a move from your snug little apartment in the city to a place in the suburbs, if she claims that it will be good for your health and that you work too hard at the office and need wholesome relaxation, think well before acquiescing. I invite your attention to a few simple questions and the answers of an honest peon who gave in. (There will be something also for those to whom this warning comes too late — something constructive, as promised by the title.)

Have you honestly convinced yourself that it would be fun to mow your own lawn?

Mowing a lawn is an athletic feat that requires fine conditioning and a mulish persistence. Working at top speed when I'm in midseason form, I can pass the mower over my lawn in a shade less than five hours. It takes 7683 to 7889 steps and an average of 376 squats, depending upon whether or not I skip that mole-infested, humpy corner down by the compost heap. (Usually I skip it.) It's an obstacle race with the obstacles hidden. Study the next man you see pushing a lawn mower. Note the set teeth, the dilated nostrils, the fixed stare, the high blood pressure. Relaxation? He's about as relaxed as a man walking through rattlesnake country barefoot.

Are you interested in wild-life control?

I ask this question because few realize that a man of property has to adopt a stern attitude toward a large variety of God's little creatures. There's the problem of the mole, for example. Now a mole is a varmint of modest but peculiar habits. All he asks is leave to root around at will underground and to eat insects. The mole never intrudes himself upon your sight, makes no noise even during the mating season, and stays strictly out of doors. There's much to be said for the mole, yet you must pursue him relentlessly if you want a decent lawn or garden. Then there are snakes. To your wife *any* snake is terrifying, and you simply won't get anywhere trying to tell her that a brace of bull-snakes are nice to have around because of their way with rats and mice. Since this country's lawmakers have said you can't import a mongoose, you may as well prepare to spend a good part of your time listening to your wife's screams and chasing "deadly" garter snakes with the nearest available weapon.

Moles and snakes will not complete your list of natural enemies. There will be bats of summer evenings to dart toward your wife's head; field mice to desert their runways for your house come cool weather; toads to get in the way of your lawn mower and make messes of themselves; assorted lizards and rabbits; and an insect life so varied as to defy enumeration. If you're squeamish about killing things you'll be about as uncomfortable as a prudish stock breeder.

Are you positive that your wife will not become a garden clubber, a competitive gardener?

You absolutely cannot afford to take a chance here. If there is the slightest doubt on this point, move into an apartment on a higher floor and sign a twenty-year lease.

Take my own case. Each spring competitive gardening changes my normally sweet and gentle wife into a stringy-haired, sweaty virago who stalks about the place in dirty slacks devising prodigies of blood, sweat, and tears for me to perform. And for what? So that some fine Sunday in June a troop of her garden clubbers can overrun our place and give out comments of praise. These comments are invariably restrained. It's perfectly clear that the gals think my wife should have got more out of me.

As the husband of a garden clubber, you've got to cultivate a specialty of your own. It's required. On my first inspection a heavy creature huffed up to me and inquired in a deep voice, "And what is *your* specialty?"

"Why," I said, "I don't have any. I just muck around in a rather general way—under supervision, of course."

"Oh!" she said. Seeing that I amounted to nothing, just as she'd suspected, she turned and waddled over to report her findings.

I tried specializing in petunias, which are easy to grow, but I soon learned that, to win acceptance into the inner circle, you can't just specialize; you've got to specialize in something genteel, like roses, or irises, or dahlias. I found that petunias had no standing; they were considered low. I might as well have told the ladies that I specialized in skinning skunks blindfolded.

How is your health? Do you feel pretty good most of the time?

I used to myself, back in the city. I had a comfortable paunch and energy enough to go through my simple routine by day, with enough left over by night to read an occasional book. I didn't know much about physical injuries in a normal peacetime existence; reasonable alertness kept me from getting run down by a car or caught in a revolving door. I took good health and freedom from pain pretty much for granted.

That, as I said, was when I lived in the city. Now, I find that my physical condition is a matter of constant and often highly dramatic interest. The forefinger of my left hand is stiff and useless. I smashed it trying to drive a post for the sweet-pea trellis. I have a slight rupture, which I got moving a rock wall three feet south to make more room for my wife's perennials border. I broke two toes, sprained an ankle, and jerked my sacroiliac loose by falling off a ladder while spraying a hatful of runty apples. During certain months of the year I go about with my right nostril completely closed and the left constantly flooding, an allergy that baffles local medical men: they suggest I go back to the city where the air is purer. I've suffered from poison ivy and had a touch of rose fever. I've torn off various fingernails, had thorns festering in three fingers at once, been tortured by chigger bites and bedridden with bee stings. In short, all I need to round out my life on the soil is to get gored by a bull, kicked by a mule, and invaded by hookworms.

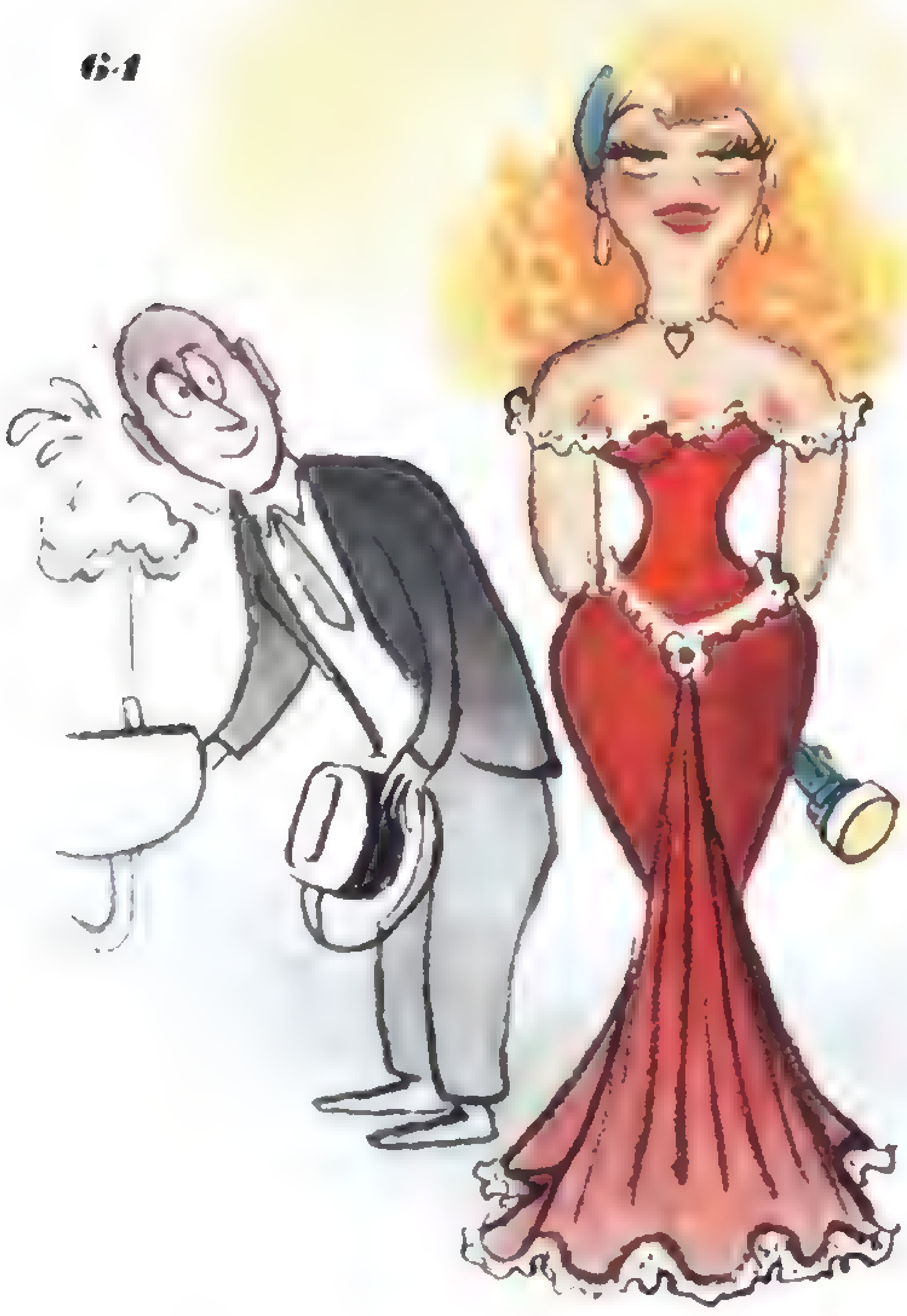
Now I don't want to give you a distorted picture of suburban life. Honesty brings me to some of its features that a man of true philosophic bent can find attractive.

Take toil and sweat, for example. Toil and sweat do bring an appreciation of simple pleasures. Just to straighten up after

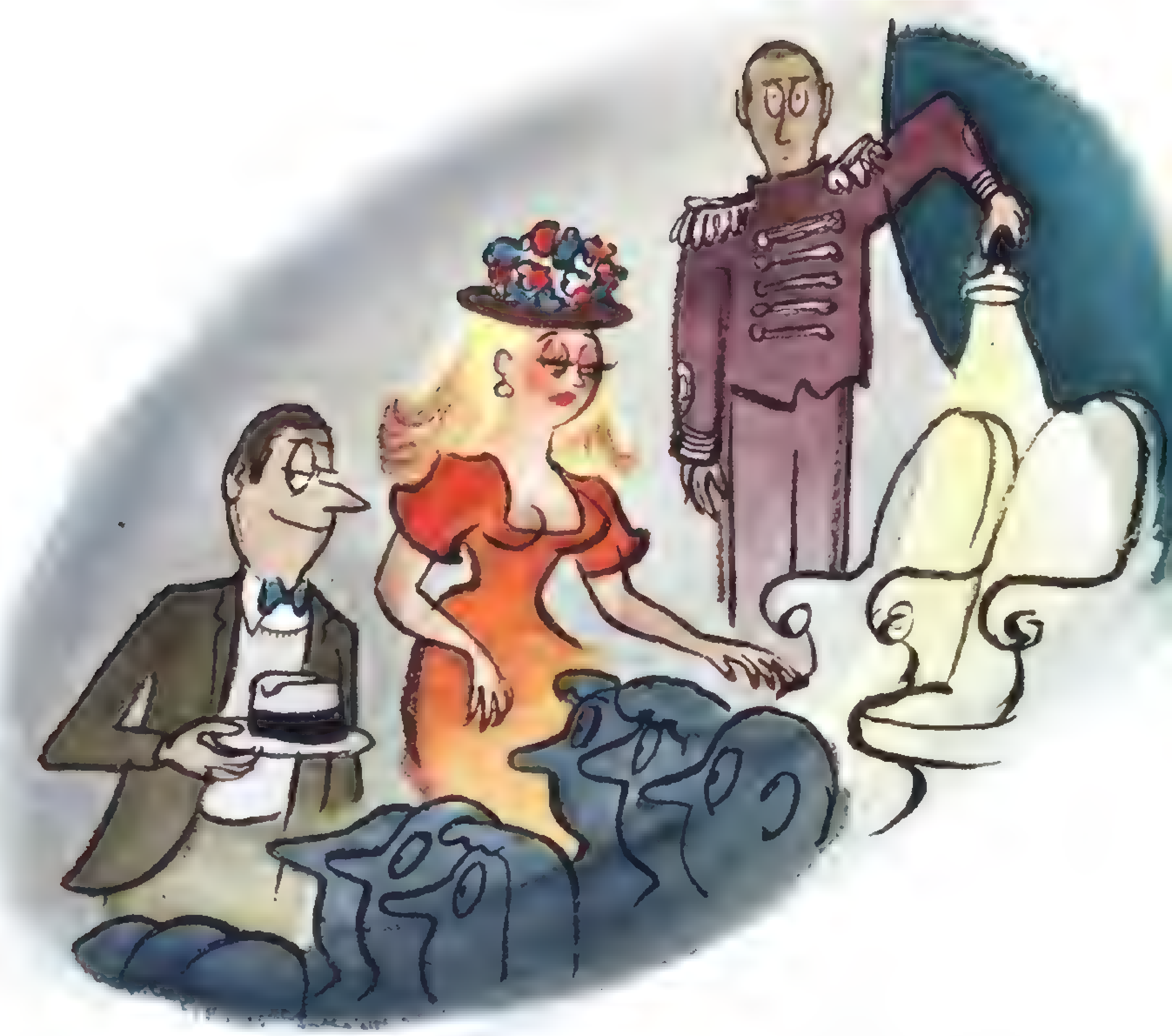
(*Continued on page 161*)

"REPLY and REAP"
BIGGEST
IN RADIO
$10,000
FREE AWARDS

"Pssst—you forgot to ask her the question!"



Ultra Usherettes: These flashlight honeys have a permanent place in the hearts of all true movie lovers. They have some of the best architecture seen in the foyer and are a sure cure for double-feature eyestrain

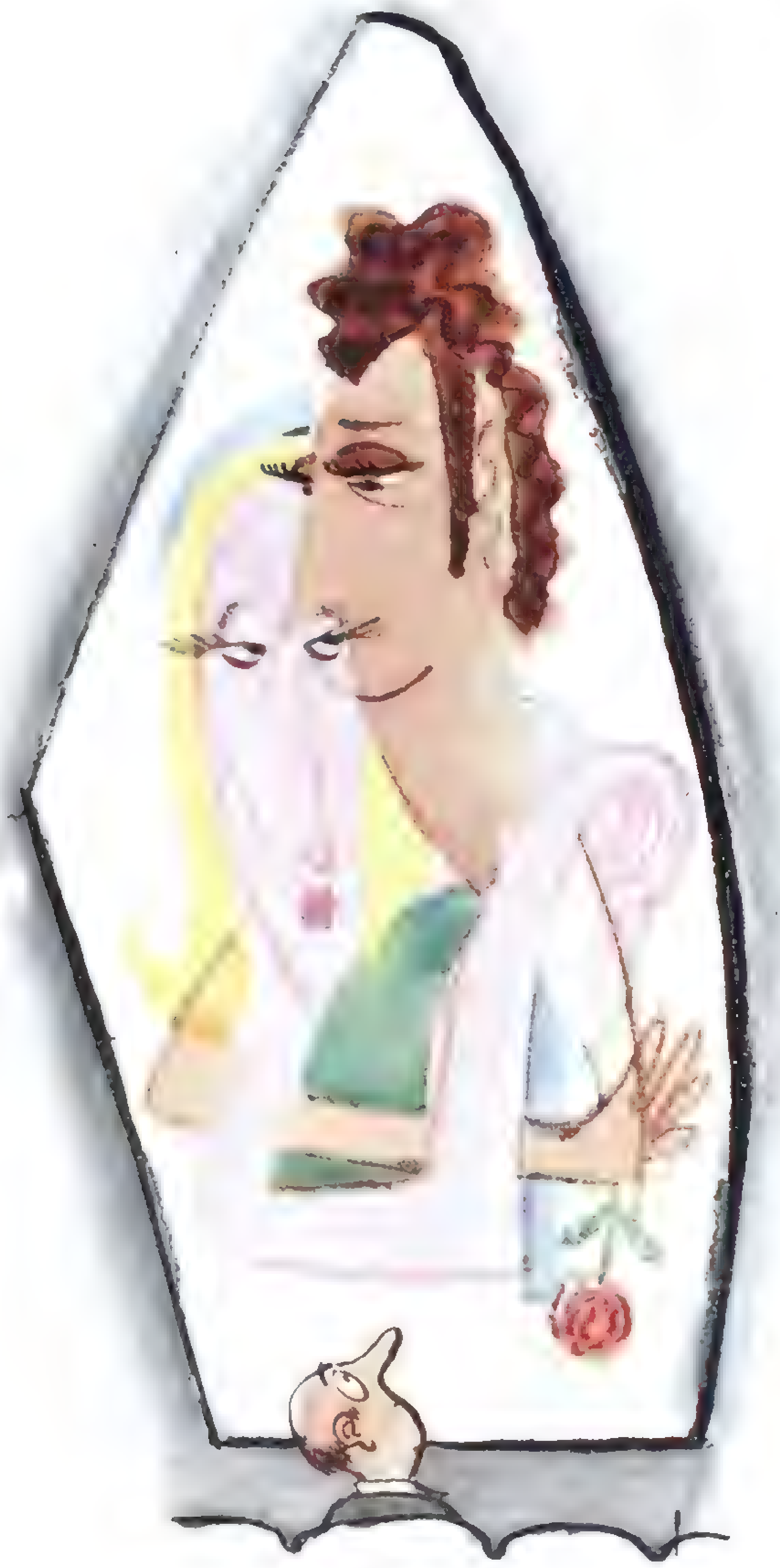


The Love Seat: What could be nicer than the privacy of these substratosphere altitudes with the background music floating up from the distant screen

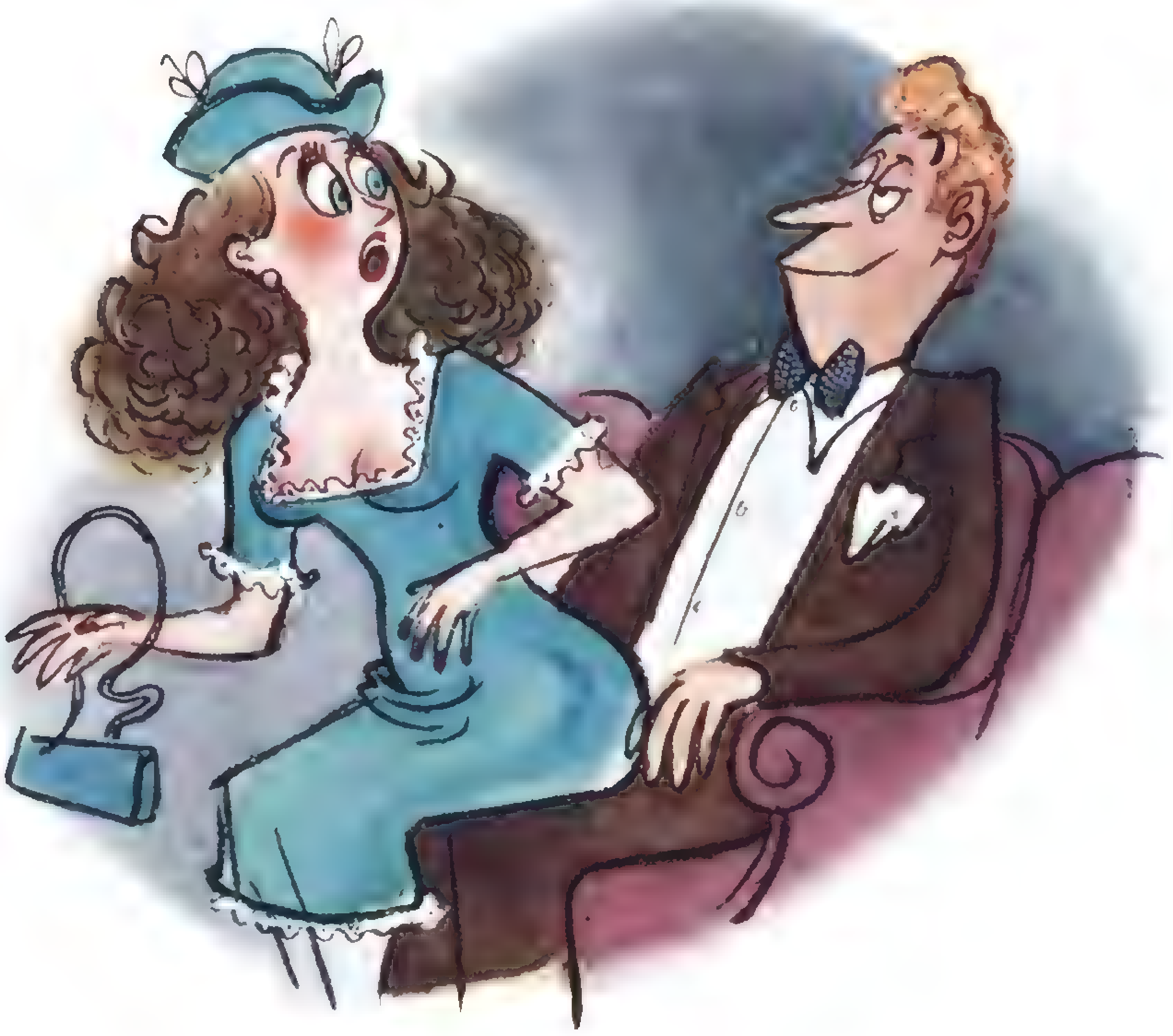
Why Television Won't Replace the Movies

Eight simple joys—the birthright of American movie-goers—they can never take away from us

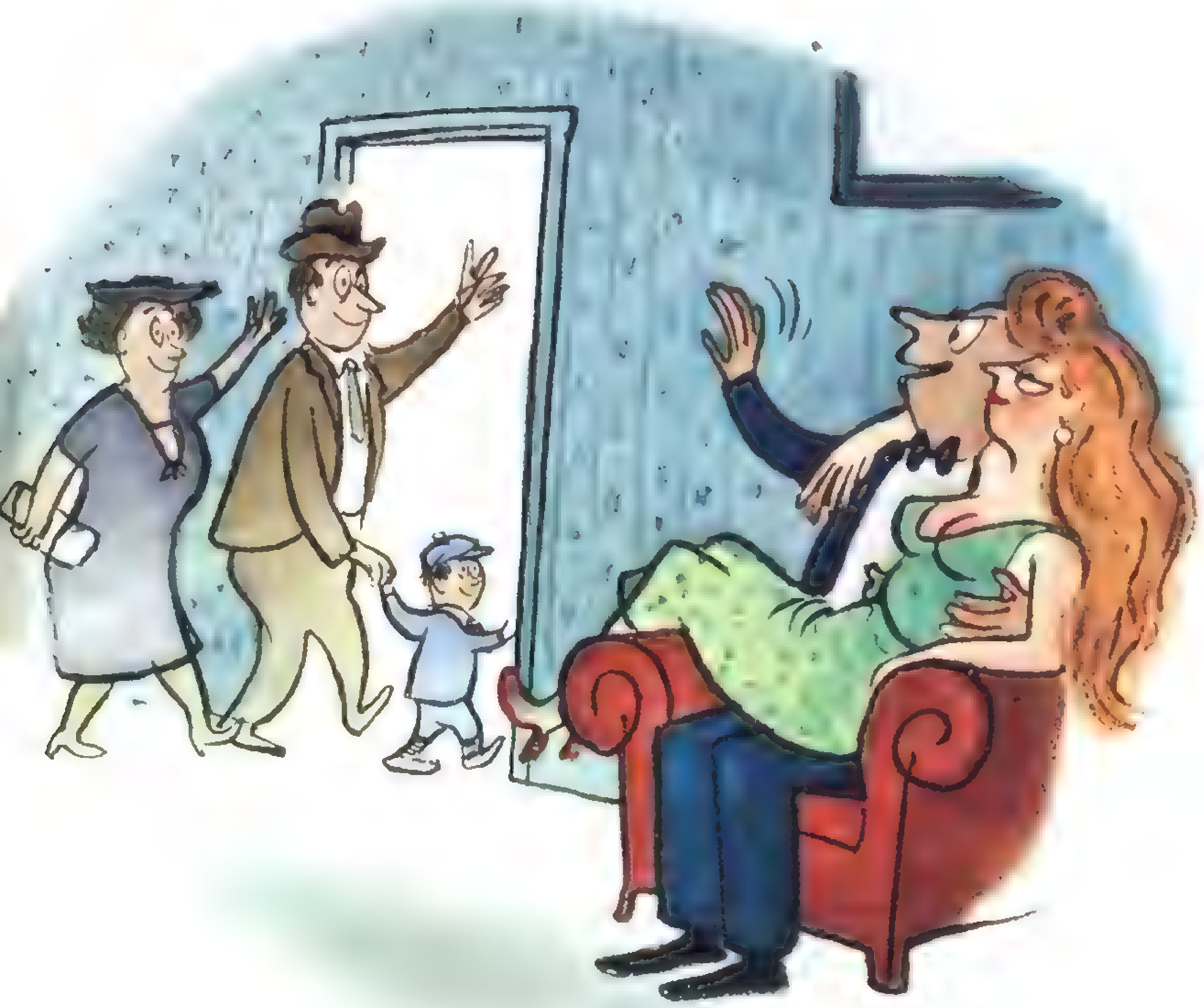
DRAWINGS BY SAM COBEAN



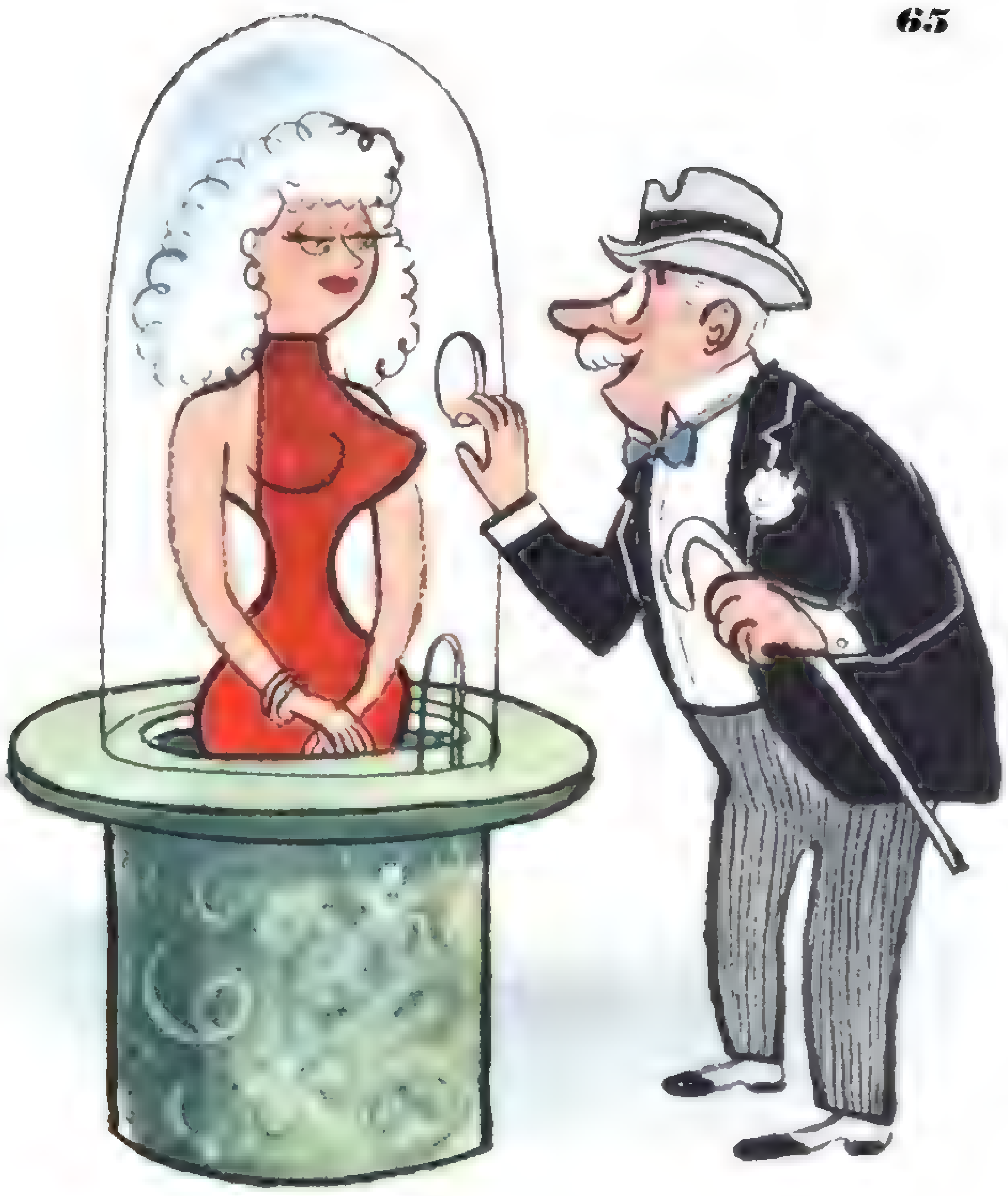
Front-Row Picasso Pictures: Never should these people be denied the joys of seeing their favorite movies the way they want them. First row center to first row side the wonderful distortions are endless and Lana and Hedy can sit on your lap for a couple of hours



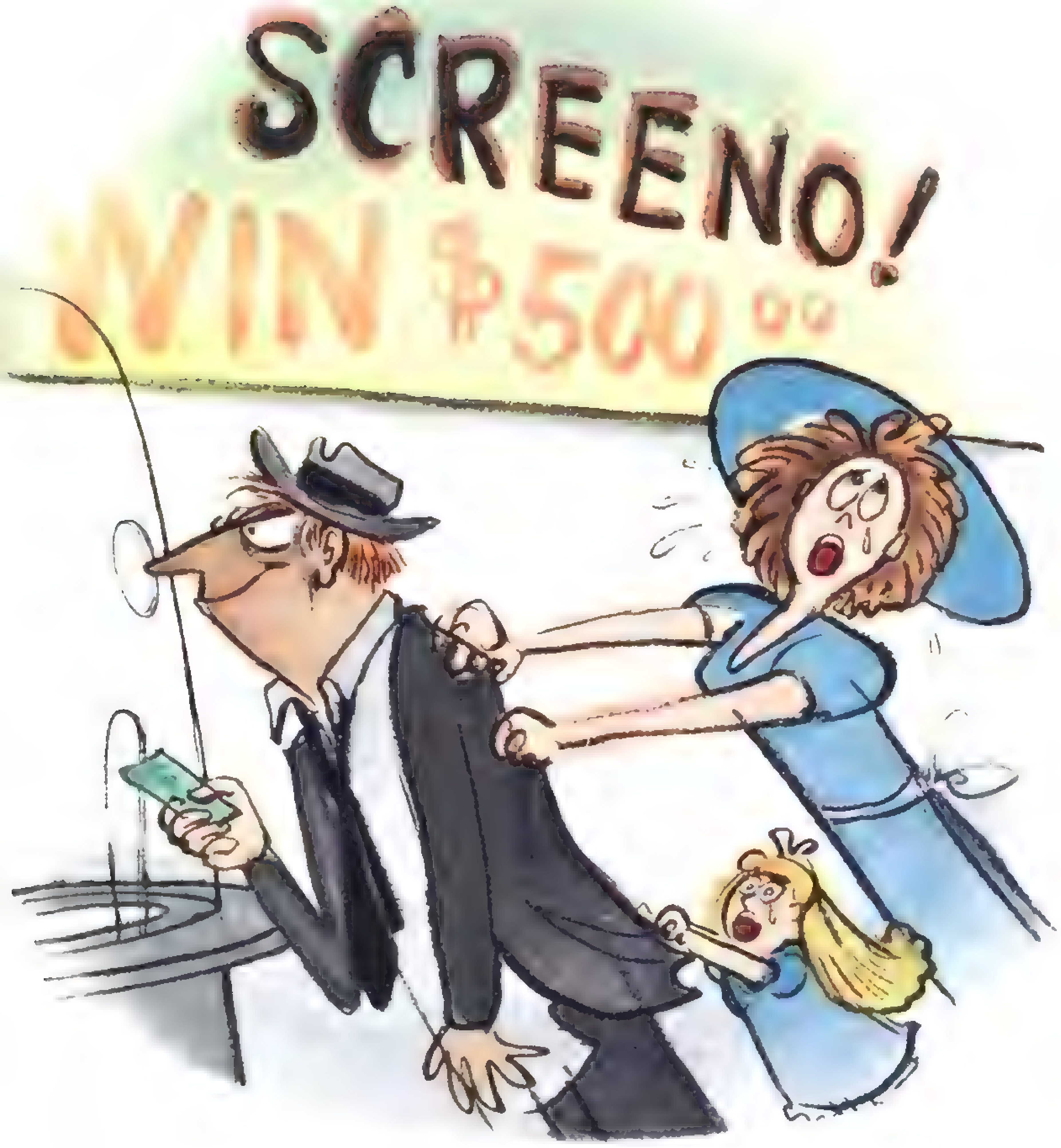
Oops! But the pleasure is all yours. The search for a vacant cushion in a darkened theatre has started many a charming friendship. It is here in the dim light that many a plot begins that rivals the one on the screen



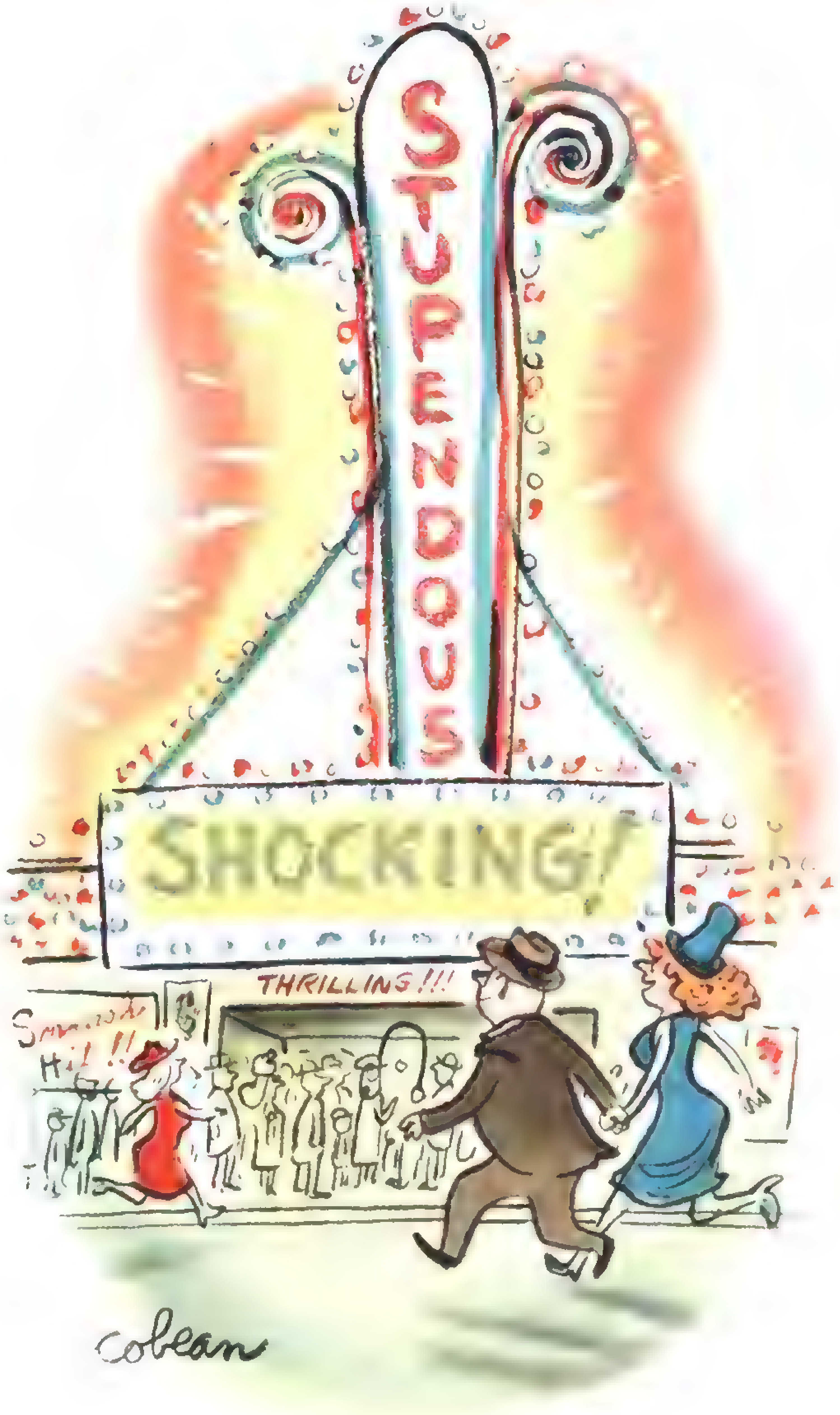
"Have A Good Time": The movies—the perfect answer for the perfect evening



Box-Office Beauties: Like orchids in cellophane boxes, these lovelies compete with the stars. No matinee is complete without a little flirtation through the window in the glass. (Why must they cut them so small?)



El Dorado! A fortune awaits you every week! Your number may be up tonight! Television can give away its fur coats, refrigerators, and automobiles, but nothing can match the pulse-pounding thrill of the spinning wheel!


STUPENDOUS
SHOCKING!
THRILLING!!!
Smash Hit!!
cobean

Super Colossal!!! No, they can never take away the eighty million light bulbs, the neon, the gold-braided doormen, sensational advertisements, gaudy lobbies, and the smash hits always coming next week. This is what makes Saturday night, SATURDAY NIGHT to millions!

Hottest Thing in Show Business

Something new in the American theatre has come in like the March winds as a young man with a soft voice and a sense of humor gives us comedy ballet

An Article by

LEE ROGOW

The hottest thing in show business since the Iroquois Theatre fire is Jerome Robbins, son of a Weehawken, New Jersey, corset manufacturer. Robbins is a puckish dance director who has given a transfusion of red corpuscles to the once delicate art of the ballet.

Until Robbins started creating routines for ballet companies and the Broadway stage the classical dance was largely a dish for culture vultures. Though most of the leading toe-twiddlers were as American as George M. Cohan, the repertory, the language, and the music were imported from the Continent. The boys and girls in tights had to command a vocabulary of at least one hundred French words before they knew what the hell the dance director was telling them to do with their feet. The stories of the dances were largely devoted to princes and swans, emirs and eunuchs, snowdrops and sheaves of wheat. The only giggles around a ballet emporium were to be found in the program notes, which featured such declarations as: "A group of raindrops now enter and circle around the princess, symbolizing the tears she is weeping because a wicked fairy has changed her prince into a tree."

Jerome Robbins' effect on this sterile and stylized tradition may be likened to that produced by a tough guy walking into a snooty cocktail lounge and shooting the lights out. Though Robbins' apprenticeship was served under Slavic and Gallic masters, his approach to dance-story material is as American as Bret Harte. He has yet to introduce a dancing snowflake. "Fancy Free," the first of his creations performed by the Ballet Theatre, had to do with three sailors on leave looking for dames. He can jabber of *pas-de-bourrée* and *sison* like a Czarist dancing master, but he is just as likely to startle his classically trained ensembles by saying, "Now in this part I want you to walk across the stage like football players." Robbins, along with Agnes de Mille, who choreographed *Oklahoma!* has so firmly established an American spirit in the ballet that a performer who used to be listed in programs as Marc Platoff has gone back to calling himself Marc Platt.

In addition to knocking off artificial "skis" and "ovitches" from dancers' names, Robbins has brought other innovations to the chintzy ballet form. Two of these are the belly laugh and the biological urge. In the traditional footlight fandango, when the boy has a lech for a girl, he signifies this by leaping into the air, fluttering his calves together, and undulating his arms appealingly in the direction of the lady. In such Robbins products as The Sleep-walking Ballet in *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*, the operation of the libido is illustrated somewhat more vividly; i.e., the boy chases the girl across the stage.

In the field of humor, the ballet was previously concerned with tithamatittas, or tiny chuckles, rather than yopchadabopchas, or belly laughs, to use a distinction invented by the late gag writer David Freedman. Robbins gave some indication of his future attention to the yopchadabopcha in his first important featured role as a dancer with the Ballet Theatre. Playing the part of Hermes in "Helen of Troy," he nearly made the conductor miss a beat at the opening performance when he walked onstage munching an apple. As a choreographer, Robbins has invented such yopchadabopchas as the French bedroom-farce dance in *Look, Ma* in which at one point an apache dancer enters and gives Nancy Walker a menacing swipe. Nancy swipes back. The apache dancer flees. A moment later he returns with assistance in the shape of four more identically clad apache dancers. In the show-stopping Mack Sennett bathing-beach ballet of *High Button Shoes*, Robbins has not only given his audience old-fashioned bathing girls in funny suits, a mustachioed villain, and half-a-dozen pratt-falling Keystone cops, but has generously thrown in a full-size gorilla.

A swan-satiated dance public has taken to the Robbins inventions like a kid to bubble gum. In the four years since the première of "Fancy Free," Robbins has choreographed four Broadway shows and five ballet scenarios, a total of nine hits for nine trips to the plate. On Broadway he gets to see new musical comedy scripts almost as soon as the Copyright Division of the Library of Congress. Several movie companies have offered him several kings' ransoms to go out to Hollywood and make pictures. He is currently ensconced in a Park Avenue apartment, the features of which include a bedroom done in red billiard cloth and a Brussels griffon pooch that looks like a toy monster. He has been painted in oil at least once—the picture hangs in the billiard-cloth bedroom—and several other artists are mixing pigments against the time when he will be sufficiently free of other duties to sit for them. His miscellaneous public honors range from a moody photograph in *Vogue*, a slick fashion magazine, to a plaque from New York's Roseland Ballroom acclaiming him as "Tops in Terpischore" (Roseland's spelling). George Abbott, the theatre's Number One musical comedy director and producer, who has been associated with Robbins in all four of his Broadway shows, humbly signed one memo to the wonder boy, "Your assistant, Abbott."

The center of all this hooraw is an intense young man who was thirty years old on October 11 and who weighs 135 with two doorknobs in his pockets. Balding prematurely, he has been de- (*Continued on page 125*)

"Shall I wet my lips?"

Jerome Robbins, Esq. →

The man standing with one foot on the ladder is known to more than just people in the theatre. He is the innovator, designer, dreamer-upper and deliverer of the hottest thing in the American theatre—Ballet: American Style. The ladder, incidentally, may be more symbolic than the photographer had any idea of, for Robbins has been turning the proverbial career ladder into a high-speed escalator. His success story was not any easier than Horatio Alger's, but, now that his name and work have become a Broadway household sound, he admits it's been fun. Why not?

PHOTOGRAPH BY EILEEN DARBY

Victor Kalin

Myra Lyran: "A man has some pic
of me. Unflattering ones." (And she
willing to do anything to get them b

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR

e *Ritchis:* "I just
ew a dame had given
e a quick shove into a
lice test tube. And it
sn't my kind of fun."

Lt. Bell: "Don't get smart with me. I just look like a pushover." Steady grey eyes were the tip-off he meant it.

Cloak Across the Blood

She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, that day at the pool, and how was he to know that before it was all over he would be squirming out of a murder rap?

A Bedside Mystery by JAMES WEST

I WON'T say she had the only one. Or that you've never seen one like it before. But I wouldn't want to jump into Lake Michigan in mid-December and stay there until another one like it came by. And all of it held together by a brief bathing attire of shiny stainless-steel beads that glistened in the sun.

She had walked by me as though I wasn't there and placed herself on the edge of the pool near the low diving board. Being of a clinical nature, I made a thorough study of her, aspiring to a more advanced course at some future time. Her smooth black hair hung down, touching a cinnamon-colored shoulder. She tossed her head to one side, and, as if on cue, I made myself known. "I've been watching you for days," I said, being completely honest.

"That's quite a trick," she said. "I was in New York until last night."

And this was California.

"Maybe I'd better go out and come in again," I said.

"Stay with it. You're doing well. Just don't try too hard."

"Well, it was a dull start," I said. "I might do better with a drink. How about you?"

"I can't lose there."

So we sat down in a couple of beach chairs near the semicircular glass-encased lounge, and I ordered two Whiskey Sours, which seemed like the thing at three-thirty p.m. in the gold-encrusted atmosphere of the Miramar Crest Beach Club. Then I looked at her in the chair next to me, and she fanned out in front of me like a trayful of cream-filled chocolates in front of a wide-eyed kid of five. So I just looked and said, "I'm Joe Ritchis." Still looking.

"I'm Myra Lyran," she said. "And I have a face, too."

I swung the level of my gaze about ten inches higher. "To be sure," I said, giving the face my undivided attention as a pair of delicious blue eyes played carelessly on mine. "And a lovely one. And why didn't it show up sooner? And what brings it here now?"

"Do you want my social-security number, too?"

"Didn't think you had one." My eyes wandered some more, like a couple of kleptomaniacs turned loose in Tiffany's. Then I brought them back to her face and said, "Just admiring your sun tan."

She smiled one of those luscious, closed-mouth smiles, where a highly biteable lower lip sticks out slightly. "I'm not shy."

"That's what I figured," I told her.

"You haven't had time to figure," she said.

"Instinct," I said.

"Oh."

"Usually very accurate."

"So are weather reports. They miss, too."

"Not this time."

"Sounds like famous last words."

I turned a palm upward with a slight shrug. "Why should it? Unless you've already learned to hate me."

"Give me time."

"You're a flippant rascal," I said. Then, "What brings you to our sun-poisoned shores?"

"I'm a native."

"What's that? Someone who comes from Iowa?"

"I was born in Glendale. Can you say as much?"

"Not at the moment. What else?"

"What do you want for one Whiskey Sour?"

Just then our drinks were delivered to us. We both sipped them and I said, "What can I get?"

"You'll probably wind up with eyestrain."

"I'm the eager type. How about dinner?"

"What are you? A bored playboy?"

"I just get hungry every so often. How about dinner?"

(*Continued on next page*)

"You said that twice," she reminded me. "And twice you didn't answer."

So she answered. A great big gorgeous bunch of mundane woman with about twenty-six years behind her. She was no surprise package and she wasn't trying to act like one. But I had to ask twice before she answered. And that was how it started.

I picked her up at about eight at the High Towers where she was staying. It still looked good. Perhaps even better. This time it was encased in something semiformal and velvety, with a wide gold belt around the middle. And though there was much less exposure from the thigh down, due to the new look which I decry, I didn't have too much cause for complaint. The cinnamon-colored slope starting gently at her neck was still of the décor. Not an inch less than it had been at the Miramar Crest that afternoon—and what a declivity it was. I'm not trying to sound fancy. That's just a good way to talk about it and keep from sounding vulgar.

My convertible was a light pistachio-green, with a creamy-tan top, a half tone off the color of her skin. We drove with the top down in the general direction of Malibu. Afternoon and evening passed each other in the revolving door of sunset, as one went out and the other came in, and we drove along in a dim sort of apricot glow. Before we got to Dario's for dinner, she pumped me a little and I told her that my father had made all his money by the grace of oil wells and I had made mine by the grace of inheritance. She had just got around to asking me, in a glib tone of voice, about my hobbies, and I had just got around to saying with a leer, "Guess," when we reached Dario's.

We ordered Martinis and she said, "Well, what do you do when you're not smirking?"

"When I'm not smirking, I'm working. Not hard. But working."

"At what?"

"Anything that happens along that I think I'll like."

"For instance?"

"Last job I had was judging the Miss Avocado contest."

"Sounds tough."

"I made certain sacrifices," I said. "Now how about you?"

"Let's say I'm a night-club singer."

"All right, let's say it. Then what?"

"Can you be trusted?"

"No."

She leaned a little closer to me and I could smell her and the happy knockout drops she was wearing. It was the kind of stuff that makes friends fast. "I'm in trouble," she said. And she wasn't clowning, so I stopped clowning, too.

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"The bad kind. I wouldn't tell you, except you said you'd do anything that comes along, provided it's interesting."

"What's it all about? And what do I have to do?"

"A man has some pictures of me."

"What kind?"

"Unflattering. I got a little tight one night and—well . . ."

"Where?"

"In Hollywood."

"When?"

"About three months ago."

"Go on."

"It was at a party. Names aren't too important. Next thing I knew I had a set of eight-by-ten glossy copies delivered to me by special messenger."

"And?"

"He wants to know if I'd like to buy the negatives at a little over cost."

"Who's *he*?"

"Mike Talland."

"The guy that owns the Pink Parrot?"

"The same."

"How much?"

"Fifty thousand."

I started to whistle, but it never came out. "Okay. So?"

"I need a go-between."

"That's me, huh?" I said.

She nodded. "Unless you don't want . . ."

"You got the money?"

"Not all of it. That's what I want you to talk to Talland about. I have thirty thousand. It's all I can raise. I want him to give me the negatives."

I looked at her. "And then you can't be sure," I said. "What happens if you don't buy them?"

"He'll send copies out. He has a big mailing list."

"Of who?"

"My family." And she hesitated.

"Yeah," I said. "And who else?"

She gave me those eyes and said, "My husband."

I made a slightly wry face. "Uh-huh. That's nice to know about."

"We're separated. Divorce pending. It wouldn't look pretty in court."

"Easy to understand."

"Will you do it?" she asked suddenly. "Will you buy the negatives for me?"

"Why can't *you* do it?"

"I think you might be able to handle it better."

"What makes you think so?"

She didn't answer. She just threw a lot of naughty girl out of the corner of her eye—which set me to chewing on a couple of wild ideas.

"I don't know," I said after a moment. "It's kind of risky. And you never know what you're buying with these things." I looked at her from the line of the table top up and knew she was leading me. I also knew I would follow. "Fill in some details. Where's your family?" I said.

"New York."

"Thought you were a native."

"I am. We moved to New York about ten years ago."

"Your husband?"

"New York."

I offered her a cigarette and lit one for myself. "Nasty boy, Mr. Talland," I said.

"No good. Clear through."

"How do you know him?"

"I worked at the Parrot about three years back."

"Singing?"

"Yes."

"I missed your act, though I don't know how." Then I said, "All right. What else?"

"He wired me in New York yesterday, telling me to call him as soon as I got to L.A."

"Have you?"

"No. I was going to . . . from the Miramar Crest, this afternoon."

"I stopped you?"

"I got an idea," she said quietly.

"Okay. Go on."

"You can reach him at home up to eleven o'clock. He never goes to the club until then."

"When?"

"Tonight."

"That spoils everything," I said with a sigh, looking into her eyes. She knew what I meant and said, "It won't take long. I'll be waiting for you." And this in a tone of voice that made my stomach jump up and click its heels. I knew I had bought myself something from that moment on. I didn't know for sure just what. But I knew I wouldn't be bored.

"Don't call him. Just go out there. His place is in Westwood. South Beverly Glen." She wrote the address on a piece of paper with her eyebrow pencil and handed it to me. "Tell him it's all I can lay my hands on. And it has to be that or nothing."

"What if he says no?"

She didn't answer for a moment, and I said, "Okay. Never mind. Where will you be?"

"At my apartment."

I nodded. "I'll see you there?"

"I'll be there."

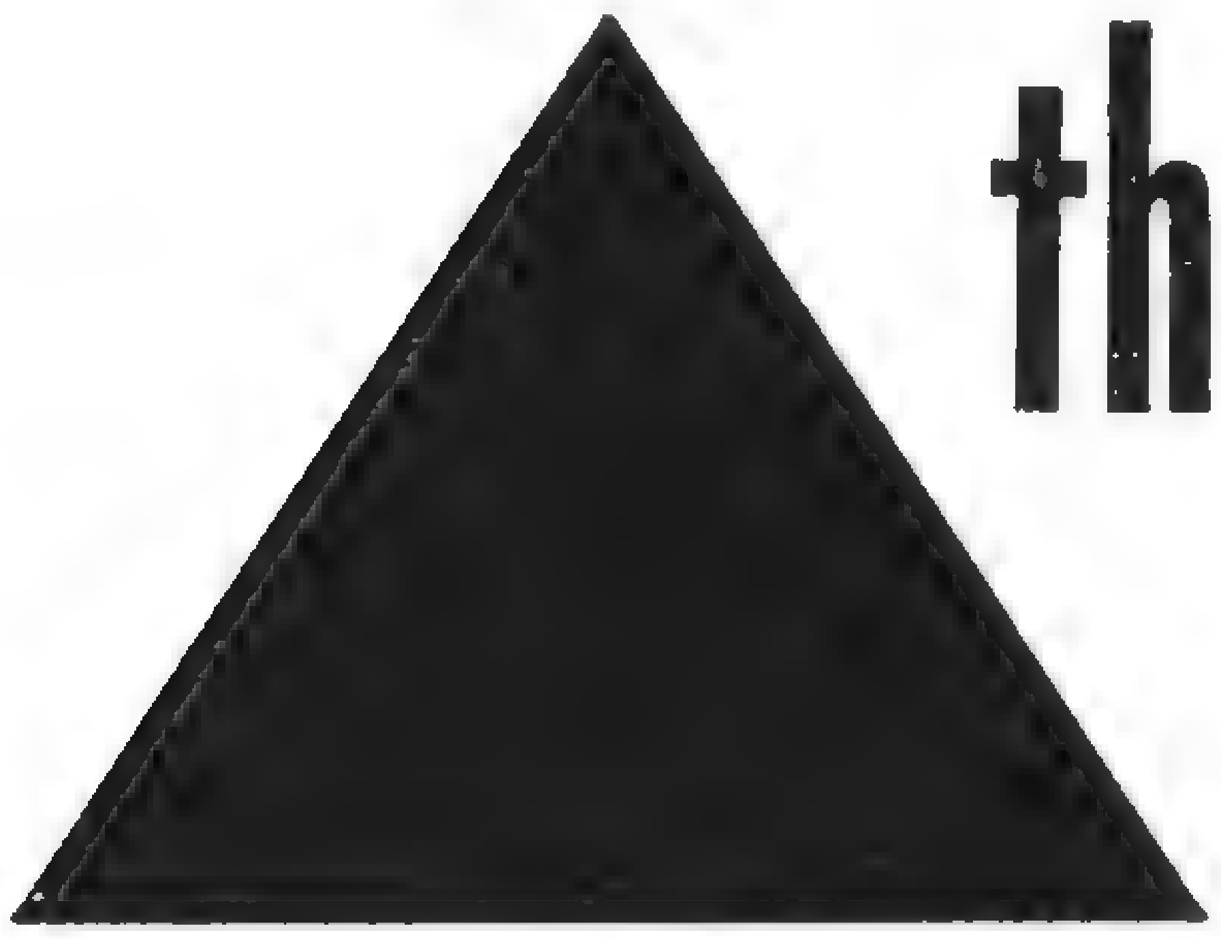
So we ordered dinner, ate it, and left Dario's. In the car she handed me an envelope. It was thick—as thick as thirty thousand dollars would make it. I drove her back to the High Towers, then I proceeded to call on Mr. Mike Talland.

I got there at about ten-fifteen and park in front of the house. It was a low-slung, one-story affair with a one-step porch sporting a graceful colonial-type column at either end. There were no lights on, and the house was built back from the sidewalk. There were no other houses on that block.

I rang the front bell, lit a cigarette, and waited. Then I waited some more, rang the bell again, and crushed the cigarette under my shoe. I saw no future in standing there, so I walked around to the side of the house where a squad of French doors looking like the entrance to the auditorium of an ultra-modernistic

(*Continued on page 141*)

DUCK
Kovarsky



the Bold Look "Go-With"

THE QUESTION that men most frequently ask of fashion is "What goes with . . . ?" And in that respect "the Bold Look go-with" is a phrase that's becoming as well-known and as expressive as "the know-how."

For "go-with" is one of the requisites of the Bold Look — it puts the square pegs in the square holes, the round pegs in the round holes. Every Bold Look item is designed to "go-with" something else; each accessory is planned so that it bears a relationship to the rest of the outfit, and therefore to the over-all appearance that a man makes.

It is, in fact, the first coordinated, organized program whereby a man can go into a store and find an outfit already assembled for him; an outfit suited to him; an outfit that expresses for him the bold, dominant, forceful qualities that he himself possesses and that he wants to display to the world.

It's a program that involves the leading American designers, manufacturers and retailers — a program in which, for the *first* time, they all worked together to provide today's American men with clothing and accessories that are more than just suited to each other — but with clothing and accessories that *belong* with each other.

And it wasn't just chance or coincidence that brought about this new concept of clothing design and merchandising. It came about because the American man who is being served today wants it that way — because he *demands* it that way.

He's a new kind of man — this American of today. He's not the same easy-going, unconcerned chap that walked off to war a few years back. The war jerked him out of that complacency — made him realize for the first time that America's strength, America's leadership is *he* — the unit, the individual, the American man! And he intends never to forget that — and never to allow anyone else to forget it!

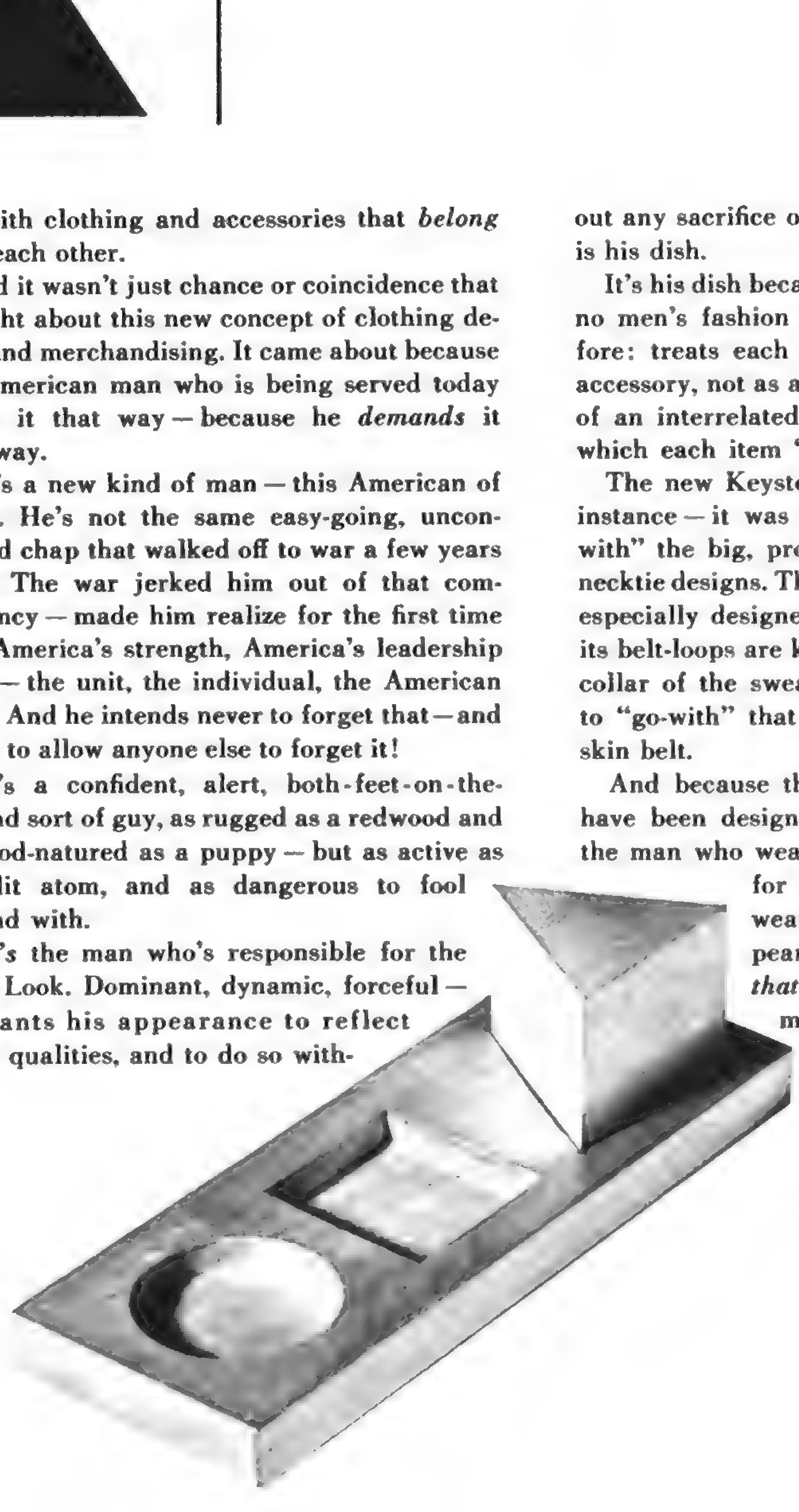
He's a confident, alert, both-feet-on-the-ground sort of guy, as rugged as a redwood and as good-natured as a puppy — but as active as a split atom, and as dangerous to fool around with.

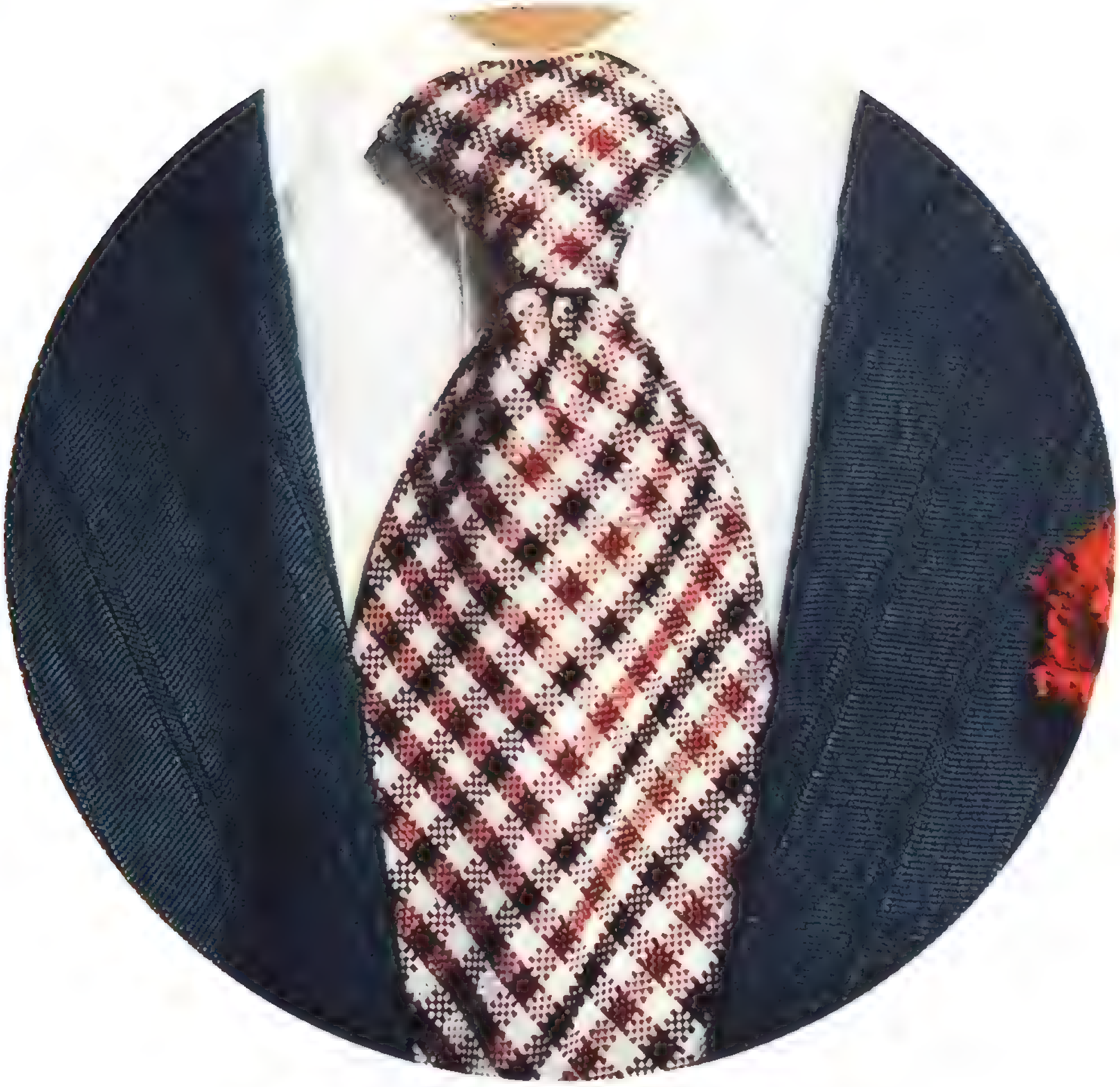
He's the man who's responsible for the Bold Look. Dominant, dynamic, forceful — he wants his appearance to reflect those qualities, and to do so without any sacrifice of good taste. The Bold Look is his dish.

It's his dish because the Bold Look does what no men's fashion program has ever done before: treats each piece of clothing and each accessory, not as a separate article, but as part of an interrelated ensemble; an ensemble in which each item "goes-with" the others.

The new Keystone sweater shown here, for instance — it was especially designed to "go-with" the big, prominent, colorful Bold Look necktie designs. The new Bold Look slacks were especially designed to "go-with" the sweater; its belt-loops are keystone-shaped to match the collar of the sweater, and they're extra wide to "go-with" that new, wide, Bold Look pigskin belt.

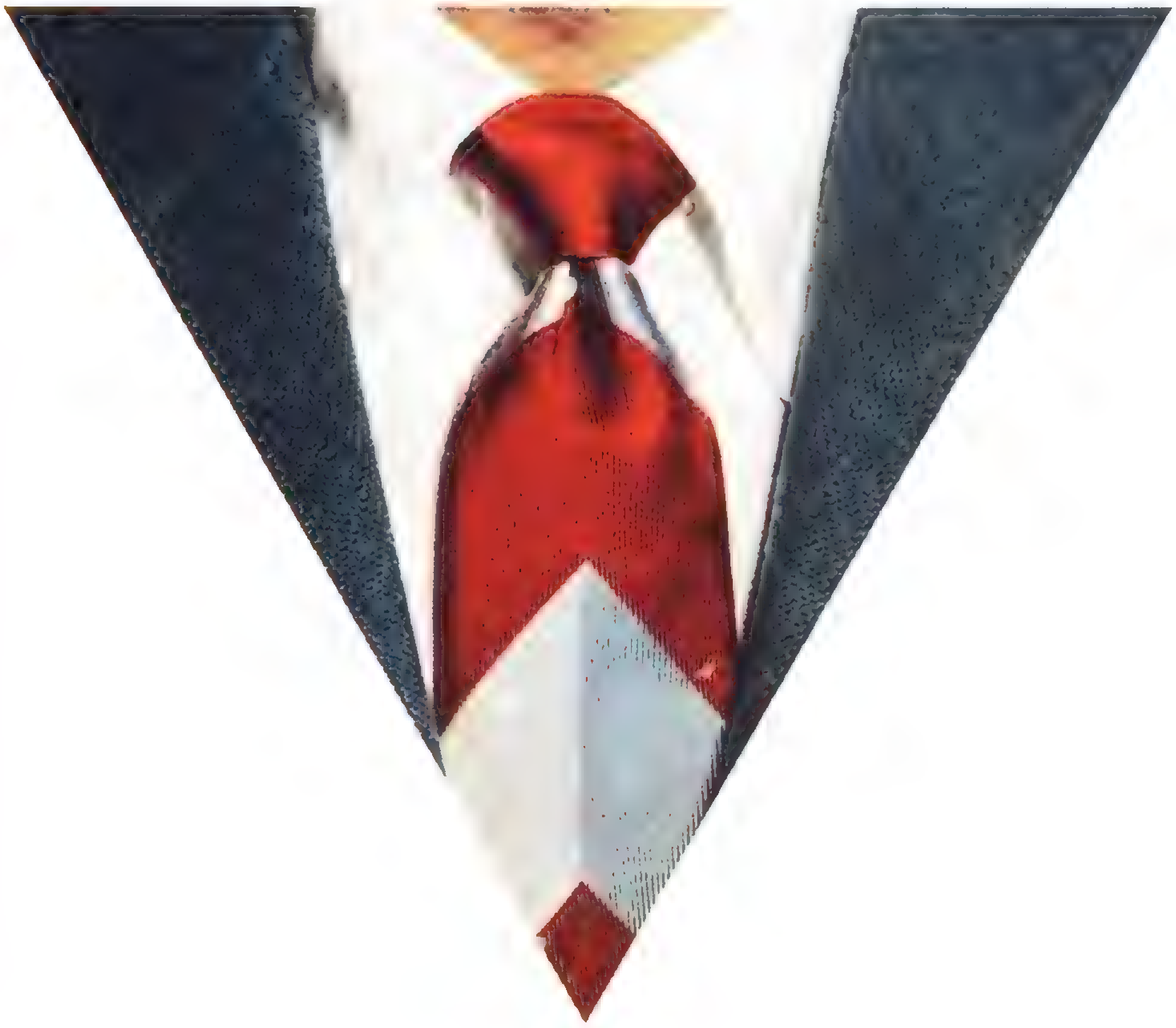
And because these new Bold Look clothes have been designed to "go-with" each other, the man who wears them will be noticed, not for a particular item that he's wearing, but for the over-all appearance that he makes. And *that's* the mark of a well-dressed man. That man "goes-with" the Bold Look.





fit to be tied......in a Windsor Knot!

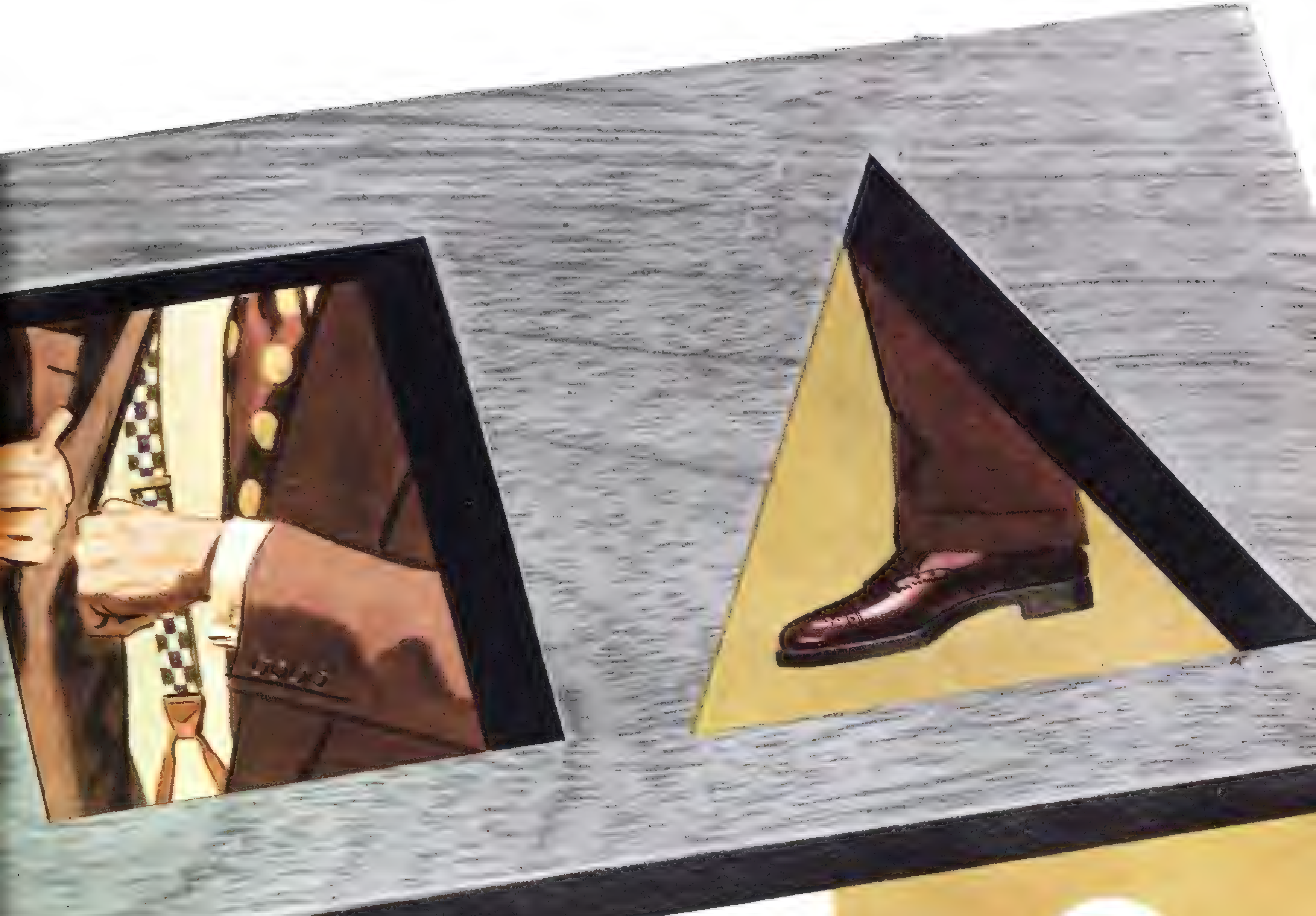
Big as a bulging biceps—and as formidable looking, the Titan stripe, this newest Bold Look necktie design, is shaped like a chevron—the mark of authority. And authoritative it is—it's a rep that "goes-with" the "Forward", the bold slope collar, or the button-down "Boxford" because it's scaled to the same powerful proportions; its stripes are 1¾" wide. And the Bold Check tie, shown here with the wide-spread "command collar" is a strong, positive necktie design that "goes-with" those masculine looking Bold Look shirts—it was expressly designed to do so. The caliber of those checks commands attention—and holds it!



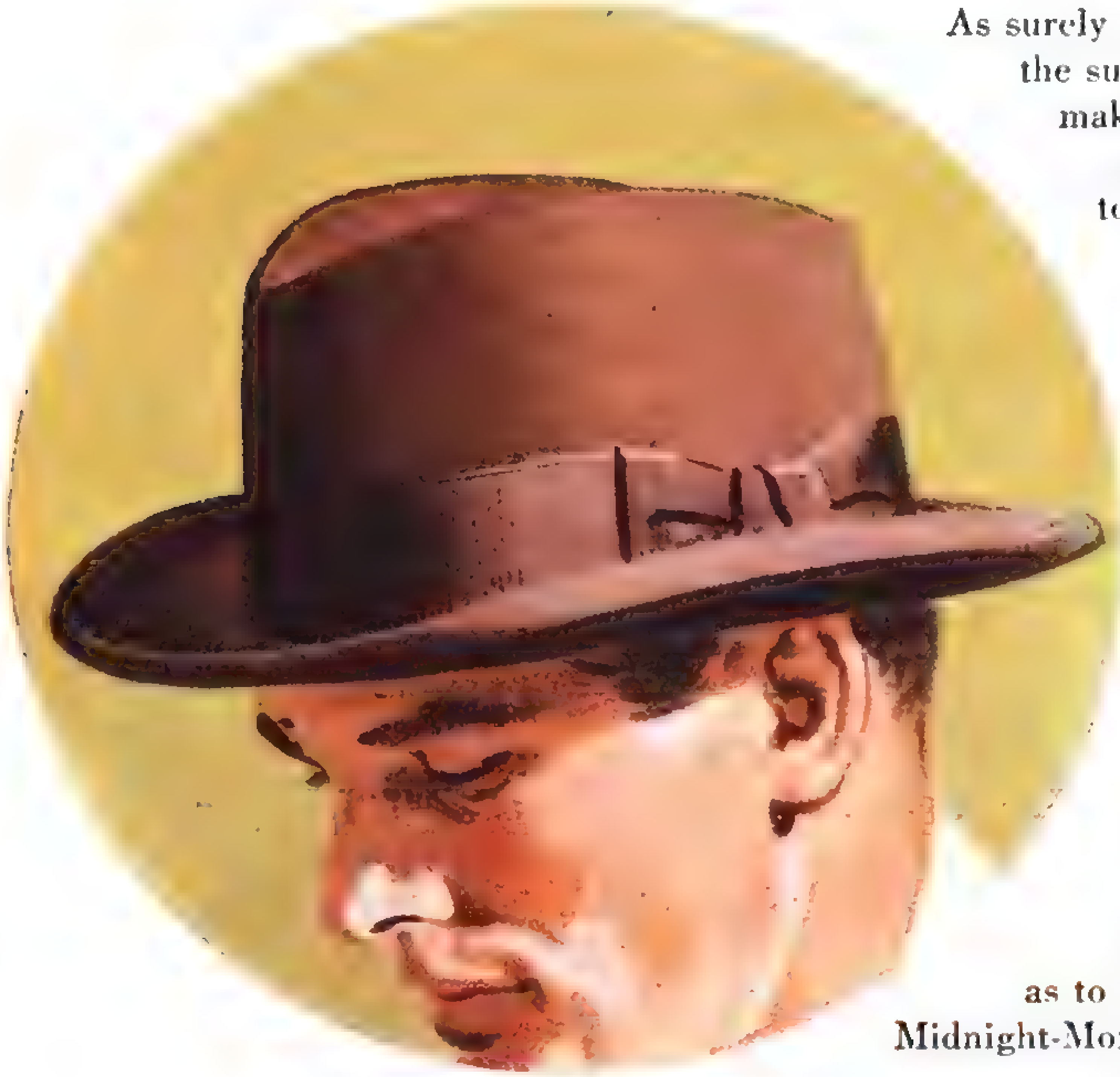
this Bold Look jewelry knows the ropes

Hefty looking as the hawsers on a yacht, and as impressive to see as the yacht itself—these newest Bold Look jewelry designs "go-with" the new Bold Look shirts and ties. The cuff links shown at the right are big metal discs, bold as bulls-eyes They're a half-inch in diameter with a rope-pattern border—they won't be overpowered by the wider French cuffs on the new Bold Look shirts. And that tie clasp is dominant enough to stand up against even the Titan stripe necktie; it's a half-inch wide bar with a rope-pattern border strung along each edge.

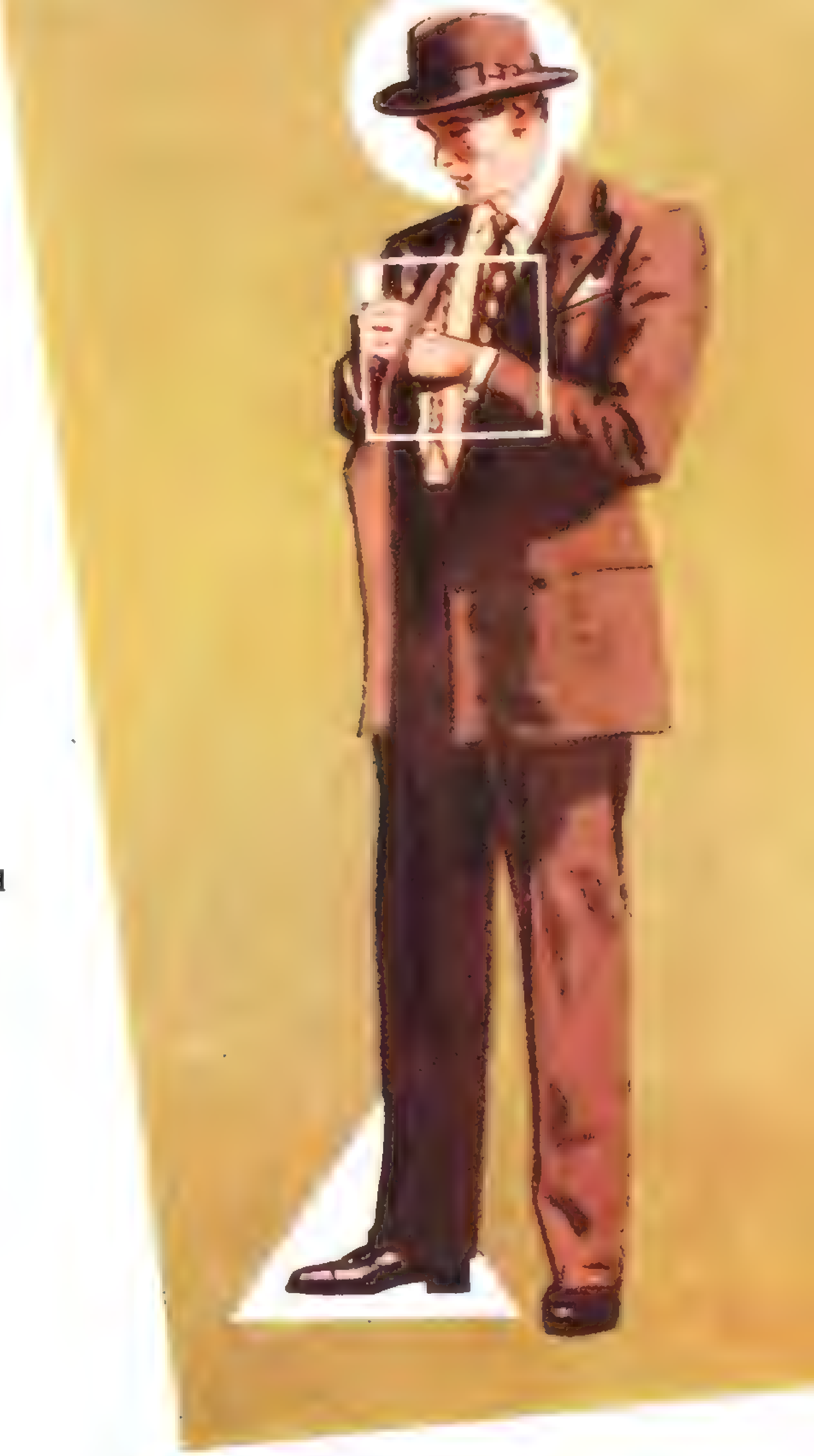
A variation of the rope design is shown below; loops of rope form the cuff links and the tie clasp—a virile looking set of jewelry that any man's man would want to wear. Big colored stones are mounted in a half-inch long oval settin in the links shown above with a heavy mesh rope chain that's keyed to the dominant, aggressive spirit of the Bold Look. Nothing incidental about these set—they're in good taste; they're important—they "go-with" the Bold Look.

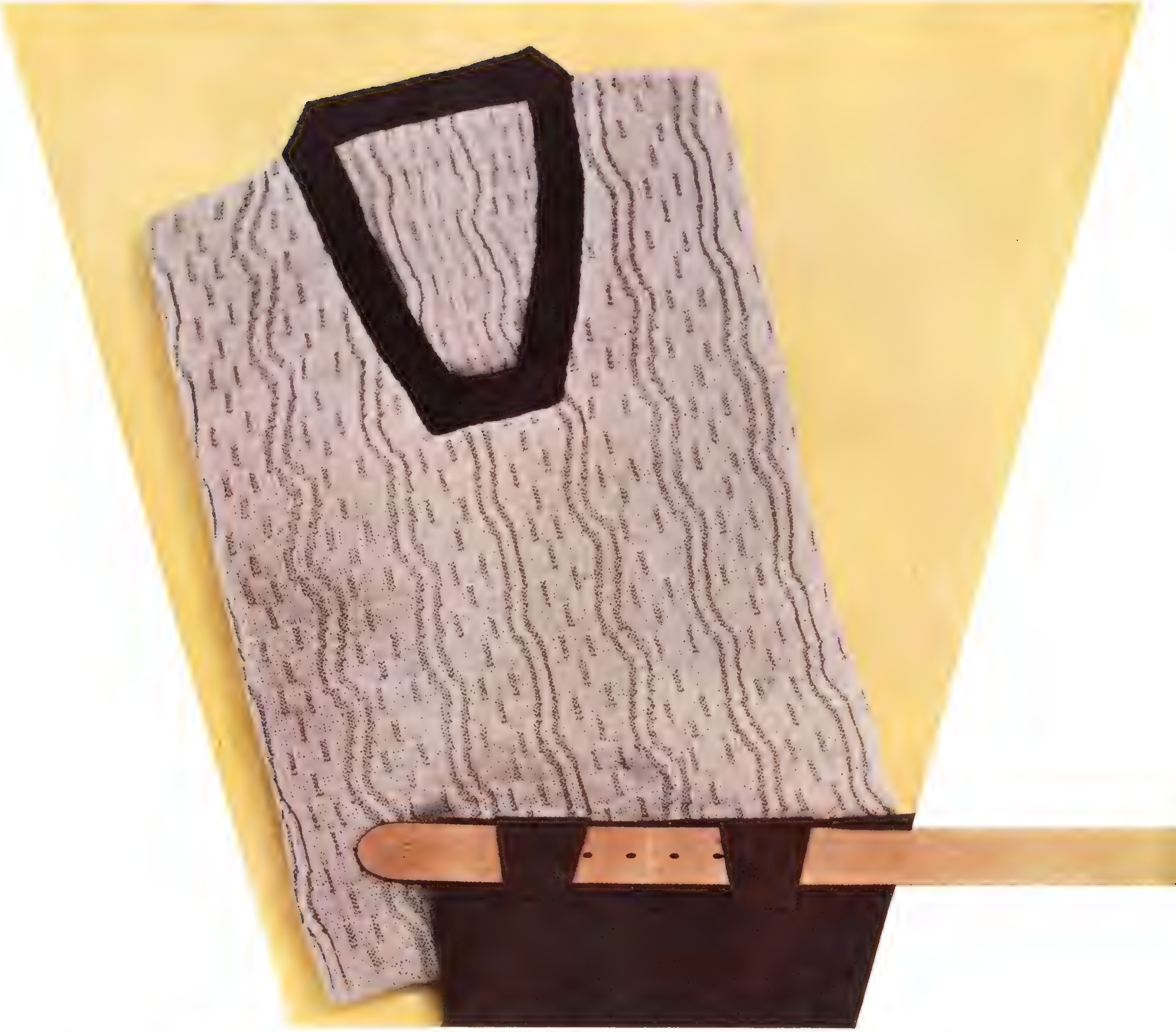


a man with connections...

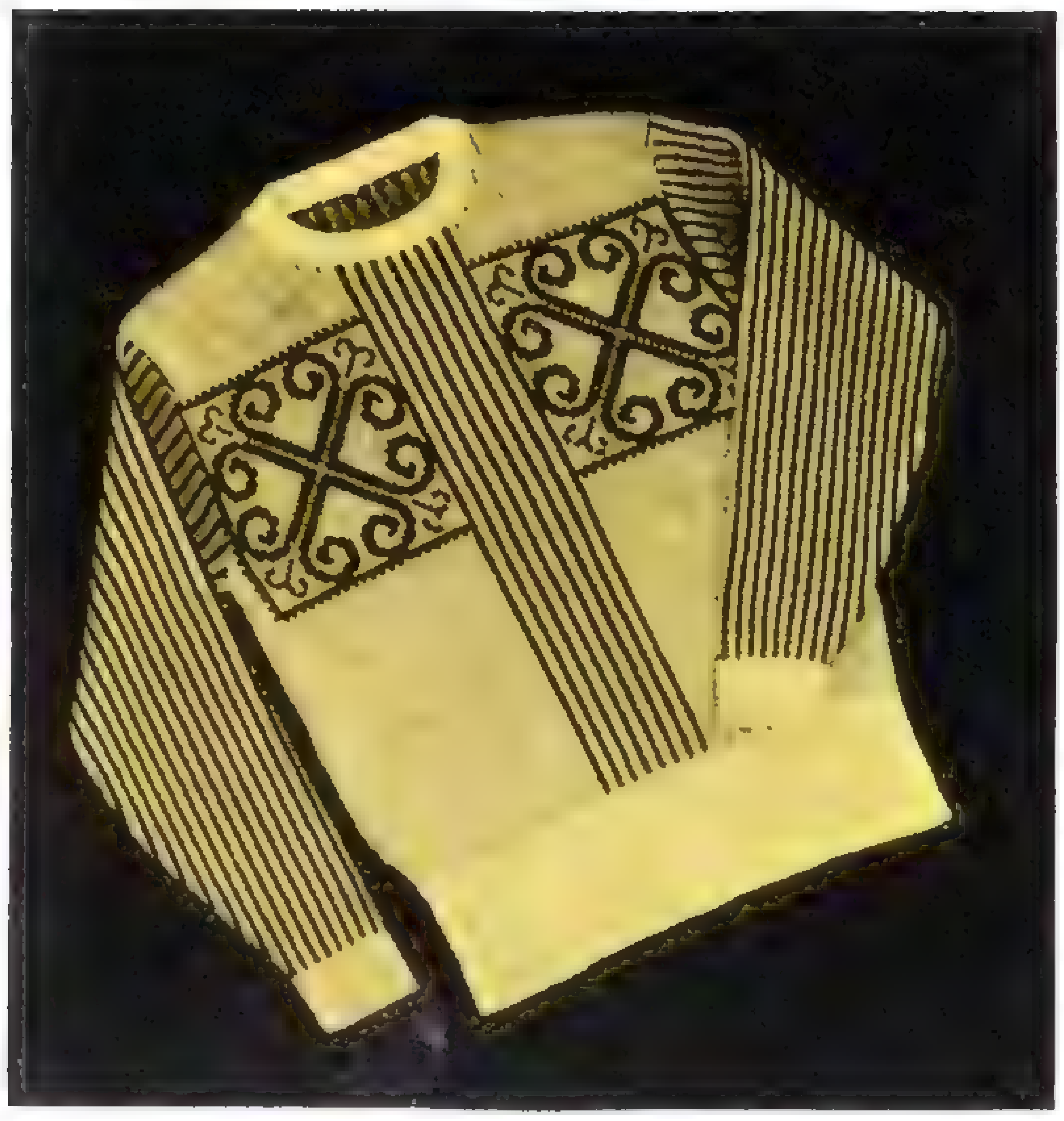


As surely as one and one make two, the sum of these clothes and accessories makes for a well-dressed man. Why? Because each item is connected to the others — because they "go-with" each other. The Walnut Brown worsted suit is the base; it's a full-strength brown, deep and dark. The same color will go to your head in a homburg hat; its clean shape "goes-with" any number of social and business occasions. The elastic braces are boldly checked in brown, maroon and grey; "connecting" the Ecorn color of the shirt to the Walnut Brown of the suit. And the brown is strengthened still further in the pliant but husky, thick-soled brogues — so dark as to be almost black; it's the new Midnight-Moroc color. And the soles themselves *are* black — a completely *new* development in men's shoes. Easy to see why a man with connections gets places!





this is the new Bold Look sweater with the Keystone neck



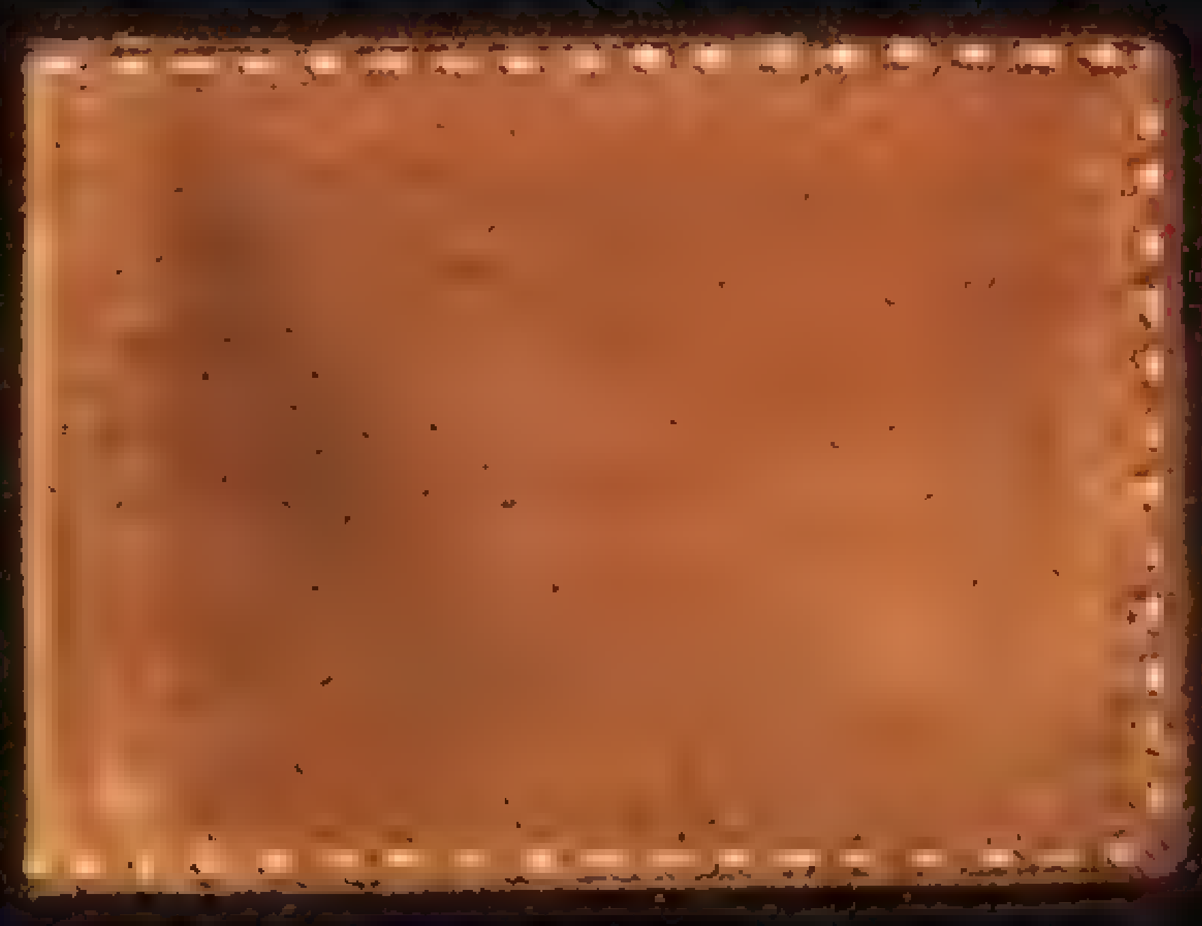
It's as new as a fin-tailed Cadillac—as different as modern design. Its opening is keystone-shaped; cut low and wide in the front to make your shirt look smarter — your collar and tie neater. If you want a sweater that gives you a broad-shouldered, deep-chested look, a sweater that does things for your face as well as for your figure — this is it! And examine carefully, please, the new Bold Look Keystone gabardine slacks — they're especially designed to "go-with" the new Keystone sweater. The loops are bigger, huskier, keystone-shaped—design-matched to the collar of the sweater. New? Yes! Impeccable good taste? Yes! That's the news in Bold Look sweaters and slacks for America's best dressed men.

The Arete — the new Bold Look sweater of ribbed wool is as rugged-looking as the Rockies. It's a sweater with more elasticity in the sleeves to increase the smoothness of your golf swing — to remove all constriction from the use of your arms in sports. The vertical sweep of its ribbing — the strong, bold chest designs add height and breadth to the man who wears it. It's new and as free as all outdoors.

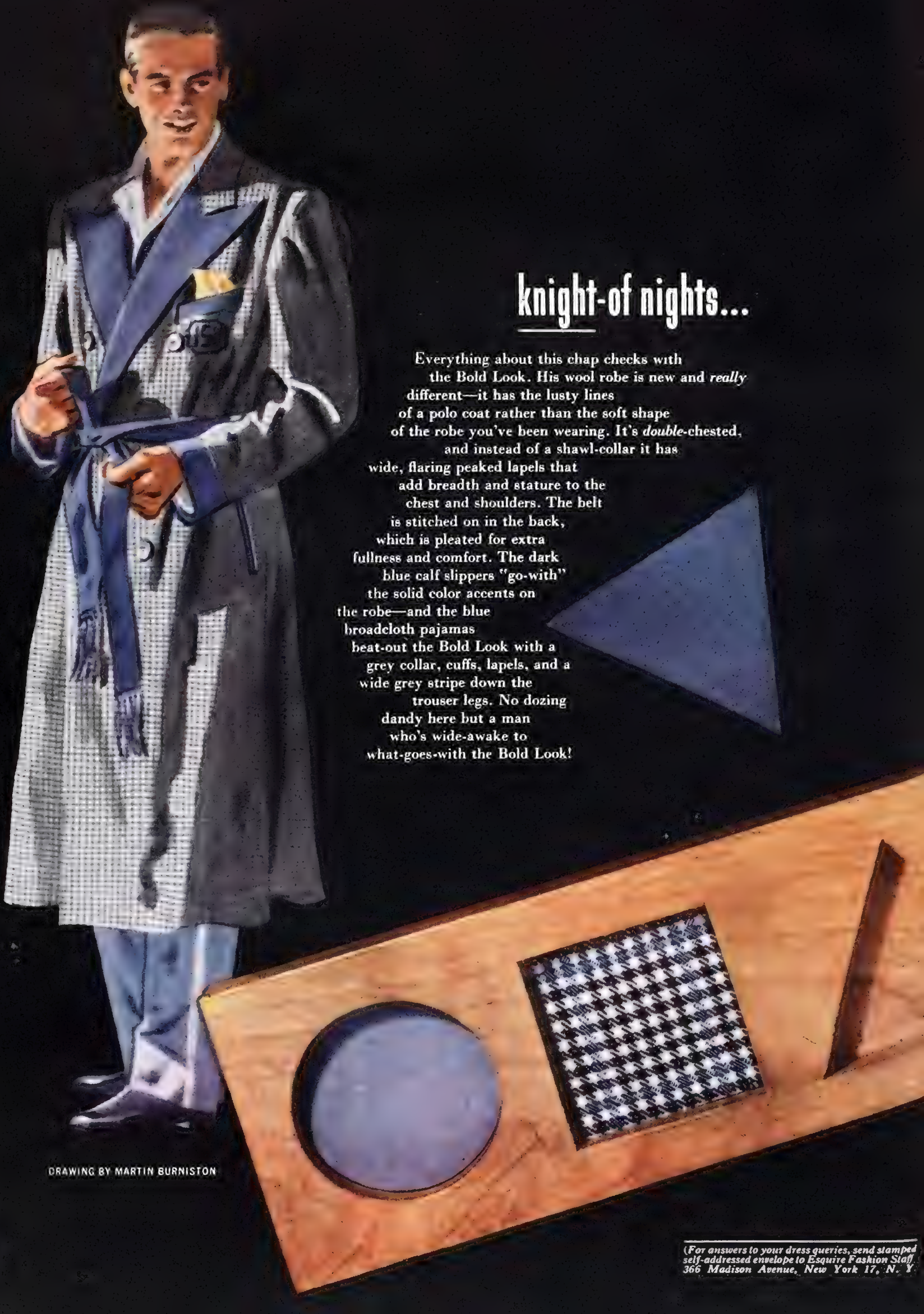
KODACHROMES BY ESQUI

this is your Bold Look in leather–Pigskin...

Pigskin is a man's leather—it's tough and strong and shows it! As sturdy as a steel girder—as practical as plastics—it belongs with the Bold Look. This belt, for instance—it's more than an inch wide, made to fit and to fit in with the husky, keystone-shaped loops on the slacks.



And sturdy and strong though those braces are, they're supple and comfortable around even the weariest shoulders. The pocket grooming kit contains toiletries and gear, compactly packed in a space-saving, boldly stitched pigskin case. Its senior partner, the pigskin traveling kit, is lined with waterproofed oilskin and has man-sized stitching along the zipped opening. The same heavy, accented stitching is repeated on the pigskin wallet—a *man's* idea of what a wallet should be: efficient and roomy. And that glove has the Bold Look well in hand; it's big and thick and brawny looking, with heavy strong stitching along its reverse welt seams. There's a fistful of the Bold Look for you!



DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

knight-of nights...

Everything about this chap checks with the Bold Look. His wool robe is new and *really* different—it has the lusty lines of a polo coat rather than the soft shape of the robe you've been wearing. It's *double*-chested, and instead of a shawl-collar it has wide, flaring peaked lapels that add breadth and stature to the chest and shoulders. The belt is stitched on in the back, which is pleated for extra fullness and comfort. The dark blue calf slippers "go-with" the solid color accents on the robe—and the blue broadcloth pajamas beat-out the Bold Look with a grey collar, cuffs, lapels, and a wide grey stripe down the trouser legs. No dozing dandy here but a man who's wide-awake to what-goes-with the Bold Look!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y

The Novel of Mr. Aurach

A man can have a dream—any dream—and if it doesn't come true a great deal can happen, as it does in this frighteningly lucid study of man and his frustration

A Story by

JOSEPH E. SHANER

Mr. Aurach was uncomfortably late in his thirties. The constant, dreadful knowledge of this obviously belabored him. His darting, excited eyes were like those of a man who has run to a railway station and, upon arrival, nervously inquires of everyone whether the train has gone or not. There was a tiredness about him; his stooped shoulders and his straggly, thinning hair, grey at the tips, conjoined to make him appear ten years older than he actually was.

But Mr. Aurach had a dream, a young man's dream, when he came to Olina's far reach of wild hills and range country. Why he chose this place I cannot say, but on the afternoon he arrived on the one-a-day bus from Billings, he told everyone around the Antler Hotel that he wanted solitude. Olina, heaven knows, could give a man that. It is the tiniest of tiny towns—a double row of houses and stores on the dismal Great Horn valley floor. But, as far as Mr. Aurach was concerned, Olina was a metropolis.

"No," he said. "I want to be positively alone. I want to go into the mountains and stay there five or six months. I am going to write a novel."

They sent for me then. I do a good deal of writing myself; and if Mr. Aurach was a writer, they thought, he would want to know me. A man who sits with a typewriter in front of him throughout the day is an undying cause for wonder hereabouts, and if there are *two* such strange creatures, this town naturally wants to pair them off.

"I have never sold anything I've written," Mr. Aurach said. "I wouldn't want anyone to believe I have, but what I'm doing now is something I've wanted badly since I was eighteen. I've saved and scrimped for this day. My wife and children are taken care of for at least a year, and now I'm going to put this story of mine on paper. But I've got to be away from everybody. I've got to be alone."

The stubbornness in the look about his mouth and eyes flickered away. "I don't care if anyone ever reads my book," he said. "I'm not that young any more. All I know is that if I don't write it now I'll be frustrated for the rest of my life."

I helped him find a place to work, a cabin at the edge of town. He tried it for a week and then gave up. "Too many distractions," he insisted. What the distractions could have been in that lonely place we couldn't guess; but it was clear he wanted the kind of solitude that can be found only in utter isolation.

Jeth Harris finally decided to turn his shack over to Mr. Aurach. Jeth's shack was five miles into the mountains from Burning Sun Canyon. The canyon itself is isolated enough—save in summer, when moose herds graze there. Mr. Aurach would be twenty miles from another human soul. And when the winter sets in, there would be absolutely no way for him to communicate with anyone else—or for anyone to communicate with him. He would, indeed, have all the solitude he craved.

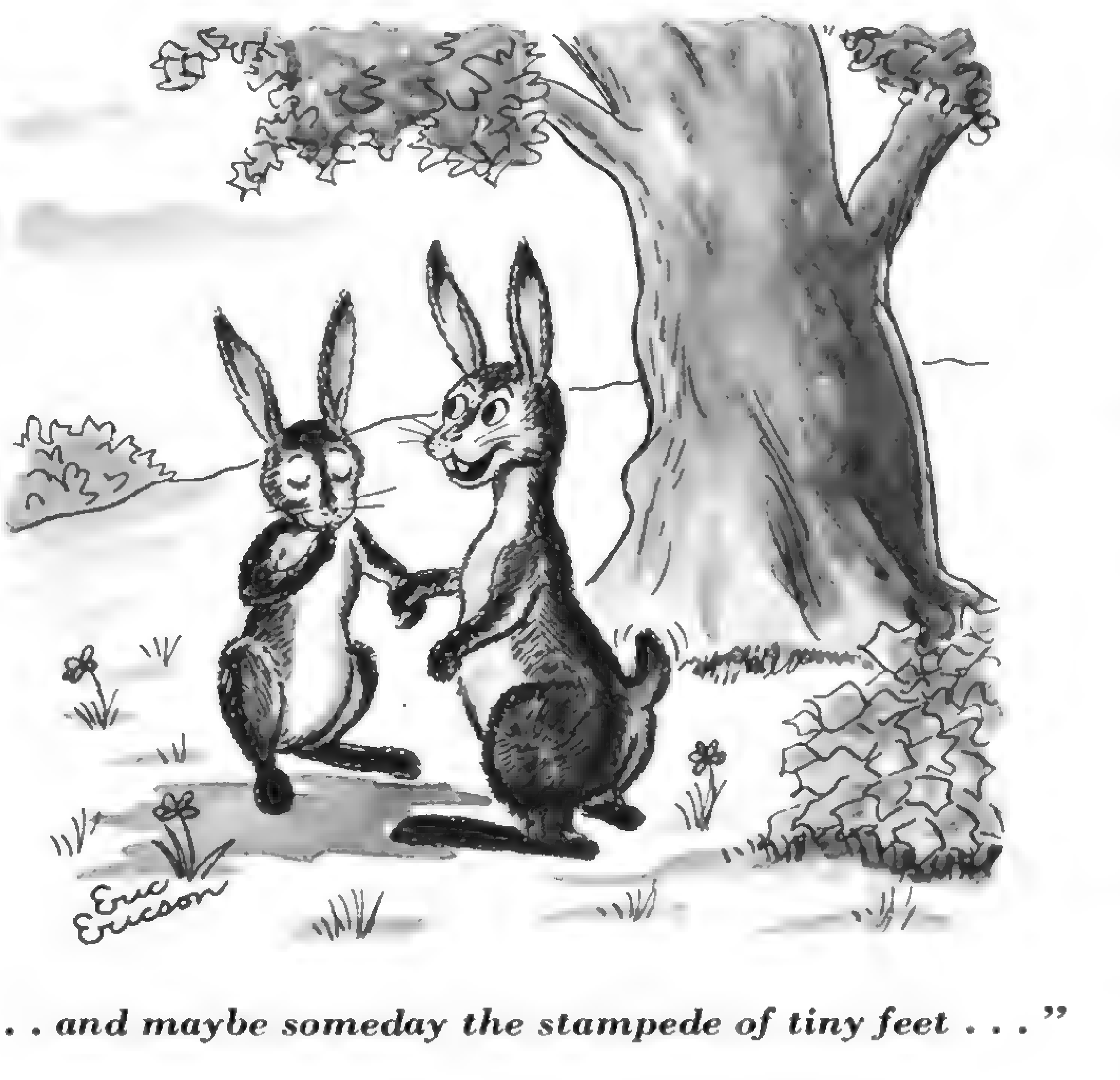
Jeth warned him. "It's snug enough there, but you'll be away from help and from company, which you might damned well need. You'll never freeze—there's enough wood to last a good year; and you won't starve if you'll carry grub enough out with you. But it'll be damned lonely."

"I know how to be alone," said Mr. Aurach.

We took him out there, using pack mules for his gear. Tom Faris, a cowpoke who hasn't been himself since a steer tromped him in the head when he was a boy, went along to help. Jeth sometimes lets Tom trap with him. "Just for the sight of another human being occasionally," Jeth says. Poor Tom wouldn't hurt a fly, but he has the mind of a very young child.

Snow had already fallen in the hills when we reached Jeth's shack. We camped overnight, for we wanted to see to it that Mr. Aurach had a full store of dry wood for his fires, oil for his lamps, and plenty to eat before we left. "You can cook?" Jeth asked. "Wait until morning," promised Mr. Aurach.

When he fed us, there was no doubt about it. He could cook like a professional. We all smacked our lips over a plentiful breakfast, and even poor Tom Faris smiled a plentiful smile of approbation. Mr. Aurach would do all right for himself, we felt certain.



"*. . . and maybe someday the stampede of tiny feet . . .*"

"You're on your own," Jeth said, as we were leaving. "We'll dig you out in seven or eight months—maybe in May or early in June." Jeth bit the end of his tongue as he gazed into Mr. Aurach's impatient face. "Don't let the shack out of your sight at any time, or you'll be lost," he cautioned.

"Thank you," said Mr. Aurach. "Don't worry about me. I've got my typewriter. That's all I need."

Tom Faris tramped along behind us. We didn't know then that he'd become so fascinated with three small, silver-topped boxes that Mr. Aurach had unpacked and set on a ramshackle shelf that he had slipped them into his mackinaw pocket.

It was June before Jeth and I went up to fetch Mr. Aurach back to civilization, as we so lightly refer to life in Olina. No smoke came from the shack as we approached. We quickened our pace, calling, "Mr. Aurach." Then we opened the door and burst in. The room was stale with too much living. Mr. Aurach lay on a cot, his face toward the log wall.

We turned him over. A matted grey beard covered his thin cheeks and chin, and the sparse hair of his head was now white. His eyes were vapid. He didn't seem to see us.

Jeth pulled him to his feet, but he was so weak he crumpled back onto the cot. He mumbled. We could not make out a word.

"Shack happy," pronounced Jeth. "I was afraid of him being left all to himself."

We carried him away from there and took him back to town, but not before I had had a good look around. Somehow, Mr. Aurach had managed to eat, though he was emaciated and haggard. Bits of food littered the floor, and empty and half-empty cans and boxes of pancake flour lay about. I looked everywhere to see what I could find, but it was what I *didn't* find that provided the answer to the question of what had happened.

There was no novel: not one line had been written. I could find no message, no letters to anyone. There was not even a pencil.

Then a thought hit me, something like a rock smacking into my stomach.

I stepped again to Mr. Aurach's worktable. There was no pen to write with either, and I found no ribbon in his portable typewriter. Neither were there any of the small, silver-topped boxes that typewriter ribbons come in.

Mr. Aurach's wife and son brought a doctor along with them, and they took Mr. Aurach back East. By then, Jeth and I had questioned Tom Faris. He grinned foolishly. The boxes were just right to store fishhooks in, he said. He'd thrown the ribbons away . . .

We didn't tell the Aurachs about Tom. ⌗

China's Captain Kit

China's top-ranking pirate is no more than thirty-five years old, cool, calculating, dangerous and, probably, the most beautiful thing east of Peoria

An Article by

ROBERT SHAPLEN

SOMEWHERE between Bias Bay, just northeast of Hong Kong, and the waters around the old Portuguese colony of Macao on the South China coast, a leather-faced Chinese who shoots unerring pistols simultaneously from both hands is today the marauding boss of the world's last bona-fide pirates. This deadeye buccaneer is a woman, and a beautiful one at that. Her name is Chung Lo Yu, but she is far better known—and feared—as Madame Wong, widow of Wong Kung Kit, whose astounding career of perfidy and crime as a pirate, racketeer, and collaborator supreme was ended by bullets in January, 1946.

Wong left an estimated but still untraced fortune of between $25,000,000 and $40,000,000, a fleet of fast marauding junks, and a variety of scoundrel lieutenants. He wrote no will—pirates seldom do—but his unnamed executrix and heiress is the five-feet-four, 125-pound package of lethal female dynamite who was his wife and his helpmeet in the strictest sense.

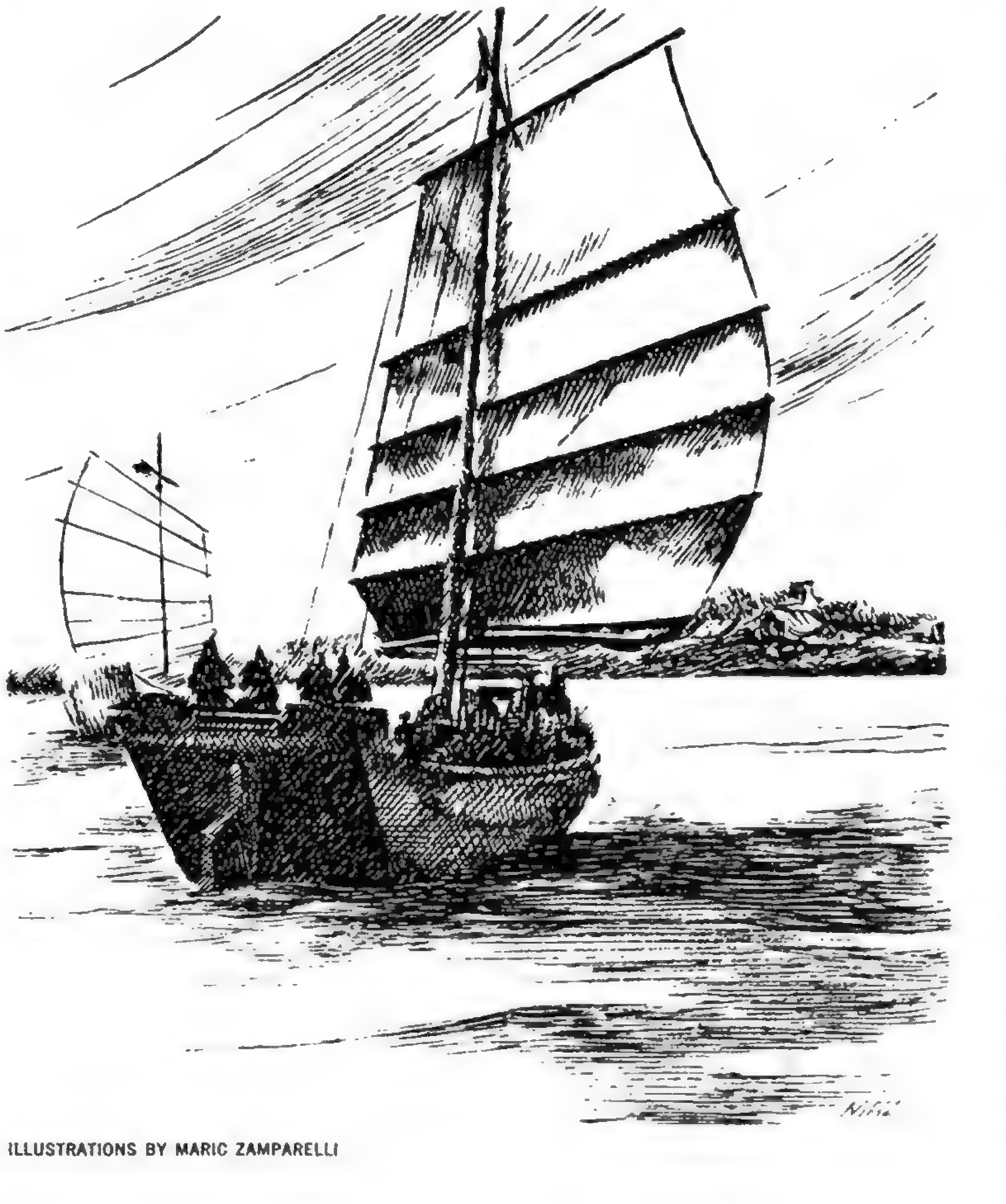
Today, nearly three years after Wong's inglorious death, it is Madame Wong alone who knows where the huge fortune, mostly in solid gold bars, is hidden. With the wiliness of her sex, she has, it is said, succeeded in eliminating any and all male claimants to her late husband's still highly solvent business. Now, when the pirates swoop down on insufficiently protected junks laden with bullion, silks, arms, wines, or rich passengers, it frequently is Madame Wong herself in the prow, flailing her twin mounts, who shouts the orders. She might well be termed "a pirate's pirate."

Between her lips there is apt to be a long and delicately carved ivory cigarette holder that Wong himself once gave her. She usually wears a typical Chinese form-fitting skirt and above it a loose padded jacket, in the deep pockets of which she keeps her pistols. Her wrists are neatly banded with gold-mounted jade bracelets, and she wears jade pendants and earrings to match. She is no more than thirty-five years old. She is both dangerous and lovely, and any gangster would be proud to have her as his moll.

In the sporadic reports that appear in American newspapers of pirate raids along the China coast, "a woman pirate" is sometimes mentioned. This is Madame Wong, but seldom has she been identified. And the amazing story of her husband's career, the precursor and basis of her own, has never before been told.

Wong's death, under the guns of Portuguese guards in Macao, occurred under mysterious circumstances "while he was trying to escape." It ended, for the convenience of everyone, a crime saga that could only have been set in the peculiar lawless atmosphere of the Far East. If he had been brought to trial, Wong—and his wife as his accomplice—could properly have been charged with espionage, collaboration, extortion, blackmail, kidnaping, murder, robbery, embezzlement, and perjury, not to mention piracy. But instead he died abruptly with a cache of secrets in his black pirate's soul and a hypocritical cry of loyalty on his lips.

The story of China's Captain Kit begins in 1938. Wong was a Cantonese, a native of a city which, through the decades, has given China her most famous revolutionary and intellectual leaders. But Wong was not one of them, although he possessed exceptional mental abilities. As a young man, he was regarded as a "loafer" who hung around the tea and opium shops, playing mah-jongg and hatching illegal get-rich-quick schemes. But when the Japanese occupied Canton, Wong dropped his underworld associations with local opium smugglers and extortionists and, in a sudden burst of righteousness, fled the city to join the Chinese Fourth Route Army as a transportation depot officer handling supplies and finances in the near-by Chungshan district.


ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI

His new-found patriotism and decency were short-lived. He was caught mishandling large sums in such a manner that they found their way into his pockets instead of into war expenditure. Before he could be apprehended he absconded to Macao. The tale he later told was that he had been designated to spy behind the Jap lines, but actually he had sensed a more lucrative practice involving the co-operation of the Japanese. He knew the sea, and his early Canton days had brought him into contact with most of the colorful, weather-beaten junk skippers who operated between Canton and Hong Kong and Macao. He had a good idea which of them were dealing on the side with Chungking agents.

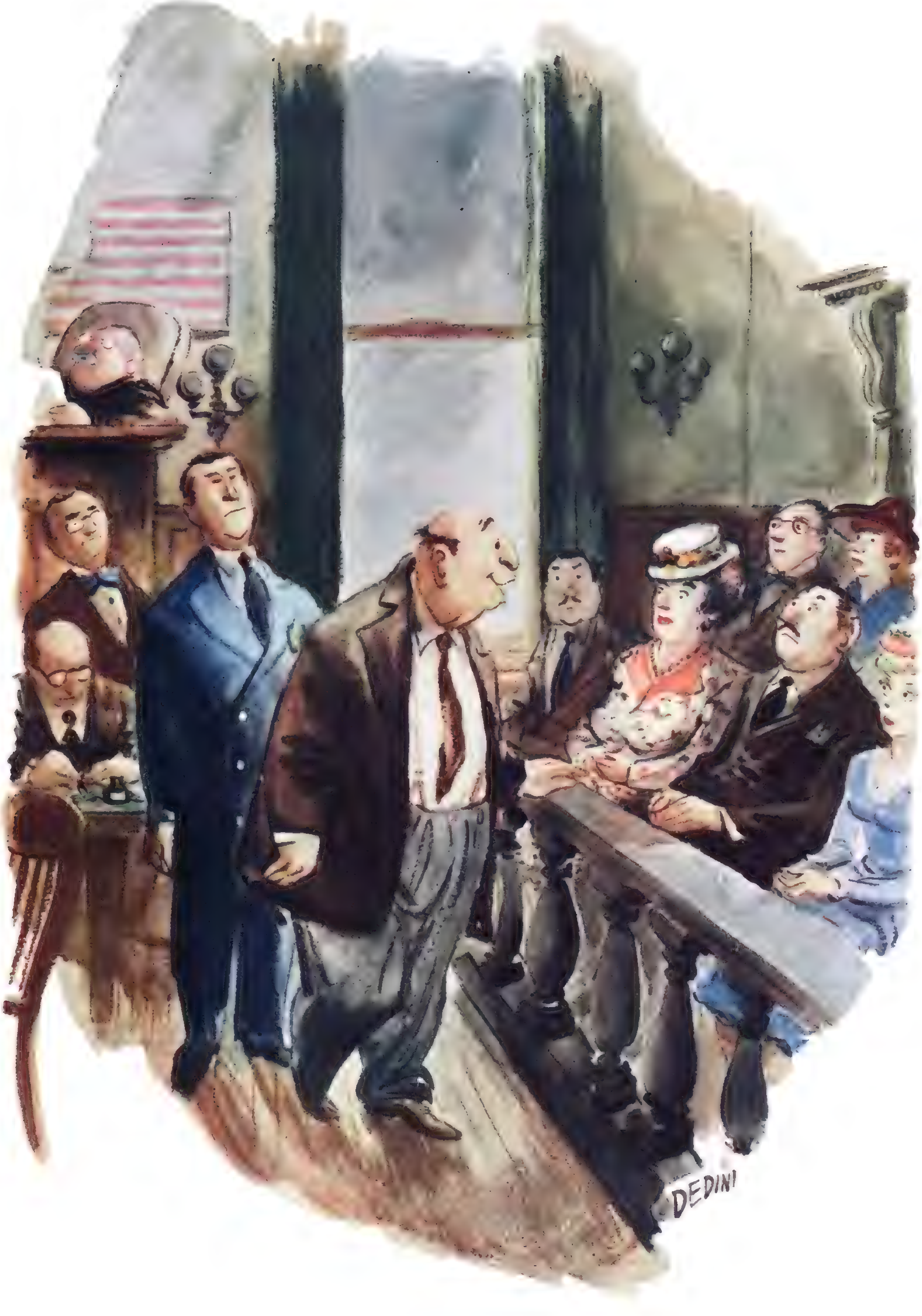
Once in Macao, Wong informed on these loyal boatmen to the Japanese, who maintained an extensive secret service in the neutral port. With the Japs' help, Wong rounded up dozens of patriotic Chinese junks. When they had been seized, Wong was allowed to keep them under an arrangement that proved mutually advantageous to himself and the Japs: he became a pirate-spy.

Eventually Wong Kung Kit was to gather fifty-two junks and 2500 men under him and to broaden out into a variety of collaborationist rackets. In 1939, though, his activities were still confined to simple espionage and private loot. Just when he met the girl Chung Lo Yu who became his wife is not known, but it was about this time. She was a native of a village in the interior of Kwangtung province, but it is thought likely that Wong first saw her either in Canton or Macao during a surreptitious trip to one of those cities, which she was visiting at the same time, and that they married soon afterward.

At any rate, in the early days of the Sino-Japanese war, before it had extended south, Wong and his pistol-packin' missie were already sailing together and she had begun to acquire a reputation as a fashionably dressed marksman. Gradually Wong's pirates became the kingpin crew along the China coast; he directed them efficiently and ruthlessly and knit them into the tight and loyal organization that he was to carry into other profitable fields as the war spread through Asia.

His tactics were simple and successful. His fast sloops would lie in wait for defenseless junks and

(*Continued on page 176*)



"I want to thank all of you for a fair trial and if you're ever up Leavenworth way don't fail to drop in and see me"

Michigan's Sherlock Holmes

Not tough, but tough on toughs, here's a man who can argue a point of law, trade clues with cops, match jargon with hoodlums, and almost invariably get his man

An Article by

KARL DETZER

POLICE chiefs in the Midwest, confronted with a stubborn murder case, now usually call in LeMoyne Snyder, M.D., of Lansing, Michigan, who in addition to being a physician, surgeon, is a lawyer, author of a book on scientific crime investigation and one of America's top detectives. He has tracked down murderers in many parts of the world, solved more than one "perfect crime," and on occasion has proved to the satisfaction of judge and jury that the defendant couldn't possibly be guilty.

Dr. Snyder can explain a gunshot wound or a poisoning in precise medical terminology, argue a point of law to suit a fussy judge, trade clues with the cop on the beat in everyday English, or match jargon with a hoodlum. A tall handsome man of fifty, with thinning grey hair and serene blue eyes, he speaks in a quiet voice that combines an effective bedside manner with courtroom dignity.

Two years ago Snyder joined four other unusual detectives and former Attorney General Homer Cummings in a company called "Scientific Evidence, Inc." The other partners are Dr. William W. Harper, a Pasadena physicist, Clark Sellers, a California handwriting and document expert, Raymond Schindler, a famous New York private detective, and Leonarde Keeler, a college professor from Evanston, Illinois.

Recently Snyder took what he called a pleasure trip to the Pacific coast with partners Keller—inventor of a widely used lie detector—and Schindler. Like the postman who hiked on his holiday, they delved in crime detection on the way.

In Los Angeles a police official appealed for help. "We're stumped on this case," he explained. "A woman disappeared about a year ago without leaving a trace. The lie detector doesn't get us anywhere with the husband."

City detectives had turned up a piece of evidence which interested Snyder and partners. The woman's best clothes were missing and the husband said that she had taken them with her, probably had gone to Nevada for a divorce. But weeks after the disappearance, her daughter had found her mother's front denture. Snyder and associates were convinced she wouldn't have left without it. The police had used the lie detector to question the husband about the murder. Still protesting his innocence, he refused to undergo further tests because of a heart condition.

Snyder—the physician-detective—examined the man's heart, pronounced it sound, and the test was made again. Snyder, Schindler and Keller had found out that in this part of California the favorite ways to get rid of murdered bodies were by throwing them over cliffs into the Pacific, by burning, and by burial. Avoiding all mention of the murder, Keeler talked to the husband about cliffs and fires. Nothing happened. Then he talked about burials. The lie-detector needle began to vibrate. When the man was shown the result, he confessed.

"In that case," Snyder says, "the police hadn't ruined matters before we took over. So often, someone with the best of intentions messes things up."

Last year, for example, in a Midwestern city, a deputy sheriff nearly spoiled a case. A husband and wife had a pleasant home, no bad habits and never drank liquor.

One night the husband phoned neighbors to come quickly, the house was on fire, and his wife was trapped inside. A bucket brigade quickly put out the blaze, which was confined to the living room. In front of a chair, in which she had apparently been sitting, lay the badly charred body of the wife. The coroner called the death accidental.

Snyder was brought into the case by a state trooper's suspicions. The body was exhumed and Snyder proved that death had been caused by chloroform and that the woman had been intoxicated at the time. After death, the body had been covered with oil and set afire.

A telephone operator remembered that shortly before the fire the telephone receiver in the house had been knocked off the hook and she had heard a scream. Confronted with the evidence the husband confessed.

It had been easy for him to slip raw alcohol into his wife's glass of grape juice. She didn't know what alcohol tasted like, and became drunk quickly; the rest was easy.

In spite of all the evidence, it would have been hard to convict without the confession, Snyder admits. "We couldn't find the bottle that had contained the alcohol," he says. "Then we discovered that a deputy sheriff had found it, noticed that it contained alcohol, and had thrown it away—at least, so he said. That's what I mean by messing up a case."

Snyder was born in Michigan, attended State College, of which his father was president, served briefly in World War I, got his diploma in agriculture. While in the Army he became interested in medicine, went to Harvard Medical School, after graduation served as an intern at New York's Fifth Avenue Hospital.

A few years later, as resident physician there, he heard gunfire under his window one night, and was soon called in to care for a badly shot-up young man. Almost immediately four detectives strode into the room.

"Hello, Legs," one said. "Who shot you?"

Snyder realized suddenly that he was saving the life of the notorious Legs Diamond, hoodlum of the prohibition era. When the police asked him what he had done with his gun, Diamond wouldn't talk.

At that, one of the detectives said to a subordinate: "There's a flower bed at the right of the main entrance. You'll find his gun there, where he threw it." The officer returned with the pistol.

"The policeman who knew the gun would be in the flower bed was using the deductive process," Snyder says. "I was greatly impressed."

It was years before Snyder himself went to work trying to solve crime. After a year as ship's doctor on round-the-world cruises, he returned to Lansing, his home town, and started to practice. His house was only a few blocks from Michigan State Police headquarters. Troopers used to send for him to help with the injured from automobile accidents. Often, he discovered, the location or condition of injuries disproved statements of principals and of witnesses. So he found himself

(Continued on page 162)

"Well, well, I see you're up and around again"

At the Crack of Dawn

Only the wisest of women knows what "Southerly Wind and Rising Mist Promise Birds in Plenty" means to a man

Sometimes a man finds it hard to explain why he wants to go out on these hunting and fishing expeditions. He can sleep better in his own bed, certainly, than on the over-touted balsam bed, no matter how divinely scented, with the sticks beginning to feel like logs under him after only two hours of turning and tossing over them. He can dress more comfortably at home than in the costume which is traditional with the outdoor man—the heavy clothes and the cumbersome boots that are okay for lumberjacks and guides, but are pretty hard on a man who lives in the city. He doesn't drink much in the woods, by his own admission, and they mix better at his own bar, anyway. He doesn't even enjoy the killing side of it very much, again to quote the hunter himself. Joe, the Indian guide, gets raves all year, but he doesn't talk, just grunts, and it seems odd to a man's family that Joe should be considered such superior company. It's one of the things every girl should learn from her

KODACHROME BY TED KOEPPER

mother:—a man likes to be alone, every so often, to uncivilize himself, and unwind the spirit in the same gesture. That balsam bed, madam and mademoiselle, is softer to him than every mattress in the world, because he cut the twigs with his own knife. Those boots that seemed so heavy in the sports shop in New York are now light and warm and winged. He doesn't take to the woods to drink, but a swig by the fire just before dawn gives him a thrill that can't be bought across the shiniest bar. It isn't the killing, either, that gets to a man, it's the primitive satisfaction of handling a gun or a fishing rod, and stopping something cold in the wilderness that rates as food caught by your own hand. This picture struck us as the answer to this almost unanswerable question that comes up in every home about once a year. The lake is never so quiet as it is at sunrise, but little lappings of water gurgle liquidly at the side of the canoe. There is the soft crunch of a man's boot on the beach, and the gliding figure of the guide who fits into the scene as naturally as the quiet, brooding pine trees. Now is the time when last year's dreams, when last week's trip away from the city, when last night's plans around the fire come to life. This is the time that makes reality of the sometimes ridiculously tall yarns men have always told one another about the hunt. The canoe slithers off the pebbly beach with scarcely more than a rustle. There is no talk in the boat; only foolish men can talk during a sunrise. There is nothing to do but watch the water ripple under the bow of the canoe, to watch the shore quietly recede, to think of the game, to think of the hunt. Let's go. ⧻

Who's to Blame for Boxing Deaths?

Boxing deaths in the U.S. are averaging nine a year

A Sports Article by GEORG MANN

In the fourth round, the kid was at his best and shook the other fighter with a couple of hard blows. But as the rounds wore on he began to soak up a workmanlike beating. In the tenth round, the kid was tagged first by a right to the head, then by a crushing left hook into the ribs. He thudded to the canvas and lay there, one arm flailing the air wildly. One sports writer said it looked like the "thrashing wing of a dying bird." A few hours later, the kid was dead. There was nothing they could have done to save him. Cerebral hemorrhage.

That's how Sam Baroudi died last February after his bout with Ezzard Charles. And that—vary the scene, vary the round—is how a score of other boxers had died in the two years preceding. That's how Glen Newton Smith died at North Adams, Massachusetts, a year ago last August—after fighting the same Sam Baroudi whom they later buried back in his home town of Akron. Cerebral hemorrhage, the doctors said. That's how the Indian bantamweight, Benny Cleveland, died in Los Angeles a year ago last July. "Cerebral hemorrhage and concussion." That's how Jimmy Doyle died after fighting Sugar Ray Robinson for the world's welterweight title in Cleveland a year ago last June. You've probably heard about Doyle, even if you haven't heard about the other boys. After all, Doyle was the first man to be killed in a title bout in more than fifty years. And maybe some of you fans with long memories remember Ernie Schaaf, Luther McCarty, Bull Young, or Frankie Campbell. But the list is long; there are hundreds of names on it—too many for any one person to remember.

And there are a good many boxers who haven't died, but who'll never be the same again—the round-heeled, shambling punchies, finishing out life with half a brain. These boys who have been knocked out and who have suffered concussions now have a hard time remembering what day of the week it is.

Critics point the finger at managers who mismatch their boys, the fighters themselves, even the fans. One thing is sure: ring deaths must be stopped

Boxing deaths in the United States are currently averaging about nine a year—a little high for a sport that involves something under ten thousand athletes. In the remainder of this year, unless something is done—and fifteen-to-one odds against anything's being done are just a plain steal—one or two more boxers will climb up through the ropes for the last time.

Who's to blame? The answer to that question is more complicated than it looks. The newspapers keep screaming about the policies of state-boxing commissions and the attitudes of managers and dollar-greedy matchmakers. While it's undoubtedly true that some of the noncombatants connected with boxing should have a built-in Air Wick, that's not the entire story. Certainly, a state commission has turned up that was willing to let a boxer with double cataracts enter the ring. Managers have tossed their boys in against top-heavy opposition in order to clean up a quick buck. And both managers and matchmakers have shown far less respect for the athletes they handle than the most incompetent horse trainer does for a selling plater. But both managers and matchmakers can plead that they have to make a livelihood. And that means giving the fight fans what they want.

What the fans want is not-too-modified murder. When the average fan buys a ticket for a fight, he's hoping to see somebody get knocked out (English translation: one fighter gets a brain concussion). The fan isn't interested in seeing a clever boxing exhibition, no matter how good. He wants a couple of unshaven characters to slug away at each other until the ring is awash with blood, until one body or the other is forced to give way before the fury of the attack. The matchmakers who rake it in at the box office are those who turn out fights that, though even enough to be exciting for a while, are uneven enough to end with one of the fighters unconscious on the canvas.

Part of the fault lies in the courage of the fighters. By and large, fighters whose last ring notices appear in obituary columns are the ones with guts. And a good deal of that guts results from the constant jeers of the ringside crowd—the same crowd that, not many months ago, jeered at Leroy Decatur for a yellow-bellied coward as he lay dying on the floor of a Los Angeles ring. Rather than take a dive, rather than have the referee stop the fight, the fighter desperately tries to stay on his feet and to keep going until the bell rings. As a result of this crowd impelled slaying power, he sops up more punishment when he's on the losing end than the human body can take.

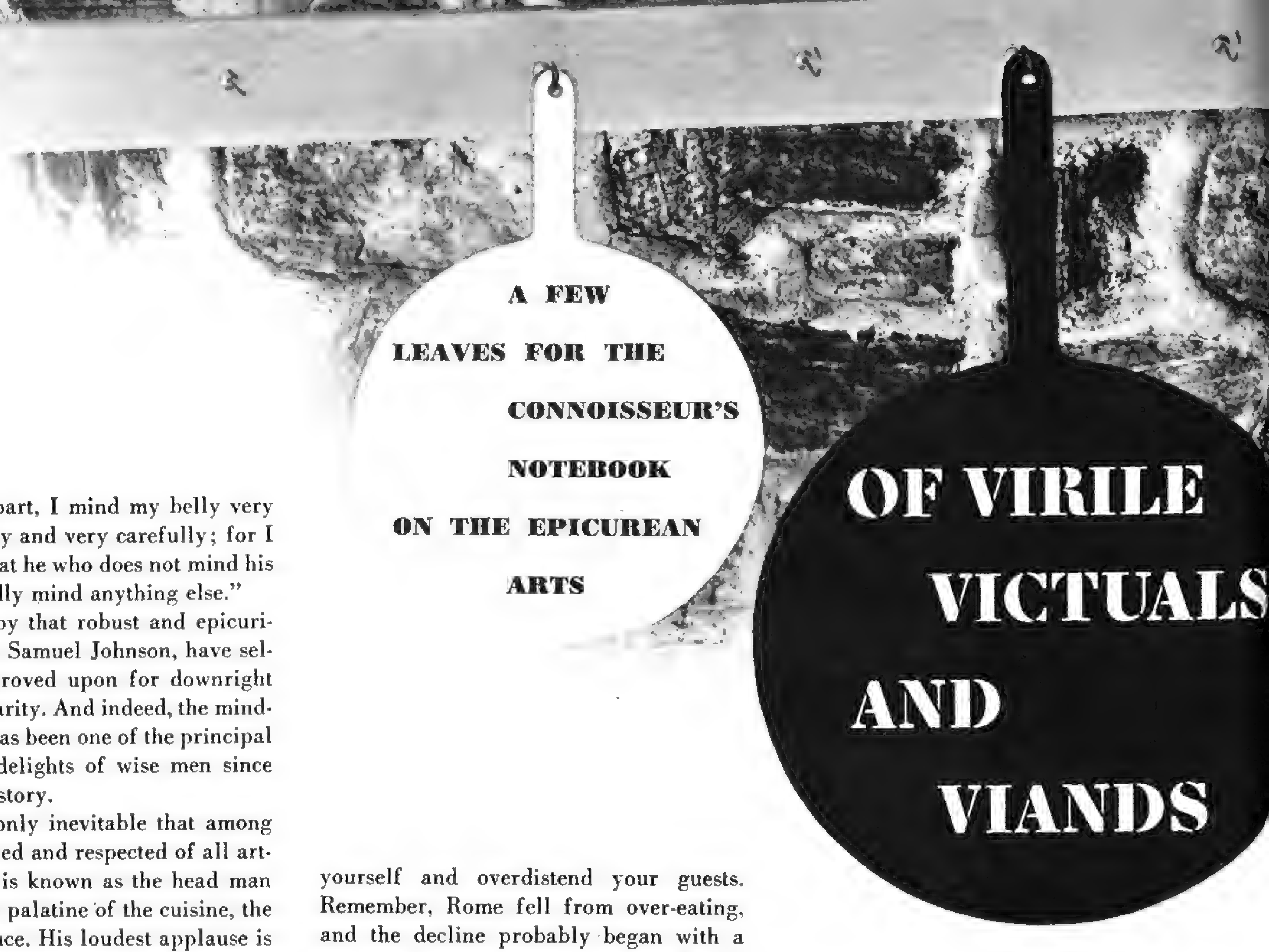
There, of course, is the biggest culprit of all—not human nature, but the human body. In theory, the brain is reasonably well protected. The skull is a reasonably thick, reasonably strong strongbox. Inside the skull, the brain has a covering film of cerebrospinal fluid, which helps cushion the effect of a shock or blow. In practice, however, the skull isn't thick enough, the brain tough enough, to stand up under a head beating. A good solid blow on the head jars the brain; a knockout blow results in a concussion and stops the brain from working for a while. If the blow is hard enough, it may tear the tissues of the brain and wreck some of its cells. And once the brain cells are thus injured, they can never again function normally.

The human fist can be a tremendously dangerous weapon. The punch that Joe Louis throws is said to travel at 127 miles an hour. Jack Dempsey's Sunday punch was even wickeder, though it traveled a distance of only eight to ten inches. By the time it connected, Dempsey's fist was likely to be moving at a speed of 135 miles an hour. When you figure how much of his weight a boxer can get behind a blow like that, you realize that the fist can be an incredibly lethal weapon. And it only takes one of these punches to damage the brain.

Dr. Arthur Steinhaus of George Williams College in Chicago has said that any blow on the head may harm a boxer—and his findings agree with

(Continued on page 119)

the Esquire CHEF'S GUIDE for HOSTS



OF VIRILE VICTUALS AND VIANDS

A FEW LEAVES FOR THE CONNOISSEUR'S NOTEBOOK ON THE EPICUREAN ARTS

"FOR my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." These words, by that robust and epicurious gourmand, Samuel Johnson, have seldom been improved upon for downright wisdom and clarity. And indeed, the minding of bellies has been one of the principal pastimes and delights of wise men since the dawn of history.

Hence it was only inevitable that among the most honored and respected of all artists is he who is known as the head man with a pan, the palatine of the cuisine, the boss with a sauce. His loudest applause is a gluttonous grunt as his masterpiece is literally devoured — but if you would see his monument, look around: It is the bulge in the waist line of the world.

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the world than the discovery of a new star," declaimed Brillat Savarin, one of the foremost eating-men of all time. And centuries earlier, Marc Antony put the sentiment into action by presenting his cook with a city, when Cleopatra praised the sauce—while Heliogabalus depleted the treasury of the whole Roman Empire in one gluttonous paean of praise to the culinary arts.

For kingdoms have risen and fallen like omelet soufflés, in the hands of the Prime Ministers of the Meal. History is made in the kitchen!

For him who would aspire to the power that cookery offers a man, there are three eternal verities about victuals which have sifted down through the ages and which no true Prince of the Pots and Pans would risk ignoring.

The first of these is this: Don't overextend yourself and overdistend your guests. Remember, Rome fell from over-eating, and the decline probably began with a couple of light snacks recounted in M.F.K. Fisher's fascinating anthology of epicurian literary excerpts, *Here Let Us Feast.* Picture the reclining guests, fanned by boys whose curly hair they used for napkins as they took aboard such "amusing" little dainties as dormice baked in poppies and honey; platters of nightingale tongues and ostrich brains; camels' heels and live cocks' combs; peas and pearl dust; beans and flakes of gold; lentils and rubies; spiders in jelly; "and a yellow pig cooked after the Trojan fashion, from which, when carved, hot sausages fell and live thrushes flew."

Quick, Henry, the vomitorium. In an effort to impress, these Roman haymakers produced the world's most monumental achievements in bad taste and bad tastes. The moral is obvious: Don't attempt a Roman holiday. Keep it simple. The unveiling of one masterpiece is more effective than two.

Second: Be daring, but *cautiously!* Know the basic rules of seasoning and blending —*then* break them, if you must, in pursuit of *ultima Thule.* Don't eschew cookbooks and recipes; only a fool is contemptuous of the great, and many of their masterpieces are available to you.

Third: Avail yourself of the correct culinary equipment, and use only the finest materials. Doubtless a Heifetz *could* whip up a superb musical menu on a cigar-box fiddle—but he *wouldn't.* Reason: The artist would suffer, even if the audience didn't.

And so to the kitchen! Remember to come out cooking, and break clean. That apron you wear is the badge of an honorable and manly profession. Soil but do not sully it. There must be a reason why the world's greatest chefs have all been men. There is . . . Tonight the reason is you!

THE COMPLETE COOKERY

Shown at the right are the basic essentials, exclusive of range, refrigerator, and incidentals, for a modern man's kitchen. On the racks above, in gleaming copper, are five frying pans, two casserole dishes, a griddle, and six saucepans with lids. And picking up the gleam in your eye is enough exciting equipment to keep a new bridegroom out of bed. For instance: There's the electric mixer for mixing batter, or beating cream, eggs, etc., and the blender for liquids. The Rotissomat automatically grills, roasts and broils, with an electrically-turned spit. The electric roaster can handle a whole meal at one time, or a single dish, and has thermometer control for different foods. The set of colorful mixing bowls, the clock timer and the carving set are obvious essentials for the man in the kitchen, while the electric knife-sharpener, the juicer and the food slicer are designed to do age-old jobs in a brand new and easy way. And on the bottom row: A combination sandwich grill and waffle iron, electric toaster, deluxe coffee maker (which will keep the coffee hot for hours), and an electric broiler, with a thermometer set in the lid.

EVERHOT

THE CHEF'S CULINARY GUIDE

BEING A BRIEF REFRESHER
ON SOME OF THE FINER
POINTS OF COOKING
PROCEDURE

PROCEDURE. Given the right ingredients, the right instruments, and the right "score" (preferably memorized), preparation of a great dish should be a culinary symphony, beautiful to behold in its unfolding. So plan carefully each step in advance — have everything to hand, washed, pared and prepared—and then invite the guests in to watch! For the true chef is an artist at work, and fine cooking is fine looking.

SOUP DU JOUR. "Indeed," says the great Escoffier, "stock is everything in cooking!" He is referring in part, of course, to the cooking of soup. And with the finest stock materials (and the soul of an Escoffier) a soup can be a masterpiece. In American gastronomy, soups fall into two general categories—the light cream and consommé soups, and the rich, full-bodied brews which offer a meal in themselves. The finest bones are important to the heavier soups, giving flavor, strength, and glutinous body. Caramel or burnt brown sugar, spinach and tomatoes are your palette for extra coloring. Choose your soup carefully in relation to the rest of the meal.

SAUCES. As with soups, the stock's the thing. For a sauce *can* be as great as the imagination of its creator, but it *will* be no better than the stock that's used. The art of the sauce is the art of seasoning. Know your herbs and your wines. Texture and appearance are likewise important; rich, full body, and no grease spots before the eyes. Sauce making requires a fine sense of taste, a feeling for what is lacking—and daring at the risk of failure. The test of the taste is the Bold Lick!

SALADS. There are many varieties of lettuce. Use them artfully—a Boston for tenderness, iceberg for crispness, Simpson for both, Belgium endive for sweet juiciness, chicory for texture, escarole for excellence. Spice your selection with one pungent green thing; shredded cabbage, wild mustard leaves, dandelion greens or watercress. Blend it with celery, pepper, slivers of raw carrot, or long slices of tomato and avocado. A well-seasoned wooden salad bowl is best. Rub it with a garlic clove. Try varying the basic French dressing with crumbled Roquefort, chutney, curry powder, fresh mint or tarragon. Toss the salad gently so as to mix without fatiguing.

POULTRY. Wipe the inside of a bird with a damp cloth and rub with seasoning before stuffing. Vary bread stuffing by using mushrooms, diced ham, foie gras, truffles, almonds, celery, oysters or chestnuts. With rice dressing, remember to only partially cook the rice as it will continue to cook during roasting. Guard against undercooking poultry. In seasoning, a clove of garlic and rosemary are excellent with stewing chicken. Combine livers with sweetbreads, or use in sauce. Ginger, garlic, onion and orange are basic flavoring for duck. Squab lends itself best to simple broiling or casserole dishes with wine or Diable sauce. Wine can be used also for basting any poultry.

THE ART OF THE STEAK. Enjoyment of a great steak commences in the butcher shop at least five days before consummation. Select a marbelized cut of the best prime beef, at least an inch and a half thick, with firm white fat. See that it is cut with even thickness, and have your butcher hang it for you until the appointed day. While there are many wonderful steak recipes calling for marinating in wine sauces prior to cooking, the rub-with-butter-and-garlic-then-grill method will always be the master recipe. However, it is worth remembering that marinating is a tenderizing process; that steak will more uniformly absorb flavors in this process than by seasoning while grilling. Cooking time is a matter of personal taste, but turn a steak only once. Baste with a touch of brandy for variety. Hickory smoked salt gives a fine smoky fragrance.

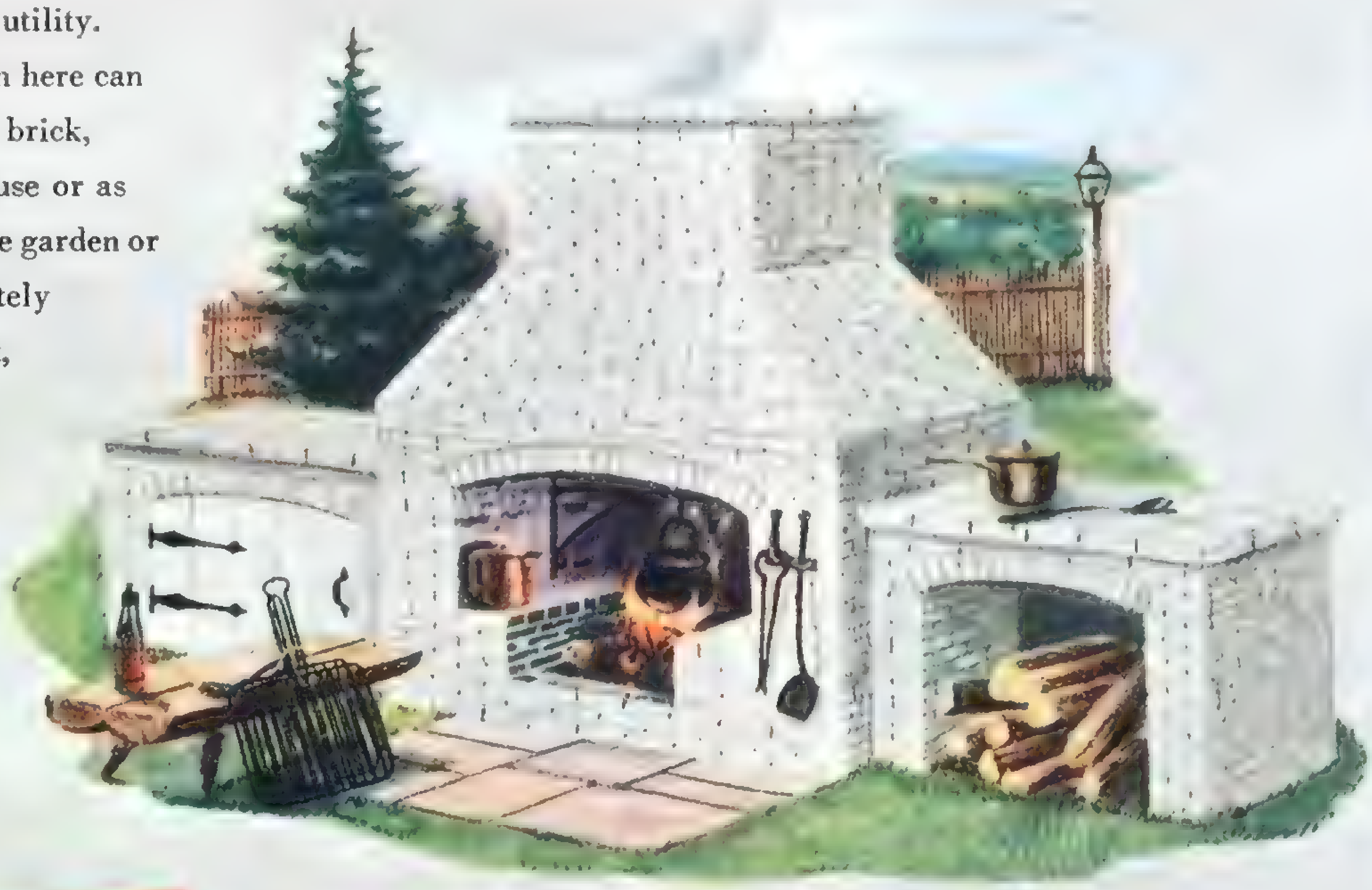
DESSERTS. If pastries and confections are not your specialty (and they're not), then remember well the oldest and greatest of all adages: Keep it simple! Crisp fresh apples or pears with fine cheese are a gourmet's delight which, if not already with us, would soon be invented. And a slug of fine brandy to fresh chilled fruit can bring the guests to their feet. Strawberries marinated in sugar and brandy and topped with whipped cream become "Strawberries Romanoff." The truth is, a "great" dessert can be an easy one.

COFFEE. A bad cup of coffee is an effrontery to all that's sacred in life—a great cup of coffee is a benediction. In the words of a French epicure, it should be "black as night, strong as love, and hot as hell." Coffee should not be over-roasted, should be used immediately after grinding (or opening) *and it should be French-dripped!* Secret of a New Orleans lady's coffee, which was famous: A pinch of cocoa into the grounds before brewing.

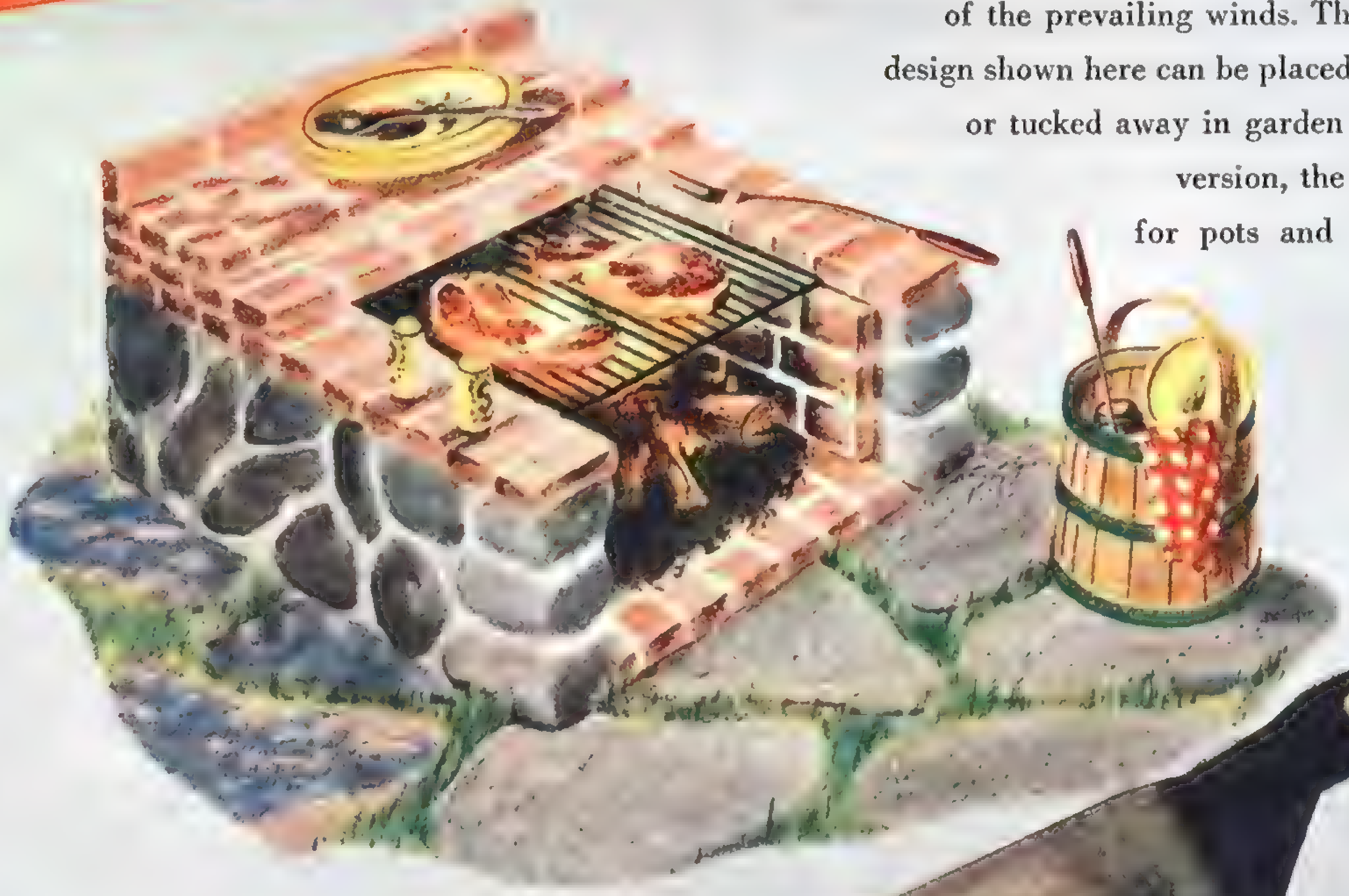
There's everything here for outdoor gastronomy but the food and the guests. The deluxe portable grill is a complete cookery on wheels, ideal for the terrace or for a spin down the primrose path to the South Forty. With it is the works, from jumbo skillet to the matched set of kebab skewers and asbestos gloves. In the pine chest are all the sauces and seasonings for a genuine gourmet's gambol. And the metal case holds the wherewithal for service. Remains now nought but the smell of smoke and a war whoop of thanksgiving, for *this* is outdoor living in style!

OUTDOORS

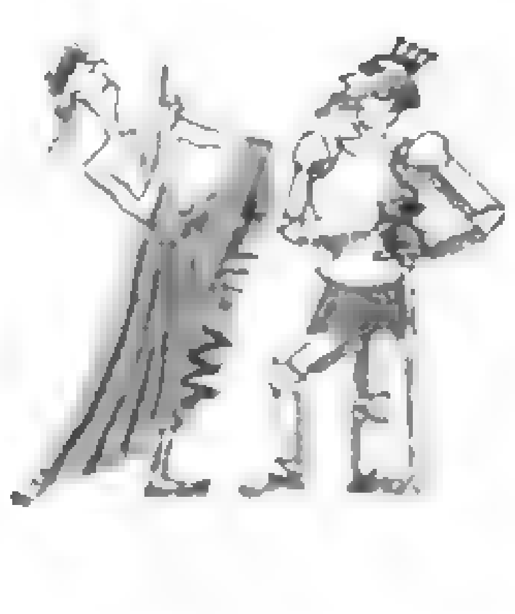
The outdoor fireplace should be a thing of beauty as well as utility. The all-out version shown here can be built of field stone or brick, either attached to the house or as a prominent element in the garden or garden wall. It is completely equipped with crane, spit, grill, wood bin, tool cupboard and warming oven.



If adjoining the house, the outdoor fireplace can actually enhance a terminal wall, and should be placed, if possible, near a kitchen window for convenience. If set apart, it should be located with an eye to the direction of the prevailing winds. The simple, yet effective, design shown here can be placed at the end of a terrace or tucked away in garden or field. But whatever version, the broad table-top wings for pots and dishes are important.



THE WHAT AND WHEN GOURMET'S GUIDE

	FORMAL FEAST	INFORMAL FARE
GLAD-HANDERS	**BREAST OF CAPON PISTACHIO** Sauté capon breasts in butter. Set aside in warmer. Make dressing of fresh sliced mushrooms, eschallots and onions sautéed in sweet butter and seasoned with dash of fresh tarragon and a hint of rosemary. Remove from flame and add generous dash of Madeira. Stir in fine bread crumbs for body. Arrange dressing on serving platter, top with capon, and pour over all sauce made of pistachio nuts crisped in hot butter.	**HAWAIIAN CURRY** Boil chicken. Sauté 1 clove of garlic, 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped gingeroot in 1½ tbsp. butter. Add 1 tbsp. curry powder, ½ tsp. brown sugar, and 2 tbsp. flour. Stir and add stock slowly. Add the chicken, cut in generous pieces, and simmer 15 min. Serve with rice, Bombay duck, chutney, shredded ginger, grated coconut, chopped walnuts, and sieved eggs.
FAMILY AND IN-LAWS	**BEEF STROGONOFF** Season 1½ lb. beef filet cut into 1″ squares with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Let stand 1½ hrs. Sauté 1 minced onion in 1½ tbsp. butter, adding 1 cup fresh sliced mushrooms. Cover and simmer until tender. Remove mushrooms and onions, add more butter and brown floured beef cubes in same. Stir in mushrooms, onions, 1 tbsp. tomato paste, 4 tbsp. sour cream. Simmer 15 min. and serve garnished with olives.	**SHRIMP PILAU** To serve 6, cut 4 bacon slices in squares and fry until crisp. Remove from pan, add 1 small minced onion, and brown in bacon fat. Add 2½ cups canned tomatoes, 1 cup raw, washed rice and salt. Place in double boiler and steam for 45 min. Stir in 2½ cups peeled, cooked shrimps, the bacon, pinch of chervil and turn into a casserole. Bake in moderate oven 15 min. Serve with a white sauce, flavored with grated Parmesan.
UPPER BRACKETS	**STUFFED PHEASANT CHABLIS** Place pheasants in broiler with slice of Virginia ham. To small pieces of broiled ham and the minced meat of two squabs, add 1 tbsp. foie gras and ½ cup sliced truffles. After seasoning with salt, pepper, basil and rosemary, sauté mixture in hot butter. Bind stuffing with beaten egg. Mix melted butter and Chablis, and baste birds while roasting in moderate oven. Decorate with curly mint leaves and fresh red cranberries. Serve with flaming brandy.	**BROCHETTE OF LOBSTER** Prepare skewer by rubbing with olive oil and garlic. Spear cubes of Canadian bacon, mushroom caps, quartered tomatoes, green pepper and diced lobster which has been marinated in a half and half mixture of sauterne and olive oil. Olive oil, salt, and mace and the skewers are ready for the glowing coals. Before serving, sprinkle with lemon juice and brandy. Serve flaming.
 NABOBS AND ROYALTY	**PRESSED DUCK** Roast a mallard duck for 20 min. in a hot oven, and bring to table immediately. After removing legs, which are not served, carve fine slices from breasts, and place on warm plate. Extract juice of the carcass in duck press, and add salt and cayenne, as well as a bit of grated orange peel, and a dash of sherry. Place sliced duck on a chafing dish, cover with sauce, and heat, being careful not to boil.	**POMPANO EN PAPILLOTE** Poach 6 pompano filets in white wine court-bouillon 10 min. Drain, saving stock. Sauté clove of garlic and 1 tbsp. each of shallots, onions, mushrooms, truffles and fresh tarragon. Add to this 1 cup each of crabmeat and shrimp, seasoning with salt, pepper, mace and thyme, moistening with stock and dash of sherry. Thicken with 2 egg yolks and chill. Oil 3 paper hearts 8″ x 12″, place layer of filet, sauce and filet in each. Fold, seal and bake in hot oven 15-20 min.
FOR MEN ONLY	**VENAISON DE CHASSEUR** Make marinade of claret flavored with bay leaves, onion slices, carrot strips, whole black pepper, garlic clove, marjoram and thyme. For fillip, add ¼ tsp. ground cardamon, several juniper berries. Heat to simmering. Place venison in marinade for 48 hrs., then dice and sauté in olive oil until brown. Add chopped Canadian bacon, 3 minced onions. Thicken with flour, add 2½ cups of marinade and bundle of fresh herbs. Simmer gently until tender, serve at once.	**HAM MADEIRA** Soak ham at least 12 hours. Place in roasting pan, pour ¾ glass of Madeira wine over ham. Cover, place in medium oven and cook, adding more wine if needed. Cook 4 hours, remove skin, score, and cover with layer of brown sugar, and dot with cloves. Add ½ glass more wine and place in hot oven for 15 min. For an excellent gravy, add seedless raisins, flour and wine to the skimmed juice in bottom of the pan. Bring to boil.
LOVE IN BLOOM	**QUAIL ON TOAST** Stuff quail with dressing made of sautéed bread crumbs moistened with beef stock to which has been added cut-up pecans or shredded almonds. Bake ½ hr. in casserole with sufficient water to prevent sticking. Baste often with sweet butter and serve on toast with gravy as sauce.	**LOBSTER CROUTON** Dice a large lobster into 1″ pieces. Sauté minced eschallots in 1 tbsp. melted butter. Cook 2 min. more after stirring in ½ cup fresh mushrooms. Place in this 1 bruised garlic clove (to be later removed), lobster cubes, dash paprika, pepper and salt. Stir several minutes on low fire. Add flaming brandy, ⅛ cup of sherry. After cooking 1 minute, stir in ½ cup heavy cream which has been brought to boil with tarragon leaves, onion flakes and bay leaf. Place on large crouton covered with anchovy paste. Serve.

BUFFET BOARD

ARROZ CON POLLO

For 1½ hrs., marinate a disjointed chicken in lime juice, seasoned with salt and pepper. Make a sauce of ⅓ cup of sherry, ¼ lb. of quartered dates, pinch of saffron and 1 tbsp. shredded Canton ginger. Season with a pinch of saffron. Sauté chicken in butter until golden brown, and serve in center of a ring of steamed rice. Top with sauce and garnish with water cress and thin slices of papaya.

RAMEKINS OF CRABMEAT DEWEY

Mash 2 egg yolks with 1½ tbsp. flour, nutmeg, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. paprika and 2 tbsp. butter. Add 1½ cups top milk slowly; cook over low fire 8 min., stirring constantly. Add 1½ cups crab meat and ¾ lb. sautéed mushrooms and reheat. Add egg yolks and 3 tbsp sherry just before serving in pastry shells.

CRAYFISH BISQUE (canned)

For 2 servings add a can of water, heat to boiling point and serve gumbo-style on generous helpings of rice. The stuffed crayfish heads should be divided equally among the servings.

CHICKEN IN CHAMPAGNE

Fill a plump young hen with celery and mushroom dressing, seasoned with shallots and fresh tarragon. Allow to stand for 1 day. Braise bird in champagne until tender. Place bird to chill in refrigerator. Reduce stock to 2 cups. Season and color with paprika and add ½ tbsp. plain gelatin. Coat bird with this mixture. Chill thoroughly before serving.

SHISHKEBAB

Cut a leg of lamb into cubes. Marinate overnight in sherry, 1 large sliced onion, 1 bay leaf, and 1 tsp. oregano. Arrange on skewer with mushroom caps, and quartered tomatoes. Salt, pepper, and broil. Serve with rice pilaf, made by browning 1 cup uncooked rice in butter. Cook rice in beef stock, adding a handful of fine noodles in last few minutes of cooking. Season with parsley, salt, and pepper.

SMOKED TURKEY WITH CHUTNEY (canned)

The superb flavor of smoked turkey is at its delicate best when served cold. Carve it carefully in very thin slices and arrange light and dark meat alternately. Serve with an abundance of chutney, and thin slices of pumpernickel spread with sweet butter.

SUNDAY BRUNCH

HUCKLEBERRY WAFFLES WITH HONEY

2 cups cake flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt should be sifted together. Melt 6 tbsp. of butter, and stir in 1¼ cups milk and 2 well-beaten egg yolks Add to flour, stirring to keep batter creamy. Blend in 2 beaten egg whites. Wash and dry 1 cup fresh huckleberries and stir into mixture. Accompany the waffles with clover honey when serving.

EGGS BOHEMIA

Prepare scrambled eggs in the usual fashion. Add ½ oz. of foie gras and ¼ oz. of sliced truffles and 1 tsp. sherry. Serve on fresh toast.

SAUSAGES CHABLIS

Pour ¾ cup of Chablis over sausages which have been sautéed, and poach gently. Place these on large croutons Thicken ½ cup of Chablis with 1 egg yolk. Stir in a dash of lemon juice, 2 tbsp. of beef extract in paste form, and ¼ cup of butter. Cover the sausages with this sauce before serving

CREPES ESQUIRE

Beat 6 eggs lightly. Sift in gradually 1 cup of flour, ¼ tsp. grated orange peel, 1 scant tbsp. brandy, and pinch of salt. Melt butter into a small-sized frying pan, and turn sufficient batter into it for thin pancake. Keep on moderate flame for 1 min. before turning and browning other side. Roll pancake around diced Bartlett pears which have been marinated in port wine which has been reduced by one-half.

BRANDY OMELET

Prepare an omelet after the usual manner, seasoning it with honey and a bit of salt. Place it on a silver platter, give it a dusting of sugar and pour on brandy in order to serve it flaming.

EGGS BENEDICT

Toast the halves of an English muffin and spread with butter. Place a slice of broiled Canadian ham which has been sautéed on each muffin half. Top with a poached egg. Pour on Hollandaise sauce Suggested as trimmings are 1 large ripe olive or a dusting of paprika.

POTLUCK

TERRAPIN STEW (canned) AND BISCUITS

Place stew in French casserole dish (pottery). Heat slowly in moderate oven. Add tinned baking powder biscuits. Return to oven, boosting temperature to 425°. Bake approximately 15 min. or until biscuits are golden brown and cooked through. Garnish heavily with minced fresh parsley.

SOFT SHELL CRABS (canned)

For the 2 cleaned crabs make a batter by mixing 4 oz. milk, 1 egg, salt and pepper. Dip crabs in the batter and then in flour and repeat. Fry in deep fat until light brown. Serve with Bearnaise sauce or Escoffier sauce.

WILD RICE & CHICKEN (canned)

Place contents in buttered casserole dish. Cover with 1 cup of mushroom sauce (condensed mushroom soup may be used). Sprinkle with grated sharp Cheddar cheese Bake in moderate oven 375° for 15-20 min. or until rice is cooked through and cheese is toasted.

WILD MALLARD DUCK STEW A LA CHASSEUR (canned)

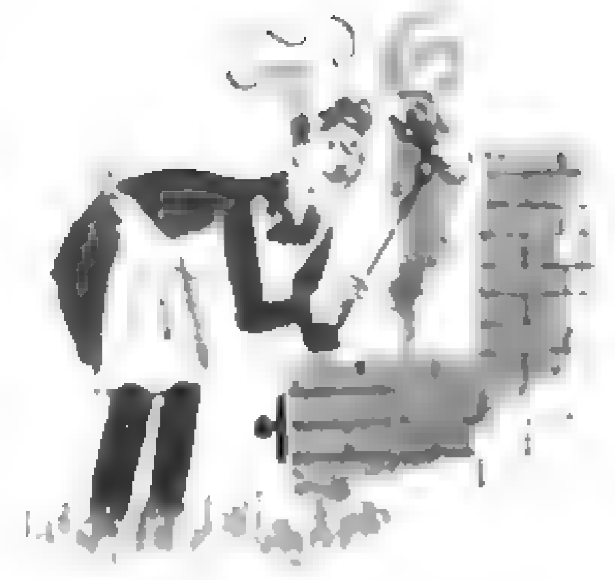
Heat the contents until very hot, and then pour the stew into a ring of wild rice, or noodles and serve.

FRANKFURTERS POLENTA

Chop four spring onions fine, brown in butter with crushed clove of garlic. Add 1 cup cornmeal, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 can bouillon, 1 cup water. Salt and pepper to taste. Bake in casserole until liquid is absorbed. Arrange cocktail frankfurters on top. Put back in oven to brown.

PHEASANT A LA NEWBURG (canned)

To serve 2, empty contents into a saucepan, heat slowly, until very hot, and pour into patty shells, wild rice ring, or scooped out green peppers, over hot biscuits or toast and serve.



THE OUTDOOR GRILL

BEEFSTEAK, PAMPLEMUSA

Pound a ½" steak until very thin. Squeeze two large grapefruits. Rub the grapefruit rind over steaks to extract the oil. Sprinkle with salt and rub with garlic. Marinate at least 2 hrs. in grapefruit juice. Butter the steaks and broil. Season with salt and pepper and serve with grilled pineapple rings.

TROUT AMANDINE

Leave head and tail on fresh brook trout. Season with salt, pepper and few drops of lemon, sprinkle lightly with flour and sauté in hot butter. Pour almond butter sauce over trout and garnish with lemon slices and parsley. Brown blanched, shredded almonds in butter for the sauce.

WILD DUCK GRILL

Split the duck, and wipe with damp cloth. Rub with olive oil, salt and pepper. Wild duck should never be served rare, so grill it at least 8 minutes on each side, but be careful not to overcook either. Arrange on heated platter and cover with sauce of melted butter, lime juice, and grated orange peel. Serve with apple and prune purée.

ROAST STUFFED SUCKLING PIG

Prepare forcemeat as follows: Peel and chop 3 lbs. large sweet onions, cooked in skins and cooled. Combine with 1 lb. of chopped suet of beef kidney, 1 lb. soaked bread crumbs, 3 oz. parboiled and chopped sage, 1 tsp. marjoram, 2 eggs. Salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Blend and stuff pig. Sew up belly, place on a spit and roast. Baste often with oil while roasting since this crisps the skin. Serve the suckling pig with an apple in its mouth.

STEAK EXTRAORDINAIRE

Select well marbleized bright red beef with firm white fat. Cut carefully and evenly from the center of the tenderloin (known as the Chateaubriand), the steak should be very thick, two or three times the weight of the ordinary filet steak. Rub each steak with garlic and butter. Grill over live coals. When brown, turn without piercing, if possible, and season with hickory-smoked salt, freshly ground black pepper, and a dash of brandy. When the other side has browned, serve at once, garnished with water cress.

GRILLED SQUAB MADEIRA

Select plump, fresh birds and rub dressed birds with butter and hint of garlic. Season, place on spit over live coals. Grill quickly, close to the fire until skins are brown and crisp, meanwhile turning frequently. Place on serving platter and pour over them a little melted butter and Madeira.

AFTER THEATER

FISHERMAN'S OMELET

Parboil shad roe with mace, tarragon, and celery leaves. Skin shad roe, and broil in butter with chopped spring onions. Make an herb omelet and place the roe in the middle of it, then fold it over. Garnish with thin slices of smoked salmon.

LOBSTER NEWBURG (canned)

Empty ingredients into chafing dish, stir and heat sufficiently to serve on thin hot toast

SMOKED OYSTERS A LA KING (canned)

Add to 1 cup thin white sauce 1 cup of oyster slices, 1 sliced hard boiled egg ½ cup sautéed mushrooms, 2 tbsp. sliced pimentoes, ¼ cup ripe olives. Heat in double boiler 20 min. Before serving add 1 tsp. light rum.

CREPES SUZETTES (canned)

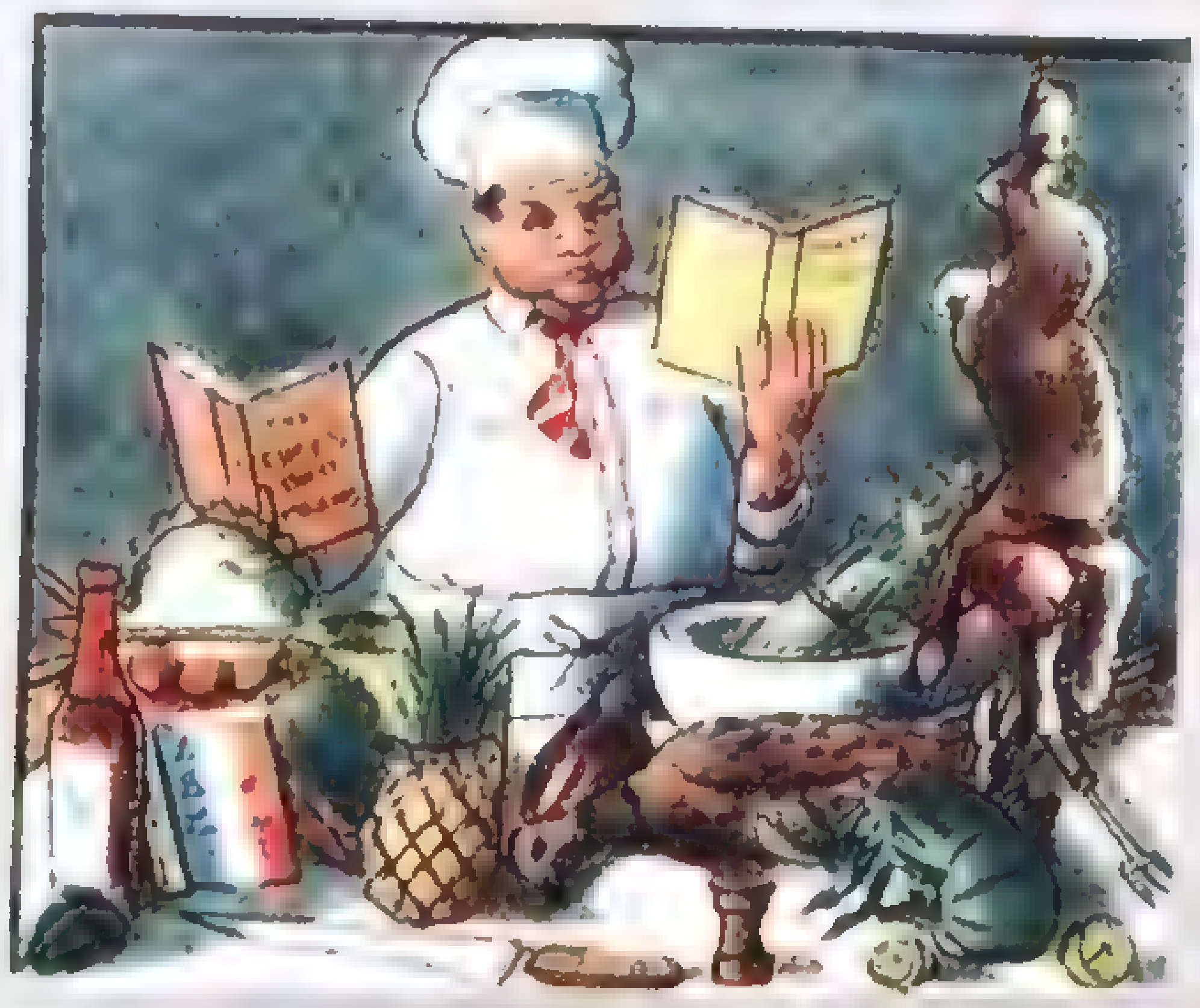
Empty heated contents into a chafing dish and place in hot oven for a few minutes. Serve crepes on hot plates and add burning Curacao.

HAMBURGERS BURGUNDY

Brown quickly in hot butter ground top sirloin or round steak patties. Add pinch of chervil and dash of marjoram, and 3 tbsp. Burgundy. Cover, simmer 1 min. Serve at once.

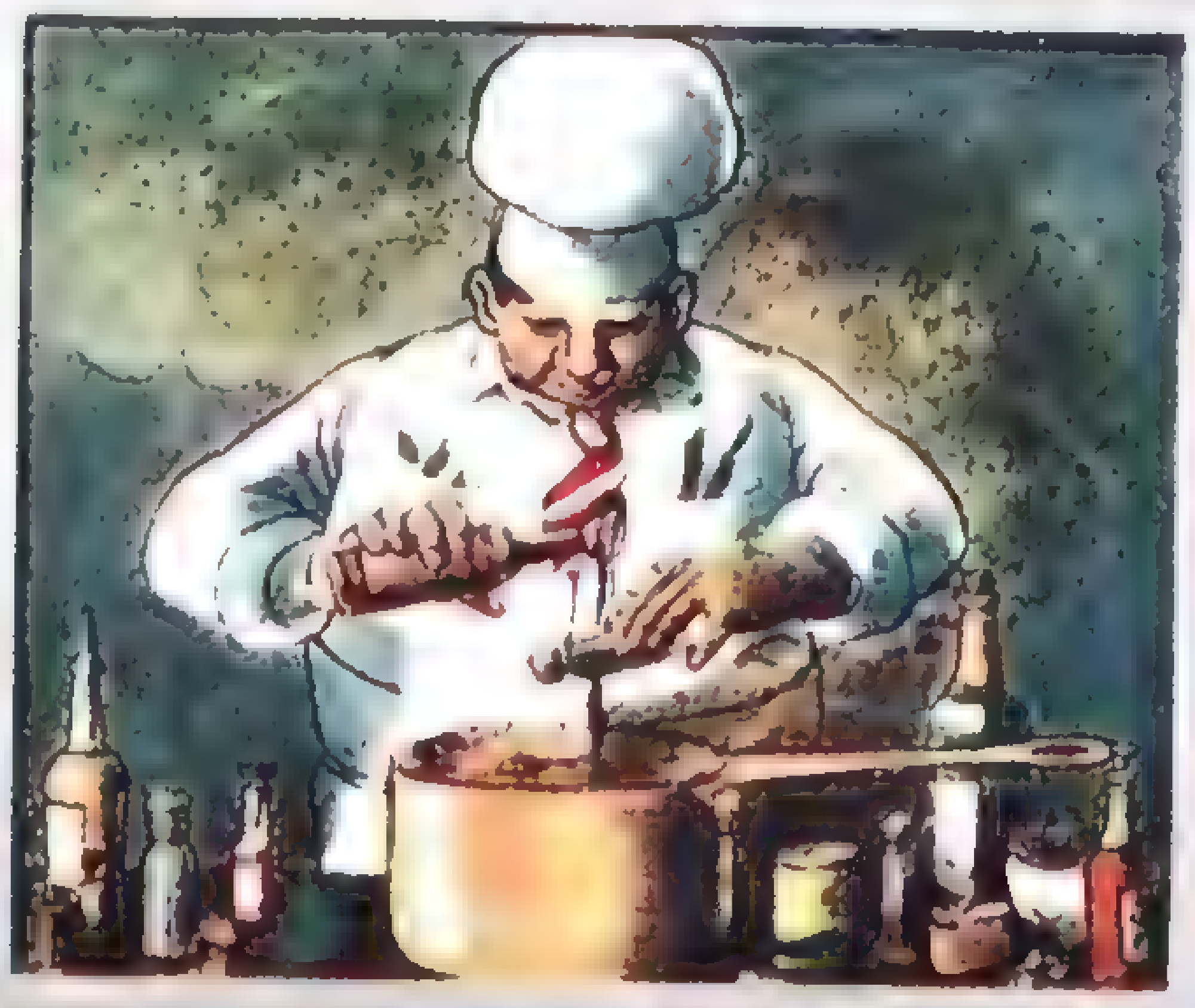
OYSTERS ALLEMANDE

Steam 2 doz. oysters in their own juice and 2 tbsp. butter, until oysters begin to curl and turn white. Heat 1 pt. cream, 6 tsp. sweet butter, ⅛ cup minced mushrooms sautéed. Add 1 pinch celery salt. When mixture reaches the boiling point, add oysters and juice. Keep stirring constantly. Thicken with 1 cup Hollandaise sauce. Add 1 jigger of sherry.



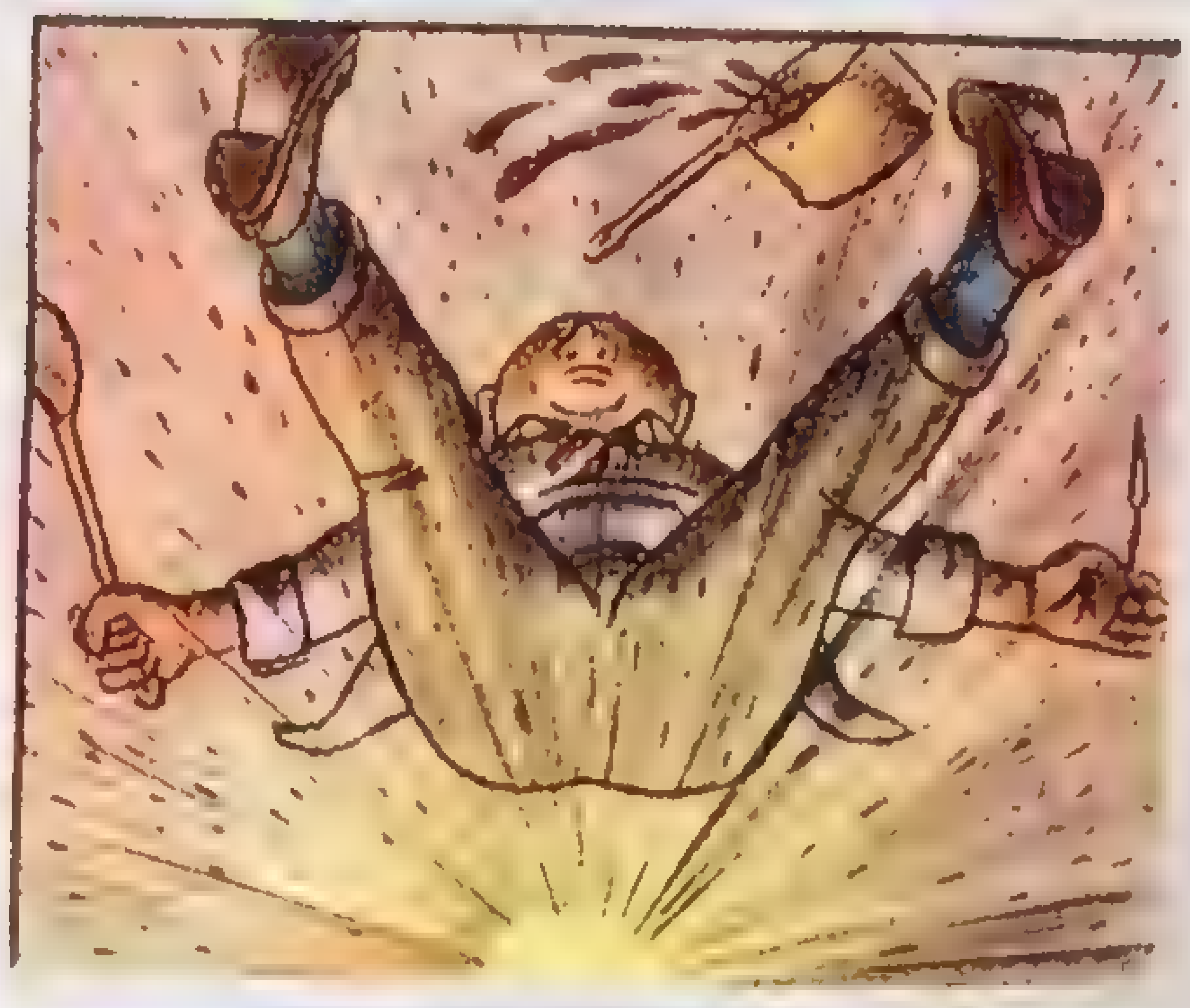
CORDON BLAH

Oh pray never stray into this sort of scandal
Don't try more than you know you can handle



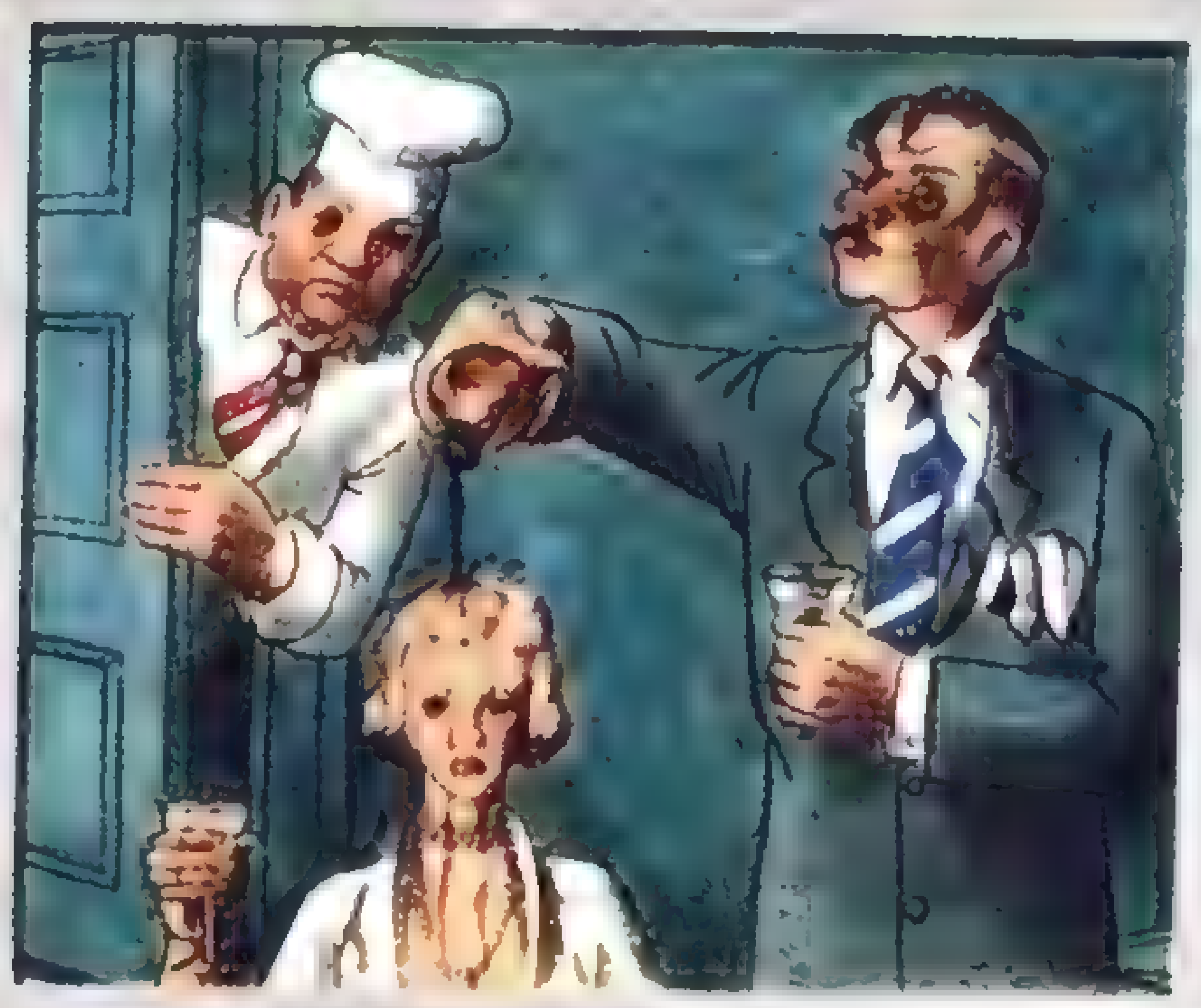
SEASON'S OVER

Too much seasoning spoils the broth
And may set fire to the table cloth



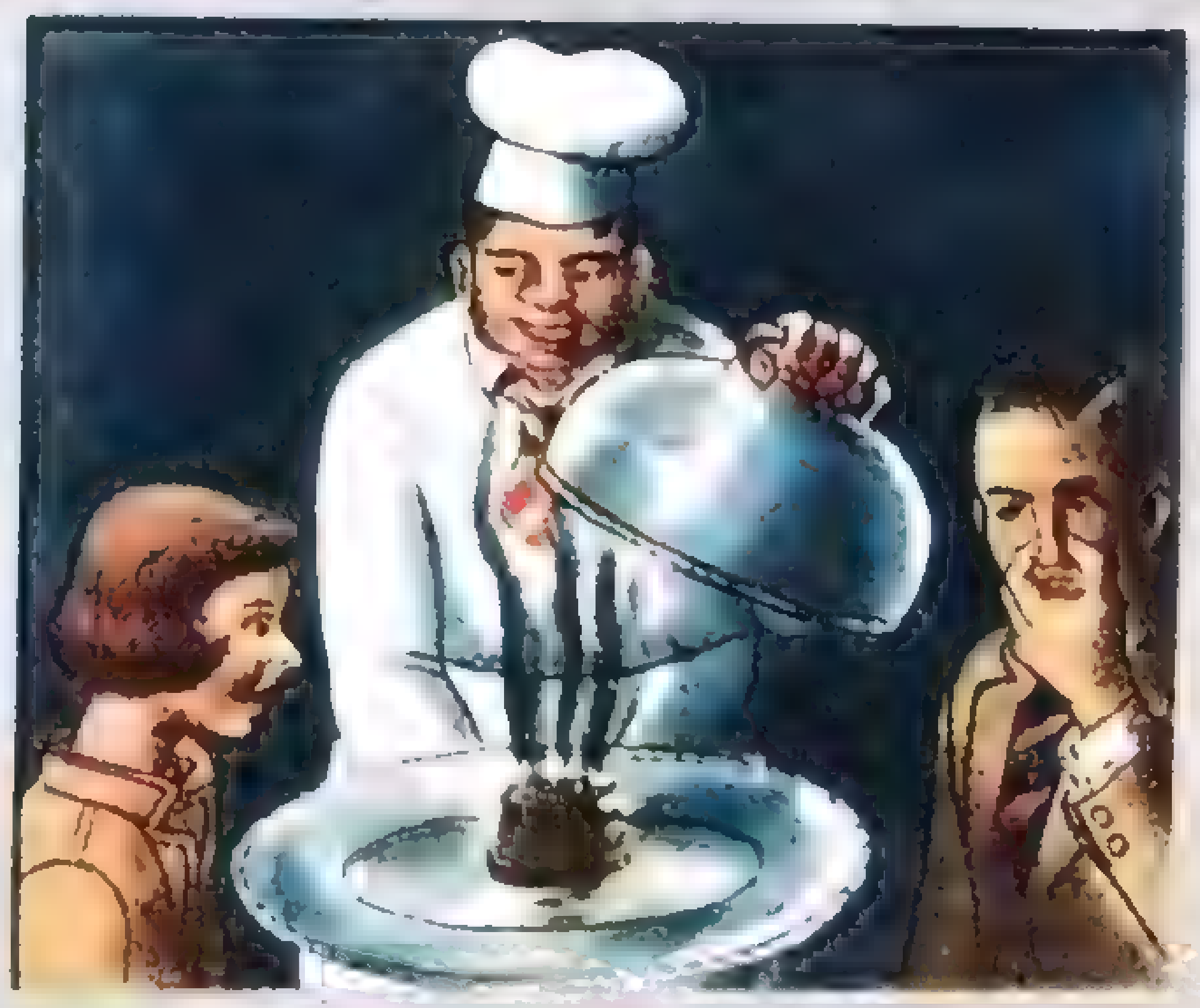
CHEF EN BROCHETTE

Pour cold water on hot fat
And sign your will, for that was that



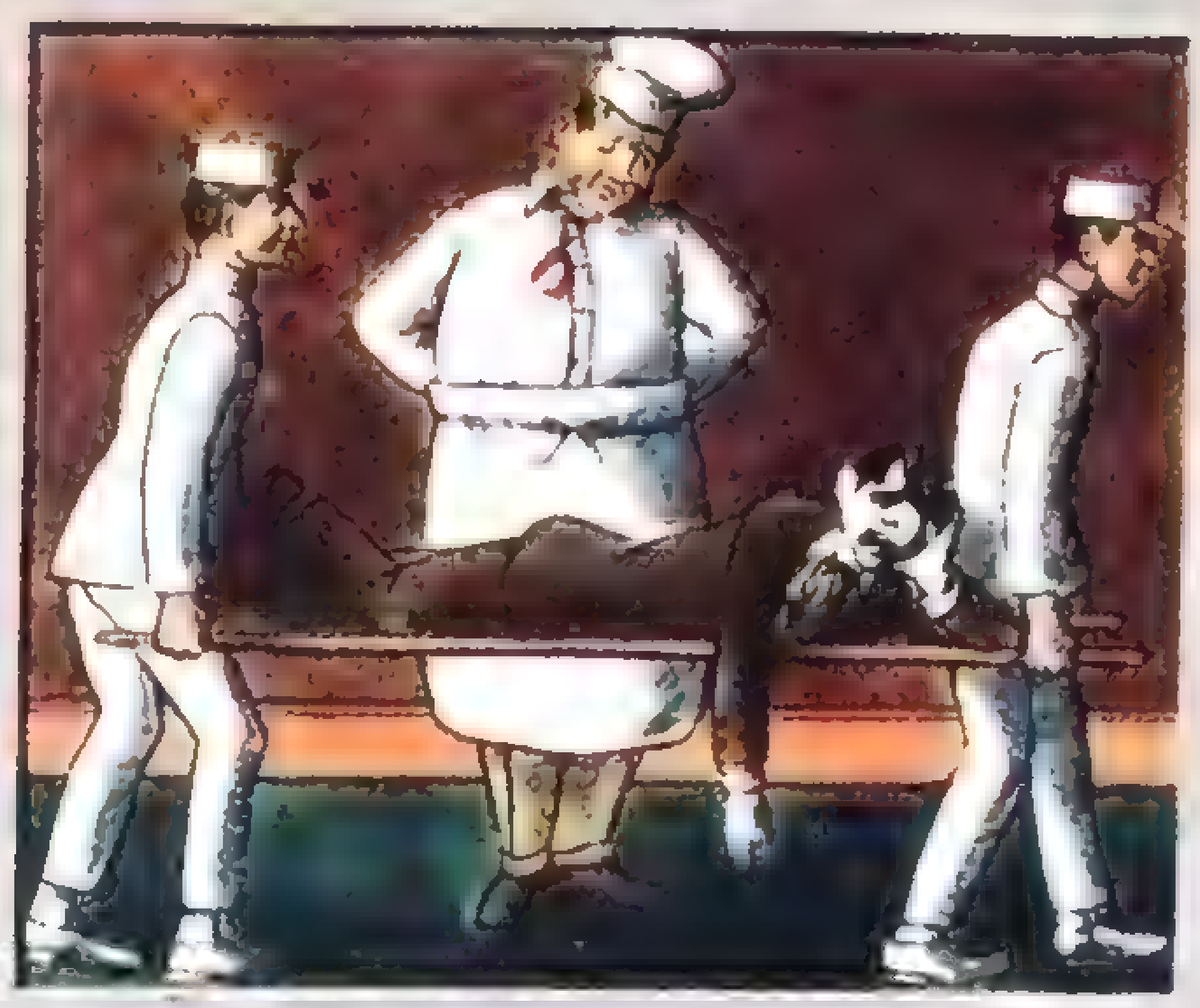
MARINATED GUESTS

Five Martinis to make the taste buds drool;
They won't know filet from cold boiled mule



BURNT OFFERING

And all the chef's sauces, spices and such
Can't save the dinner that's cooked too much



EXPERIMENT PERILOUS

Shun all mad inventions untried on cat or you
Guest to ghost is really quite a nasty stew

GOURMET'S GAME BOARD

Wild Life in the Kitchen Is All in Knowing the Rules of the Game

AVOID waste of wild game by knowing how to dress your kill, how long it should hang to "season" and how to prepare it so as to enjoy it at flavor peak.

Remember that conditions of the hunt, such as excessive heat or moisture, cause loss of flavor, toughening and spoilage.

Nearly all game should be drawn as soon as possible and hung in a cool, airy place.

Know how to approximate age of game, as this should determine the method of cooking.

Remember that game takes on the flavor of its own food sources.

Don't overcook! This is the most common error in the preparation of game.

QUAIL. Birds should be plump, fat and firm. They should be plucked (not skinned) and singed to keep maximum flavor. They do not require long hanging. They are excellent roasted on a spit, sautéed in butter, broiled, or they may be poached in strong veal stock with white wine. Brandy or a dash of lemon is flavorful. They are further set off with mushrooms, bacon slices, sour cream, diced ham truffles, sweetbreads or olive celery and Madeira sauce. Among fruits, cherries, pomegranate, orange and pineapple, apple and white grapes may be included in the processing.

DUCK AND GEESE. Allow to hang for 48 hours or more. If they are old their beaks and feet will appear horny and they should be parboiled before roasting. Do not reserve the stock as it will be fishy in flavor and a stuffing would also take on this taste. Use pricked orange, onion or apple in cavity in lieu of dressing. Most hunters prefer wild duck rare, in some cases the bird is scarcely more than singed all the way around. Shallot sauce, Bigarade sauce, currant jelly, ginger pears and cranberries are excellent with duck.

GROUSE OR PARTRIDGE. Partridge should hang until quite "high," then be plucked and singed. It may be larded with bacon, roasted and basted with port or sherry. It may be cooked "en casserole" with glazed onions, mushroom caps and red wine, grilled and served with broiled mushrooms and lemon slices, sautéed and dressed with butter and burnt brandy. Serve with it such foods as carrot slices, peas, purée of chestnut, bacon curls, chutney or olive sauce and garnish with truffles, lemon and parsley.

PHEASANT. Allow to hang longer than other birds as it is better "high." If it is young its legs are grey and the breast bone is flexible. The infallible test of youth is the last large feathers of the wing which should be pointed. If round, the bird is old.

Pheasant is white meated and can be used in the same ways as chicken. Reserve and use giblets. It can be roasted, stuffed with celery and onion dressing, chestnuts, foie gras, mushrooms or wild rice. It must not overcook. One hour is usually long enough and it must be basted constantly. Wine is excellent for this purpose. For casserole cooking, pheasant is frequently marinated in wine and herbs beforehand. Walnuts are a nice touch when added to a wine sauce (preferably Madeira). Oyster sauce, Espagnole sauce, celery sauce, bread sauce are complimentary. Beef marrow and bacon with herbs poached in Madeira produces an interesting sauce.

WILD TURKEY. Roast with chestnut, celery or wild rice dressing in hot oven 450°, 2 hours. Other turkey recipes are applicable.

MIXED GAME PIE. Split and stew small birds, season and add parsley, onions, cloves and saltpork (diced and browned). Thicken gravy, add cooked potatoes, place in crust and bake.

SMALL GAME. Always dress at once and hang 48 hours. Skin when ready to use. Rabbit is better flavored if dressed right after kill and bled. Personal taste dictates whether or not you soak meat in vinegar, wine, salt water, or not at all. Methods of cooking: Rabbit pie with biscuit crust, southern fried, baked in milk with sage or baked with sour cream.

Squirrel is mild, not gamey. Handle like rabbit, as to skinning, etc. Methods: Broil, southern fry, or stew with dumplings.

BIG GAME. Venison should be bled immediately after kill, and hung for at least 48 hours. Season steaks and chops with garlic and/or red wine and broil rare. Braise the less tender cuts, brown in fat, add water, cover and cook until tender. Wine can be added to flavor. Roast the saddle as you would mutton, with wild rice dressing. Lard it if needed. Roasting time: 20-25 minutes to pound.

KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

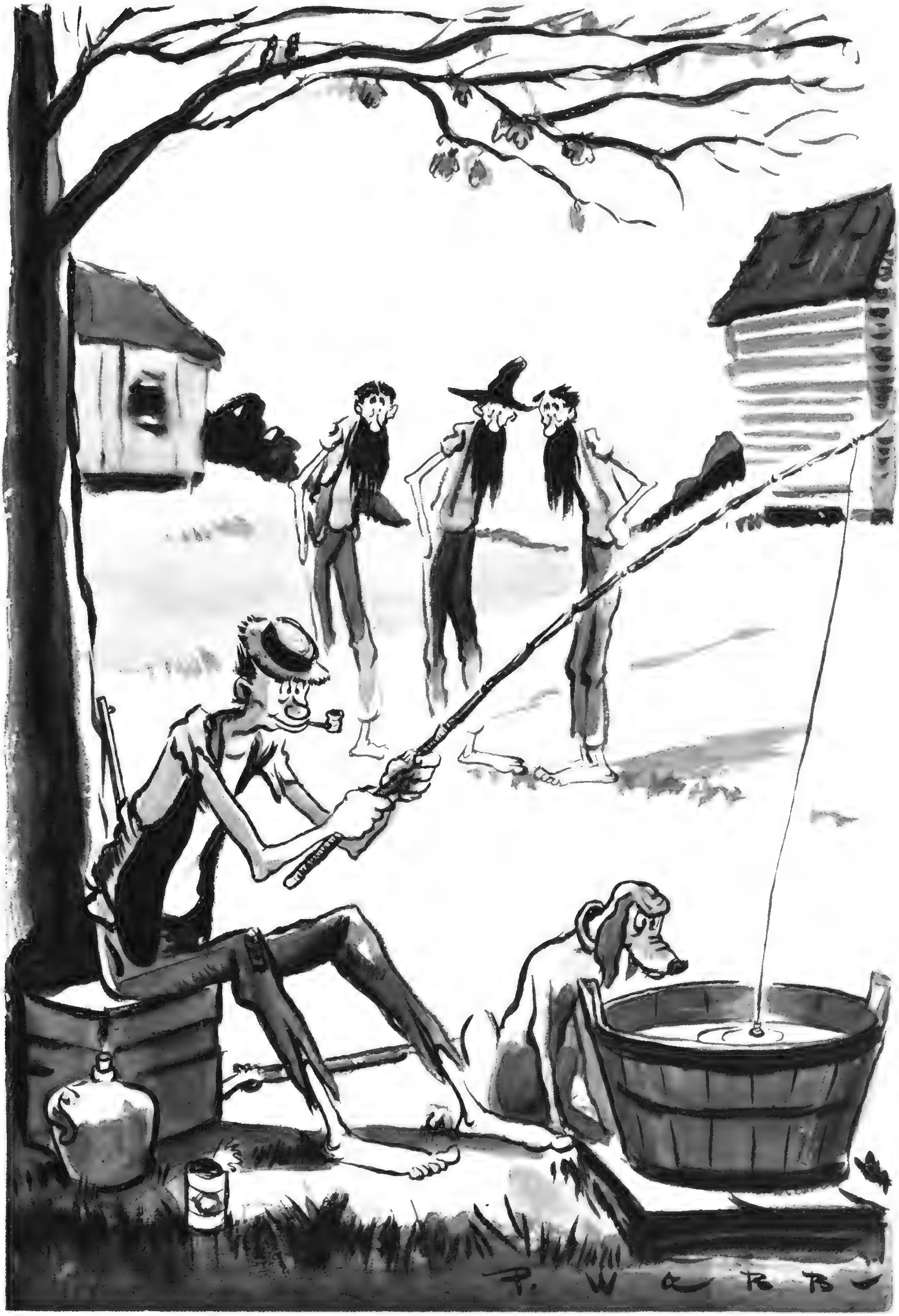
THE ESQUIRE HERB DIRECTORY

SEASONING holds many of the secrets of great cooking. It is the "Chef's touch" to dressings, roasts, salads and sauces. It is not meant to camouflage but rather to glorify the finer flavors of food. Herbs are correctly used when they mystify the palate, and are not themselves too easily identified.

Unquestionably the most important new development in the age-old art of seasoning is MSG—monosodium glutamate, a flavor catalyst that intensifies the flavor of all foods by rendering taste buds super-sensitive. Be sure to add it to the basic list of seasoning agents charted in the herb directory below.

HERB DIRECTORY	APPETIZERS	SOUPS	FISH	EGGS & CHEESE	MEATS	POULTRY & GAME	VEGETABLES	SALADS	SAUCES	DESSERTS
BASIL	vegetable juices, seafood cocktail	minestrone turtle tomato	shrimp sole broiled fish	rarebit scrambled eggs	lamb liver sausage	venison duck	tomatoes eggplant onions	tomato green seafood	spaghetti orange, fish butter, sauces	compote of fruit
BAY LEAF	tomato juice aspic	stock bouquet garni	court-bouillon fish kabab		stews pot roast marinade for shishkabab	stew pie	carrots potatoes tomatoes	seafood aspic	marinades Espagnole Champagne	
CHERVIL	garnish	spinach	fish butter sauces	omelets and egg dishes cream cheese	veal beef	chicken butter sauce		green salad	Madeira sauce Bearnaise Vinaigrette	
MARJORAM	mushrooms paté	clam turtle (mock) onion	broiled baked	omelet scrambled eggs	pork, veal lamb, beef	chicken goose dressings	carrots peas spinach	chicken green	brown sauce sour cream sauce	
OREGANO	tomato	tomato bean minestrone	stuffing		pork, lamb sausage	stuffing marinades pheasant guinea hen	tomatoes cabbage broccoli lentils	seafood aspic	spaghetti tomato	
PARSLEY	garnish canapés	bouquet garni garnish	court-bouillon all fish	omelet scrambled eggs	lamb, veal steak, stews	bouquet garni stuffing	potatoes carrots, peas tomatoes	potato, fish green	Beurre Noir Bordelaise Tartar	
MINT	fruit cup fruit juices	pea		cream cheese	lamb, veal		carrots new potatoes zucchini	fruit cole slaw green	mint	fruit, ices frostings
ROSEMARY	fruit cup	turtle pea, spinach chicken	salmon stuffing	omelet scrambled eggs	lamb, veal ragouts, beef stew, ham loaf	capon-duck partridge rabbit	peas spinach	fruit		fruit
SAFFRON	saffron butter	bouillabaisse chicken	halibut sole	cream cheese scrambled eggs	veal	arroz con pollo chicken	risotto Spanish rice	seafood	fish sauce	cake, buns frosting
SAGE	cottage cheese cheddar cheese	chowders cream soups	stuffings	cottage cheddar	pork sausage stews	goose, turkey rabbit stuffings	lima beans eggplant onions tomatoes			
SAVORY	vegetable juice	fish consomme bean	broiled baked	deviled eggs scrambled eggs	pork, veal	chicken stuffings	beans, rice sauerkraut	green Russian	fish sauce horse radish	pear compote
TARRAGON	fruit, seafood tomato	tomato consomme turtle, chicken mushroom	frog legs broiled fish lobster	all eggs	sweetbreads veal, Yorkshire pudding	duck, chicken squab	salsify celery root mushrooms	green, fish chicken	Bearnaise Tartar mustard	
THYME	seafood tomato	borscht gumbo clam chowder vegetable	broiled baked, sautéed	shirred eggs cottage cheese	mutton veal	stuffings venison hare	onions carrots beets potatoes	pickled beets tomato aspic	Creole Espagnole bouquet garni	

Esquire here expresses its appreciation to the following New York stores for their assistance in preparing the cooking section: Hammacher Schlemmer, Bazar Francais, Lewis & Conger, Stern Brothers for equipment; and Maison Glass for canned foods.

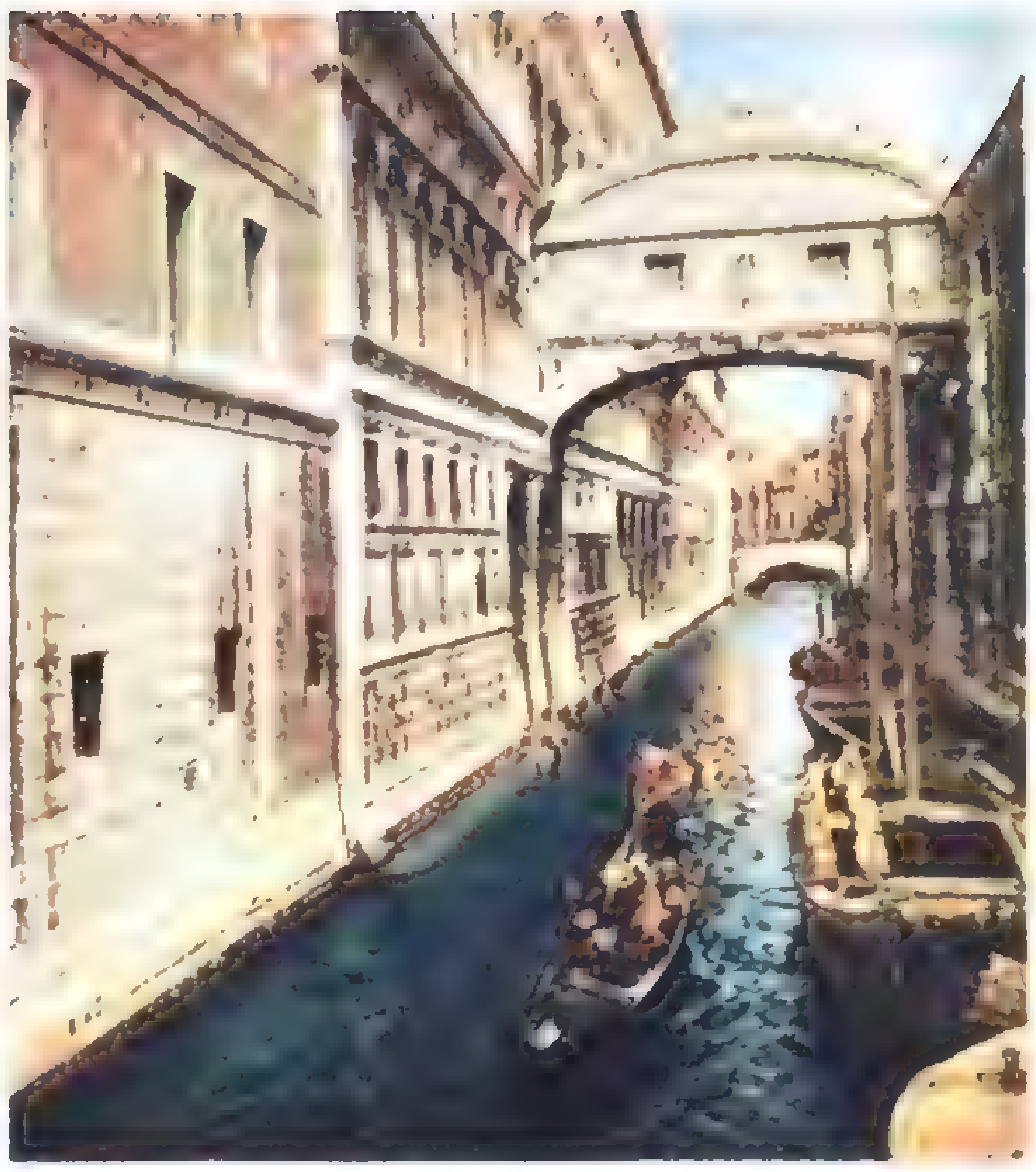


"As long as they think they're fishin' they're no harm to anybody . . .
but when they git to thinkin' they're huntin' . . . look out!"

The gondolier is to Venice
as the Dodger is to Brooklyn

Cathedral of San Marco

Gondola and palaces on Grande Canal


Weep for the Bridge of Sighs

Romance—Vintage Style

Ageless and lovely, this famous Adriatic seaport becomes once more available to vacationing Americans and presents its landmarks, its canals and the ever-present gondoliers

In the rosy-edged dream of the American escapist, Venice has always ranked with Bali, Hawaii, the Riviera and the South Sea Islands as a place a man would want to go to, if he could only go someplace.

Its famed tourist attractions long ago became the clichés of steamship folder and movie travelogue—the white marble palaces along the Grande Canal, the Basilica with the gold of its mosaics resplendent in the sun and fabulous in moonlight, the silver sands of the Lido across the Laguna, and the gondolas—above all the gondolas, with their singing gondoliers and dark-eyed signorine looking up at you in the moonlight.

Today, thanks to the vagaries of foreign exchange, the speed of the trans-Atlantic plane and one thing and another, there's no reason why the dream of Venice should remain unfulfilled for the average American with a fairly adequate vacation budget and two weeks to a month for his own uses.

It's a bit more than twenty-four hours away by plane, eleven days by boat and train, and your one-way fare will run anywhere from $225 for third-class steamer accommodations to about $450 for a plane trip.

With the lira at 575 to the dollar, the American visitor will find deluxe accommodations in Venice amazingly cheap. The Excelsior at the Lido, for example, is one of the most expensive and exclusive hotels in Italy, yet your room there will cost you no more than $14 a day, including meals. For a good dinner at an average restaurant—from antipasto to dessert and cheese, and including wine—you'll pay about $1.80.

Yet such crassly material considerations seem almost sacrilegious when your gondolier is guiding you under the Bridge of Sighs and past the prison from which Casanova made his dramatic escape across the roof tops after his amatory prowess had carried him from the powder room to the pokey.

The gondolier, by the way, is one of Venice's most colorful characters. He is to that Adriatic port about what a New York cabbie is to Hangover-on-Hudson. Like his New York counterpart, the Venetian gondolier makes his main stand around the railroad station, bus terminal and principal hotels. His rates, fixed by municipal edict, are based on the hour or fraction thereof.

For five dollars, a couple may glide out for an afternoon's gondola ride, with an English-speaking guide thrown into the bargain. Usual tip is fifty lire, or about ten cents—and a tip of a pack of American cigarettes will make you the most popular gondola passenger in all of Venice.

Then, too, that should assure you of your gondolier's breaking out into a Neapolitan love song—assuming he approves of the looks and general contours of your evening's partner. Like all Latins, the Venetian has a strongly developed appreciation of the beauty of woman and the spell of moonlight on water, with appropriate musical background. Your gondolier will sing for the same reasons and at the same times as the New York cabbie will discuss politics or the Dodgers—when he feels like it and when he senses an entente between himself and his fare.

Home may very well be where the heart is—in which case Venice is the second home of every discerning visitor who ever sailed down the Grande Canal and watched the lanterns offshore at midnight. #

Red sails in the sunset

From the Ponte Rialto

Festival on Grande Canal

Edgar at the Gate

Edgar was a devious character who loved his brother no end, but how was he to know what the score was when the prison doctor told him he'd have to die

A Story by

R. I. BERRENS

I'VE been at the gate a long time and heard many twisted tales, and it isn't often that I'm tempted to remember or record any of them. But there's an irony to the story of Edgar Mello that is pathetic, even to me. To this day I can't decide whether it's funny or sad.

Edgar arrived in a small afternoon group and I was able to observe him as I checked the papers. He was about thirty years old, shorter than average in height, and slender. But his features were gross; his nose was flat and his lips were thick, and with his dark shallow eyes there wasn't much room left for a face. He lingered until after the others had left.

"Pete, is it not uncommon that they are trustin' you here?" he asked. "I have spent time in stir before, but I do not recall seein' a trusty at the gate." Edgar's speech was conscientious, clipped. It was a combination of cliché and grammatical error in a pretentious mixture. He loved each word and he labored over it, never using one where two would do.

"They find it difficult to obtain outside help," I told him.

He laughed, at first a little querulously, but, when he saw I was going to join him, freely and with real joy. Suddenly, however, he put his hand to the back of his neck, as though testing it for pain.

"Your neck?" I asked him. "Anything wrong?"

"No." He recovered quickly. "Is this the only gate?" he asked. He pressed his hands against the bars and peered out.

"Yes. There used to be a back way, but it's not used any more."

He tried to sound casual. "Whoever comes, he must enter here?"

"Are you expecting anyone, Edgar?"

"Yes." He looked at me for a while before continuing. "Quite soon, too, or there is no such thing like justice in the world."

"In that case, you may have to wait a long time," I observed.

"I do not think so." He chuckled. "I arranged it very different."

"Is it a woman?"

"Quite on the contrary, Pete. A man. As a matter of fact, my brother."

"What is he like?" I asked. "If I see him, I'll tell him you . . ."

"Like me. A little older, but the spittin' image." He spat, and grinned his twisted grin.

It was hard to imagine that anyone could look like Edgar. Even he, standing before me, was difficult to believe. I asked him whether he wanted to tell me his story, and he said he'd be glad to. This was the story he told:

Johnnie and Edgar Mello were small-time thieves, and Johnnie, having been around longer, had accumulated a more imposing police record. He was currently the boss of a little group that sold compulsory insurance to west-side tailors. Edgar was one of the agents. There were two others, and their names were Dirty and Fred.

One Saturday night, when Johnnie and Dirty and Fred were out collecting dues, Edgar stayed home because the mole on the back of his neck was paining him and he wanted to treat it with applications of hot boric acid. By two o'clock in the morning, the others hadn't returned, and Edgar began to wonder what could have happened. They were always back by midnight. None of the stores was open after ten. He hoped there hadn't been trouble. Besides, they were using his brand new car.

At last a key tickled in the lock. Johnnie slipped into the room and was followed quickly by Fred and then Dirty. Panting, they all fell onto the couch.

Edgar looked at his brother. Johnnie's eye was a brilliant purple. "What in hell occurred, Johnnie? You have a shiner you could light your way home with."

Johnnie squinted through his better eye and spoke softly. "Eddie, I'm in a fix. You're to blame. You must take the rap."

"I am to blame for *your* fix?"

"You must blow. Pretend like you were me tonight. Blow for a few months, a year maybe. We'll let you know when to come back."

"Me blow! You are not sane, Johnnie. What has happened, and where is my new wagon?"

"I don't know exactly," Johnnie said. "We had to leave in a hurry." He looked at Fred and Dirty.

Dirty came over to where Edgar was sitting. "You better not go lookin' for your wagon now. You might find it, and that wouldn't be too healthy." He laughed and went back to the couch.

In Edgar, anger and fear were warring. "Johnnie, please, kindly tell me what this is all about."

Johnnie got up and walked to the window and looked out. He drew the drapes more tightly together and came back. "Everything clicks till we get to Fishman's place. I go in by myself. The boys are waiting outside. Fishman, he seems all right when I ask him for his contribution. He reaches into the cashbox like always. Next thing I know, I get his fist full in my eye and he's calling for the coppers like the nearest one is in Texas. Well, it don't take the boys a minute to slug him. They muss up his place and oil his fancy stock."

"Is that all? You got away, did you not? There is nothing to worry about, Johnnie. He won't talk. I know Fishman."

"That ain't all. A patrol car hears Fishman yelling. The car tails us. We're pulling away from him when . . . Jesus . . ."

"What happened then?"

"We're out of gas."

"Son of a son of a son . . ."

"Use my wagon tonight," mimicked Dirty from the couch. "I gotta take care of my neck." His voice turned savage. "*We* oughta take care of your neck."

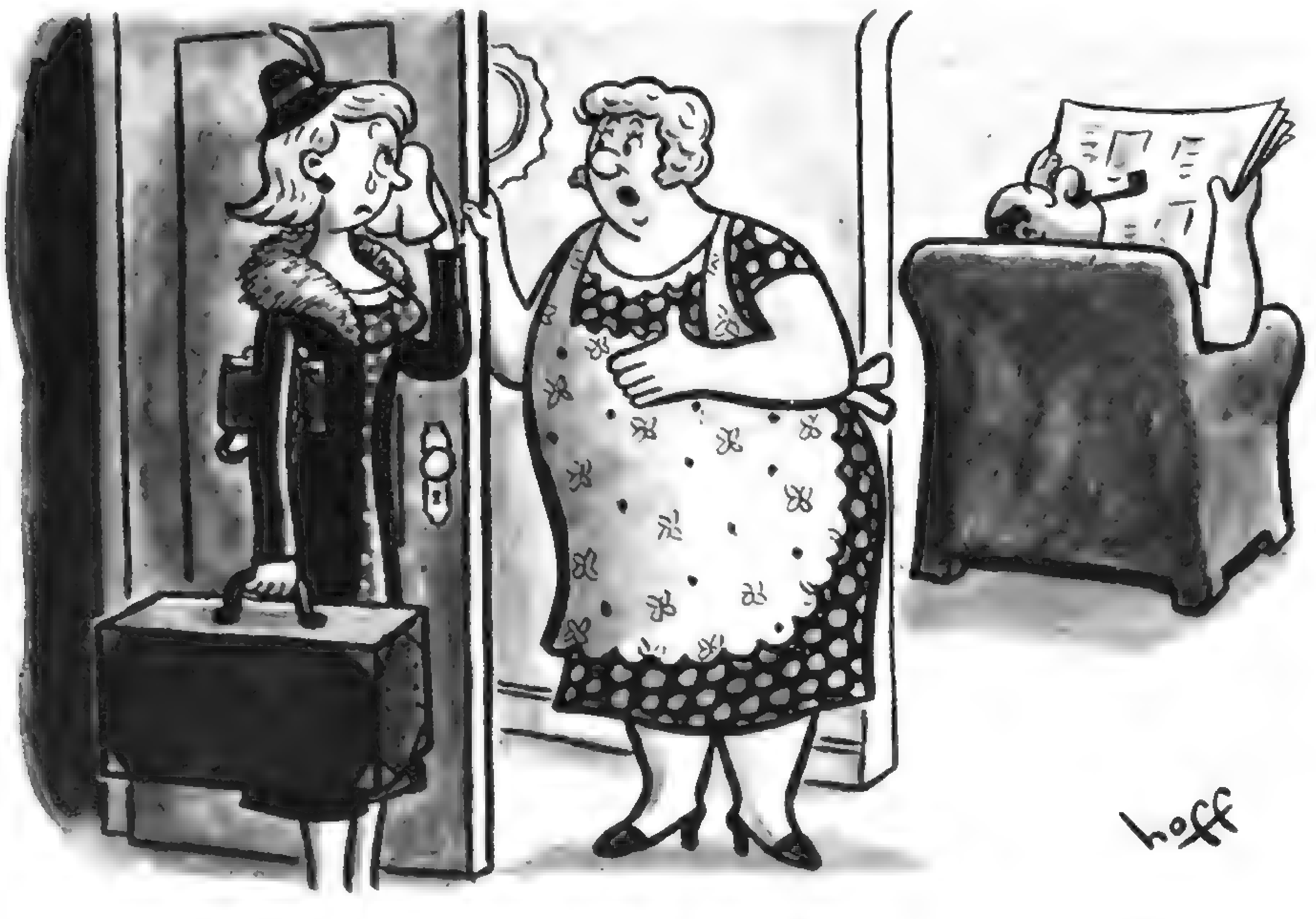
Johnnie turned suddenly. "Dirty, shut up!" Then, "Eddie, you see, don't you? It's your fault. Now they'll find the car and trace it to us . . . here!"

"I am not takin' the rap. I am not blowin'."

"Eddie, I'm a three-time loser. This means a long stretch, maybe life. Blow, Eddie. Even if they nab you, it only means two-three years."

"Johnnie, I want to help you out. Very much I do. You are my only brother. But is this not asking too

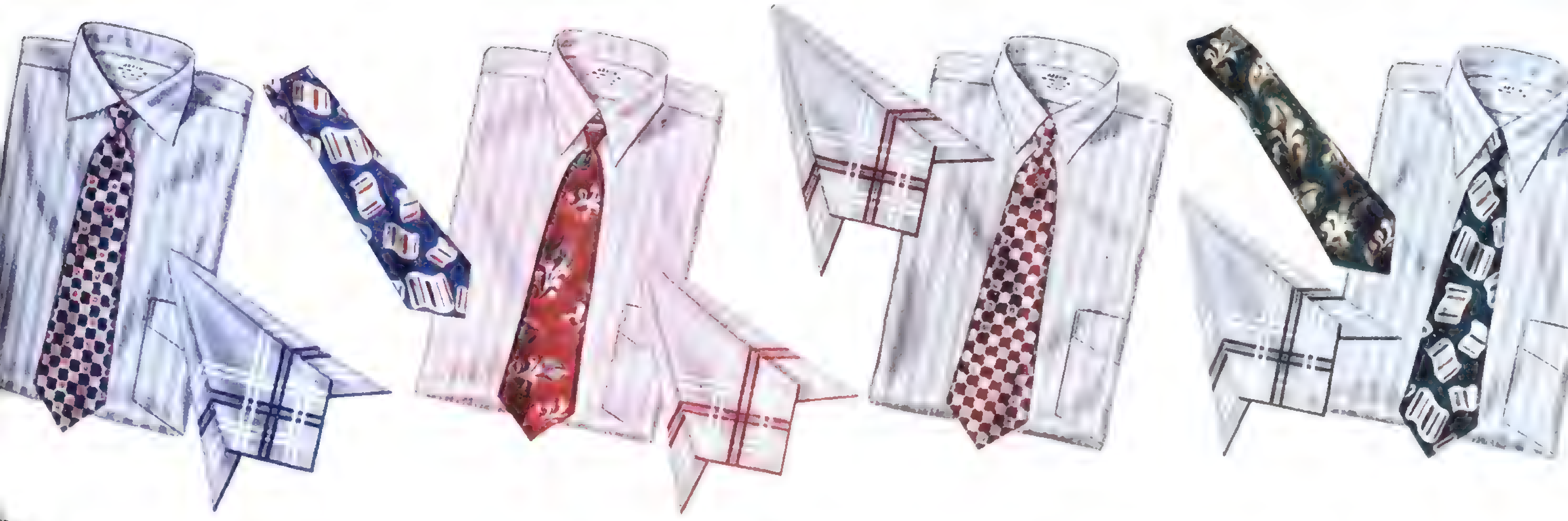
(*Continued on page 131*)



"So what? Your father and I have been incompatible for forty years"

Arrow's Style of the Month
"Harvest Tones"

WHEN YOU'RE shooting for "Best-dressed Barn Dancer"—or just want to have shirt, tie, and handkerchief teamed up in A-1 taste—get the Arrow "Harvest Tones" ensemble! The shirt pattern is a fresh, new 3-way white satin stripe on broadcloth in blue, gray, tan, green, or wine. Ties and handkerchiefs are teamed up to make a superb combination! Shirts: $4.50.



IRTS: each has that *terrific*, that *unparalleled* Arrow llar, MITOGA – the body tapered fit, and is labeled *forized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!).

TIES: three related pattern groups made of soft, luxurious rayon: (1) striped scroll patterns; (2) rich, "embossed" figures; (3) lively chain circles. $1.50.

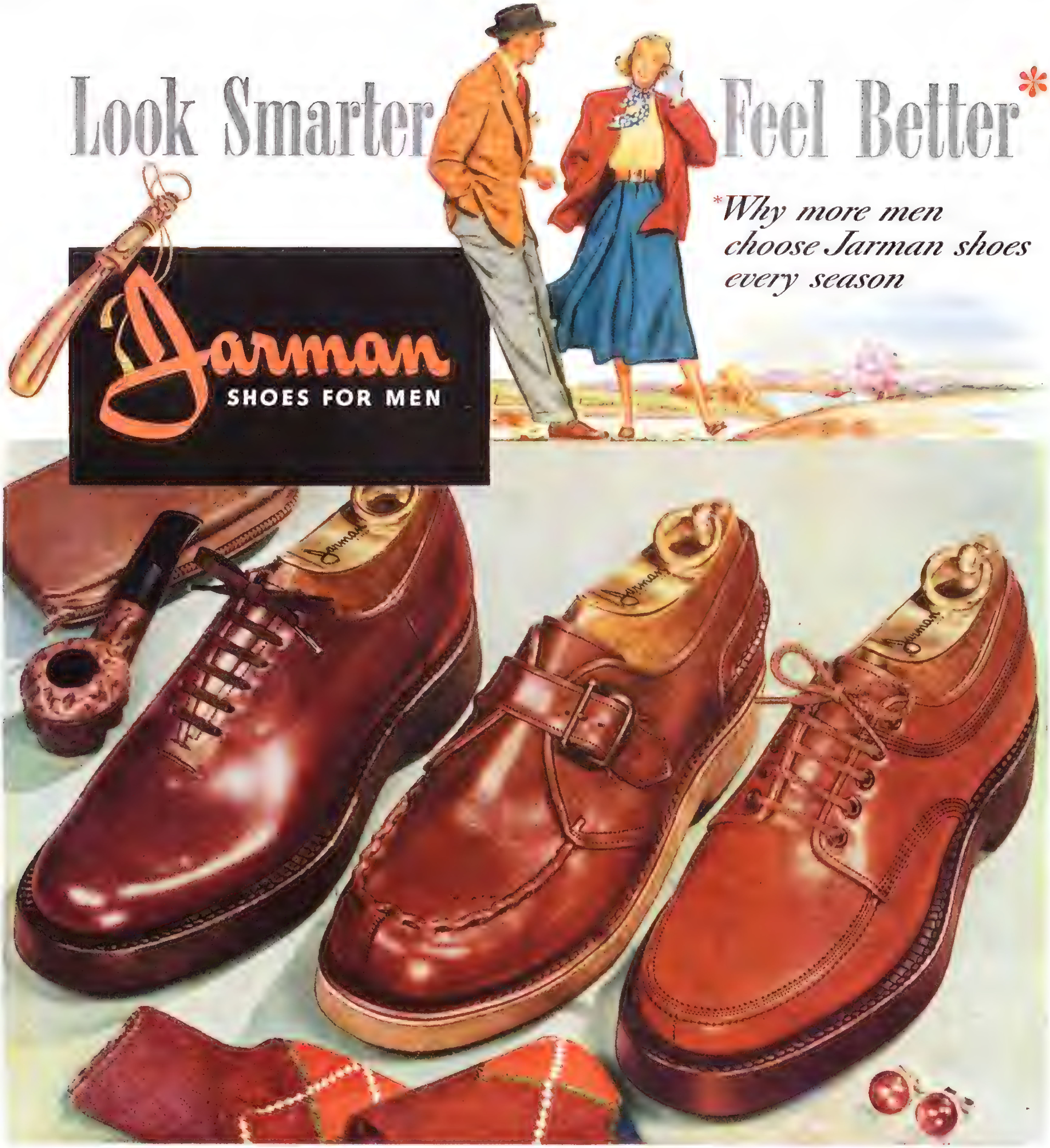
HANDKERCHIEFS: Arrow "Harvest Tones" handkerchiefs pick up the same smart satin stripe patterns of the shirts. And they're King-size, the way men like 'em. 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark
Arrow—Mitoga—Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks

ARROW "Harvest Tones" SHIRTS
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

Look Smarter Feel Better*

*Why more men choose Jarman shoes every season



LEFT: Style 4194. Especially handsome seamless vamp. Extra thick soles.

CENTER: Style 4708. Hand-Sewn, strap "Moc-San." Extra thick crepe soles.

RIGHT: Style 4145. Jarman's classic "Moc-San" with extra thick soles.

Triple-thick and terrific!

Jarman Bold Soles

Ultra thick soles and handsome masculine styling accentuate the new bold look in these Jarman "Bold Soles," made for young men who like their shoes *rugged*—but in all ways, *smart*.

$9.95 to $13.95

Some Styles Higher...

Throughout America there's a fashionable swing to Jarman's bold, top-quality styling and *extra* comfort, exclusive features that make you *look smarter* and *feel better*. Because they're finer shoes in every way, Jarmans are the choice of more and more young men of all ages season after season. This fall, there's a wide selection of rich-colored Jarman patterns—a style for every occasion. And in each skillfully-fashioned pair you get fine, mellow leathers that assure smooth finish and longer service—plus Jarman's famous *friendliness of fit*, the gentle, foot-snugging comfort that's yours the instant your foot slips into a Jarman shoe. Your Jarman dealer has the newest fall styles. Try a pair *today*.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Small World!

You never know who you're going to run into . . . the boss and his wife, the folks from back home, an old flame. And every one of them is going to give you a thorough once-over, for your clothes are an outward clue to your inner self.

Look your best on all occasions with rich, all-wool Pacific Fabrics—for example, Plateau in the good-looking tuxedo and the business suit shown here. This fine, year-round worsted is *prelaxed* in the looming: all tension is removed and the weight evenly spread. It's light as a feather on your shoulders! And there's an interesting self-tone diagonal texture to set off the handsome solid colors.

Pacific Fabrics are available in clothes for business or recreation—and are featured by outstanding manufacturers of clothing and sportswear. Always look for the Pacific label when you buy. *Send for your copy of the free booklet: "The fabrics that go into clothes for men." Drop a card today to PACIFIC MILLS, Worsted Division, Dept. D11, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

LOOK TO THE *fabric* FIRST

TIMELY CLOTHES
PLATEAU

PLATEAU SUITS AND SLACKS in an exclusive fabric by Pacific, with Balanced Tailoring by Timely Clothes, are featured at leading stores. Business suit, left above, $70 . . . tuxedo, right, $78 . . . slacks, not illustrated, $22.50. For further information, write to Timely Clothes, Inc., Rochester 2, New York; or to Pacific Mills.

Pacific
Worsteds Woolens

...it's always a pleasure

I.W. Harper

precious pre-war bottled in bond

I. W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey

SCHENLEY MARK OF MERIT

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF. BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Case for the Unwed Father

Continued from page 47

thing can't be done. But, first, just what did you have in mind?"

Jack tousled his blond hair. "Why, *you* know, Doc, I want my rights and privileges, all of 'em—everything that goes with being a father."

"But what exactly do you mean by rights and privileges? Give me an example."

There was a long pause while Jack whistled a sad little tune to himself. "Well," he said finally, "maybe sometimes I'd like to roll him in the park on a sunny day . . . see that he goes to college . . . doesn't grow up to be a sissy . . . all that sort of thing. See what I mean?"

I did see. It was perfectly clear. No sooner had Sex raised her lovely head than hardy Fatherhood had raised his; and poor Jack couldn't ignore the Old Man's compelling stare.

The refusal of this young mother to marry or to allow Jack to participate in the rearing of his "fine baby" is not, by any means, an unusual situation. The drive to have a child is far more powerful in women than in men; not infrequently women who have no desire whatever for a husband succumb to its pressure.

A special group of sixteen highly intelligent girls, none of them promiscuous and all from average or better-than-average homes, were studied in the maternity wards of several large hospitals. Although this group cannot be considered a random sample of unmarried motherhood, their attitude is revealing. Fourteen of the girls had no interest in the fathers of their children, and refused to consider marriage with them even for the sake of the child.

Although they seemed normal in every way, all these girls were probably suffering from some form of hidden Electra disturbance. Psychiatric investigation disclosed that in each girl's mind, her *own* father was the dominant figure, supplying all the masculinity she required. The actual father of her child was only the vague and shadowy instrument of her pregnancy, half-forgotten by the time her baby was born.

It is certainly not the intent of this article to frighten the reader. But there is not the slightest doubt that serenely walking the streets today are thousands of unmarried fathers *who don't know it.* Nature has, after all, allotted a relatively minor role in procreation to men, compared with that which she has bestowed upon women. And it is his realization of that minor role that sometimes stirs up deep rumblings of futility in the male psyche—a bitter feeling, perhaps, that men are outsiders in the onrushing flood of human destiny.

Although they may not yearn for domesticity, some men gain a certain strength and peace of mind from the thought that they can attain a vestige of immortality through their children. To them, the thought of dying and vanishing from the earth without leaving a trace is abhorrent. This fear is particularly strong in vigorous young men during war. I can't forget what one serious-minded soldier, who had obviously given a great deal of thought to the matter, remarked to me, on being ordered overseas. "In the years to come," he said, "there will not only be poppies on my grave in Flanders fields, but possibly some children of my own will come from the neighboring hills to pick these posies from my grave." Few G.I.s expressed themselves with such eloquence, but it can hardly be doubted that many sailed away from our shores buoyed up by the warm conviction that not all their dynamic potential would be consumed in the defense of their country.

Most men, though, do not become secret sires deliberately. To the average man the news that some female, whom he may regard as little more than an acquaintance, is "expecting" and putting the finger on him comes as a cruel bolt from his little blue heaven. Here he is, going about the innocent business of being a man when (bingo!) he is presented with a *fait accompli*—something he hadn't counted on or planned for. Since the idea of parenthood had never entered his head, his first reaction is that the whole thing is uncalled for—a totally unrealistic response to an entirely unrelated pursuit. He couldn't have been more astonished if his girl had suddenly dissolved into a cloud of radioactive particles on being kissed. In fact, his first thought, in all likelihood, is that it might have been better for all concerned if she had. He realizes vaguely that something momentous and messy is about to take place—and that, for some preposterous reason, he seems to be considered responsible.

During this period of stunned helplessness, his reasoning powers are in almost complete abeyance. He knows only that he is the innocent and injured party. One sophisticated New Yorker whose marriage was set to take place in less than two months called the whole thing off when his fiancée meekly suggested that the date be advanced a little for reasons that were becoming obvious. Woe to the girl who approaches the subject of marriage to any man while he is in this state of shock!

In a few days, however, he struggles up out of his coma and realizes that something must be done about the thing. For the next few weeks, he is sorry not only for himself, but for the girl. His emotional reactions are at flood tide; and feelings of guilt and shame are uppermost. He is anxious to do all he can to defend the weak and right the world's wrongs. During this time he badly needs financial protection. Under

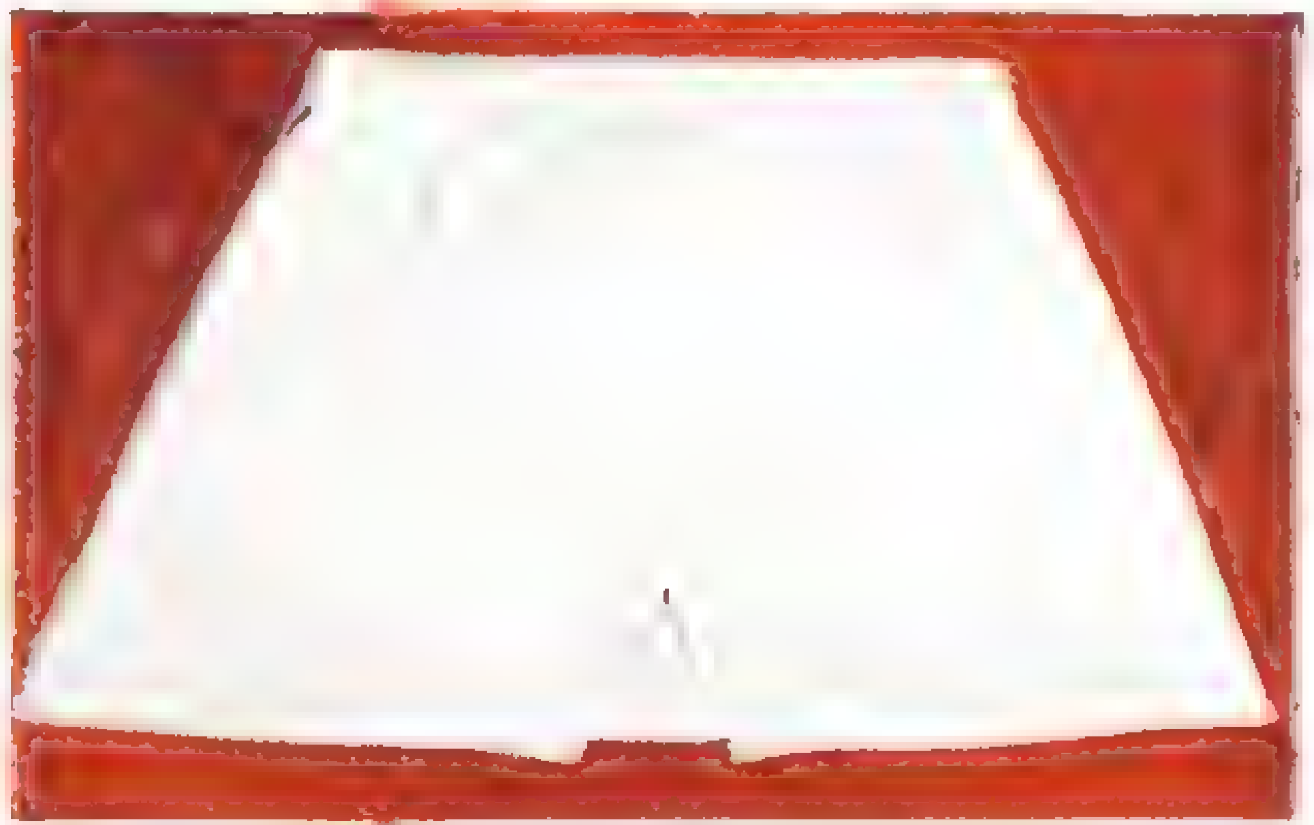
Continued on page 108

Photograph by de Casseres

WHEN YOU M-O-V-E
THEY G-I-V-E

FOR ADDED
COMFORT
AND WEAR

Reach. Bend. Stretch. Or just sit and breathe. EXPANSO* shorts g-i-v-e as you m-o-v-e. That's the exclusive Knothe EXPANSO* feature. That's miracle comfort. EXPANSO* shorts are cut in one piece, *on the bias.* No creeping, no seams to chafe. No strain. Get yourself EXPANSO* shorts and enjoy added comfort, longer wear.



EXPANSO* *Boxer Shorts,* step-in style, have an all-around elastic waistband for smooth snug fit. And the EXPANSO* balanced/bias cut for miracle comfort. Seams won't chafe, shorts won't creep or crawl. And fine Knothe materials take countless launderings. $1.50. Other styles from $1.75.

EXPANSO
I·T·G·I·V·E·S

BELTS • SUSPENDERS • SHORTS • GARTERS • PAJAMAS

KNOthe BROTHERS COMPANY, INC.
24 WEST FORTIETH STREET • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
Makers of the Famous Knothe Pajamas

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office No. 21803

Can you do this to your watch?

never wind it!

—yet get 61% more accuracy than with the average hand-wound watch

All you do is set it—the Croton Aquamatic does the rest! Your arm's normal motions keep it wound to just the right point for greatest accuracy.

douse it! drench it!

because it's guaranteed waterproof

Wear it right into bath or pool, without a worry in the world. It remains waterproof while the crystal is intact and the case unopened. Only a competent jeweler should replace the crystal, close the case—to restore the waterproof quality.

drop it! shock it!

—because greater shock resistance "cushions" the blow

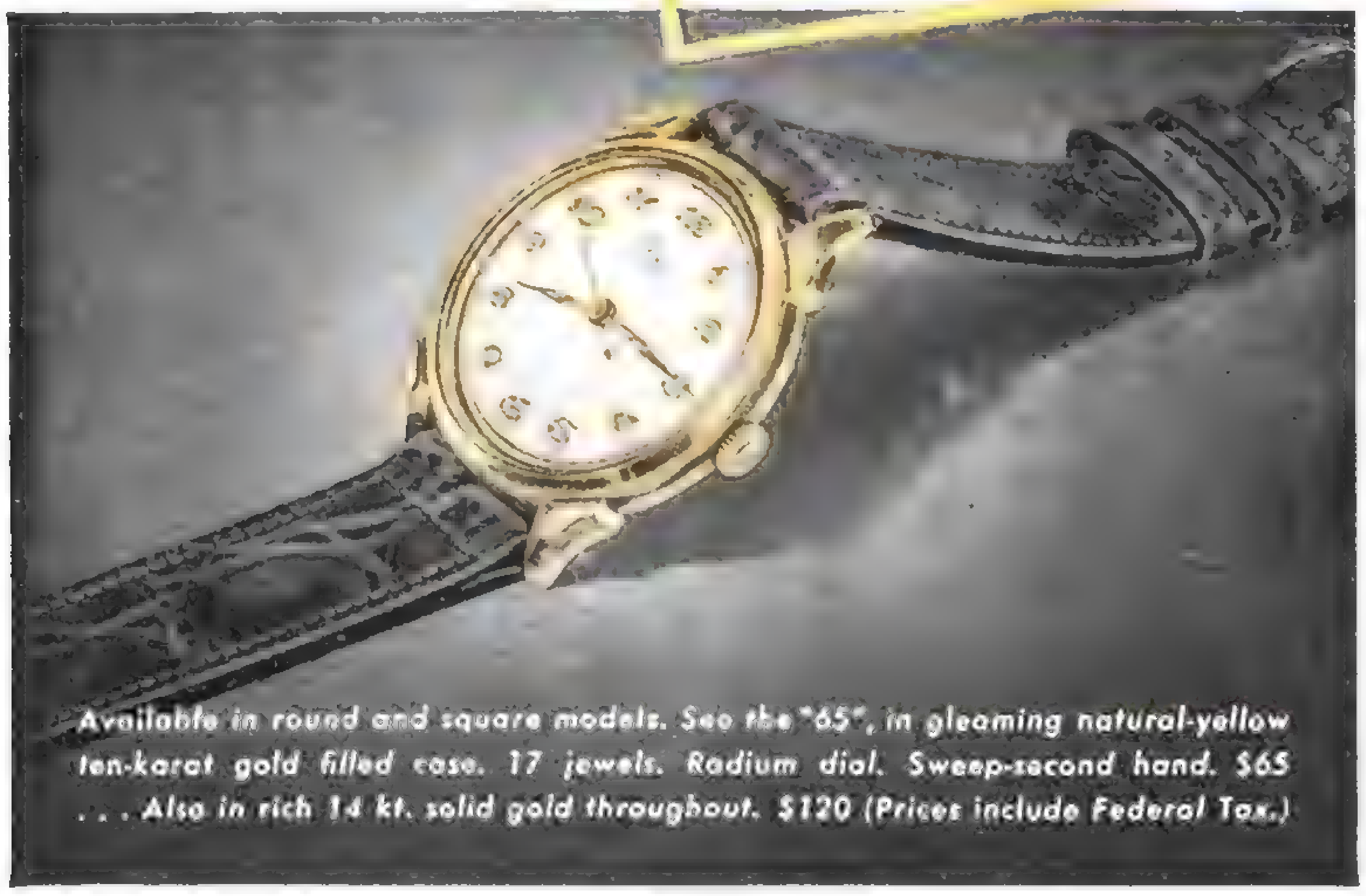
The Aquamatic shrugs off bumps that would damage the average watch. A *Free Repair Guarantee* for balance staff goes with each watch. And the glass crystal can't be shattered, either!

When you wear a Croton Aquamatic you can do "all 3" . . . and get 61% more accuracy, besides!

See Croton's complete line of Men's and Ladies' Watches. Or send for Free Booklet. Write CROTON WATCH CO., INC., 48 West 48th Street, New York 19.

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Croton AQUAMATIC Most Carefree Watch in the World



Available in round and square models. See the "65", in gleaming natural-yellow ten-karat gold filled case. 17 jewels. Radium dial. Sweep-second hand. $65 . . . Also in rich 14 kt. solid gold throughout. $120 (Prices include Federal Tax.)

The Case for the Unwed Father

Continued from page 107

similar stress men have been known to give away substantial sums to highly questionable charities or to reimburse an astonished federal government for a long-forgotten income tax evasion. Upon learning that he was about to become an unmarried father, one confirmed agnostic joined three churches of different denominations and generously endowed each one.

But slowly a third stage sets in. As the putative father sobers up from his emotional jag, his big-hearted attitude may be replaced by a more callow one, not untinged with suspicion. The thought comes to him that maybe he is being taken advantage of by a designing woman. He asks himself, with narrowing eyes: "Hm-m-m. . . Just why did this girl have to go get herself pregnant? Was it planned? Is it all a feminine scheme to trap me into marriage? Am I being played for a sucker?" For the first time a comforting thought may dawn on him: "She must be a bad girl. After all, would a good girl have yielded?"

During the first few days of shock the average male is incapable of seriously considering marriage—or anything else. In the third stage of reaction, his defenses against all women are strengthened. He is now too wily to be caught by any designing female. But in the middle period, while his emotions are in full control, but before he has had time to harden himself, he is as vulnerable as a fetus. At this stage, he'll marry anything from a rag to a bone to a hank of hair, and no questions asked. I know of an impetuous railroad executive who, recovering suddenly from the shock of being notified by telephone that a blessed event was approaching, rushed out and married the wrong girl! He succeeded in recovering his hat, getting an annulment, and marrying the right girl just in the nick of time. Another man, all prepared for matrimony, was so disappointed when the lady later informed him that the correction of a slight error in her calculations ruled him out as the prospective father, that he went ahead and married her anyway.

"Well," says Society, "the man, whoever he is and whatever the case, deserves to suffer, to feel shock and dismay and guilt. He *made* the mess, didn't he?" Society is always prone to blame masculine emotional immaturity or just plain masculine orneriness for the eagerness with which so many human males snatch the bright red fruit from any well-built applecart that happens along. But, basically, two strong psychologic forces prod them, young or old, married or single, into extramural sex activities, despite the risks which are involved.

Young men are frequently afraid of becoming feminized by too intimate an association with a woman. Half-conscious impressions gained from visiting their married friends are disturbing. The bustle and disorder of young married life, the humid atmosphere of the nursery, the evidences of intensive living—all are frightening because they contrast too sharply with the orderly quiet and peace of bachelor quarters. The young bachelor sees his confreres, masculine enough in the office or on the golf links, performing minor domestic chores like setting the table or possibly even changing a diaper in a crisis. It's a foreign world, and many men prefer their independence—along with its consequent uncertainties.

One youngster, a former college athlete, assured me that he was "not the type" for marriage—that there was something lacking in his make-up. Although he was a little contemptuous of domesticity, basically he doubted his ability to adjust to it. So he deliberately sought sex contacts which he fondly imagined would not lead to matrimony. Poor guy. . .

Fear of feminization plays a far less important role with older men. But, for them, the dread that they might be losing their grasp sometimes becomes compelling. This is particularly true of happily married men who have never ceased to love their wives. The ravages of time and the familiarity of long association irrevocably begin to dull the most charming wife's power to stimulate her husband's romantic fancies. Of seventy-nine married men, middle-aged or older, who sought medical help because they thought they were impotent, sixty-two per cent were found to be fully potent with women other than their wives! It is from their ranks that the putative fathers of the older group are recruited.

It takes three people to make up the tragic triad of illegitimacy—three little people all caught in the same big trap. There is no doubt that the concern of Society should be directed, first of all, to the welfare of the child, and, second, to the care and protection of the mother; but the unwed father also deserves some consideration. His legal, social, economic, and psychic problems should be treated with understanding. The underlying reasons for his behavior and his motives, good or bad, deserve dispassionate study. Certainly a punitive attitude toward the offending male has not alone met the challenge of illegitimacy; but a realistic, intelligent, and sympathetic approach to the whole problem might help, if given a trial.

Then, when all the evidence has been gathered and carefully weighed, let him who is able but without sin first cast the stone at the fallen man. ##

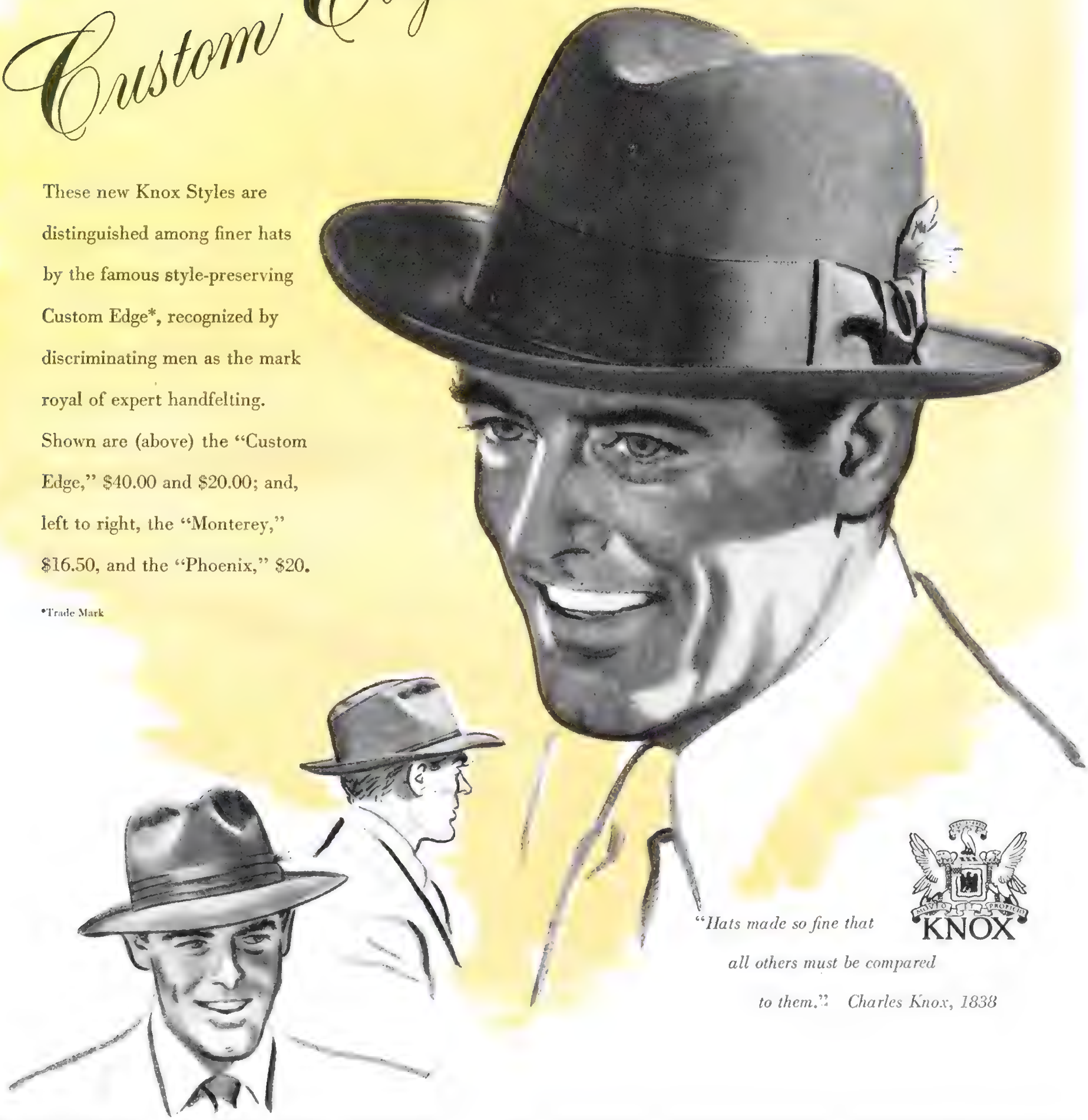
Continued from page 47

KNOX

Custom Edge

These new Knox Styles are distinguished among finer hats by the famous style-preserving Custom Edge*, recognized by discriminating men as the mark royal of expert handfelting. Shown are (above) the "Custom Edge," $40.00 and $20.00; and, left to right, the "Monterey," $16.50, and the "Phoenix," $20.

*Trade Mark



"Hats made so fine that all others must be compared to them." *Charles Knox, 1838*

KNOX

KNOX THE HATTER, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SEE THE NEW CUSTOM EDGE HATS AT YOUR KNOX DEALERS

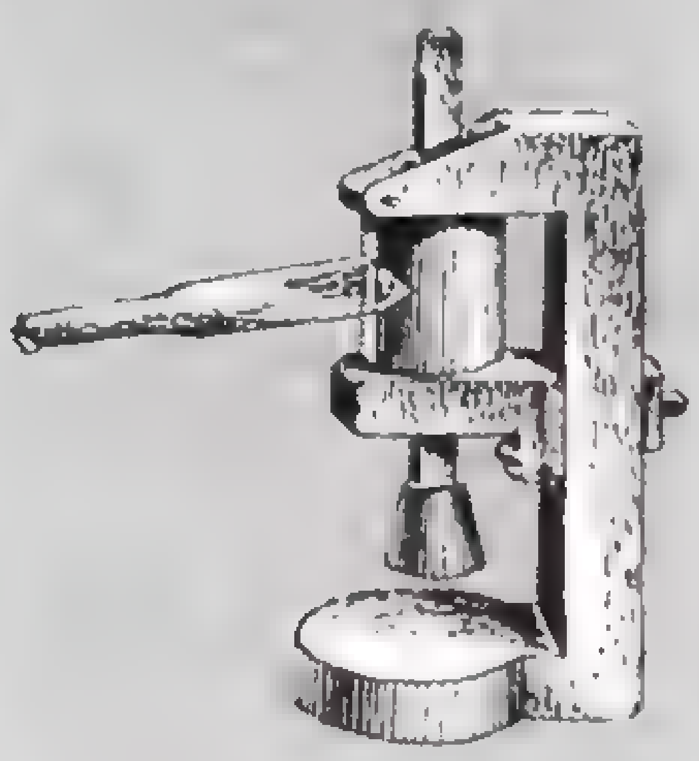
Grant's

Largest-Selling
8 and 12 YEAR OLD
Scotch Whiskies
in America*

YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ld.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
DISTILLERIES,
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET.
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND.
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
CONTENTS 4/5 of a QUART
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN-NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

Knarling implement used in minting gold and silver coins, a Scottish art even older than their art of distilling which dates back as far as the 15th Century.



* Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS IMPORT DIVISION
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

The Keeper of the Key

Continued from page 49

walked in a mighty dignified way.

It didn't take him long to spend the saddle money, especially after he began to expand and buy drinks for the house.

The comedown was pretty sad. There Frank was—the night of the third day after he sold the saddle—standing alone at the back end of the bar like moochers do, trying to get in a private word with Whitey. Whitey made out not to see him; and if he did happen to send his eye that way, he kept it cold and fishy. No one was offering to set 'em up, figuring they had taken their turn with Frank.

Frank edged along the bar so's to catch Whitey's ear, and then Whitey gave him the treatment he always gave moochers, trying to shame him out of the place. "No," he said in a loud voice while he shined a glass, "I won't give you no drink. You nicked me for three a'ready."

Frank kept his voice down. "I done spent a whole saddle here."

"And got value received."

Tubby Adams was up toward the head of the bar working on a beer, and he couldn't keep from putting his oar in. "I can't go along on that," he said. "No one gets value received, not at the prices you're chargin' now."

Whitey came back with, "Business is business." Whitey was what you would call a prudent man, if you wanted to be extra polite, and a good risk in banking circles. You could almost look at him and tell that. He had a broad forehead and his chin came to a point and the mouth above it was close and neat as a bullet hole. He had a pale face and hair.

"Business may be business," Tubby said, poking some of his stomach into his belt, "and whiskey's supposed to be whiskey, but I seen some I doubted."

Frank said, "Damn it, I'll pay you tomorrow."

"You got no idea what my expenses are," Whitey said, talking to Tubby. "And taxes! You ought to see my tax bill!"

"Don't you get value received?" I asked.

Whitey let out a snort. "Nothin'. I get nothin'. Let someone get to feeling his oats and start a fight or something in here! You think I can find the sheriff or the marshal or anybody? I pay 'em for loafin', that's what."

"You gonna gimme that drink?" Frank asked.

Whitey turned to him. "I wouldn't be doin' you a favor, Frank," he said. "What you need is to lay off for a spell."

"Funny," Tubby said to Whitey. "You don't never think what's good for a man until his money runs out."

Frank had drawn himself up. "I ain't gonna beg, damn you, Whitey! And when I ask for a free one, all you got to say is no and leave off the sermon, hear? You're a nickel-nurser, that's what, and preachin' comes pore out of that twenty-two-caliber mouth of yours."

"That," I said, "is worth a drink," and I bought a round.

Next morning I called around at the shop and found Frank looking low in the mind, like as if he knew, barrin' a miracle, he would have to sober up. With him was Lem Bower, the marshal, who was a kind of a rabbit of a man who had got into office because it seemed so unlikely he'd ever shoot anyone. Lem looked a little bottle-worn himself.

Frank was at the judge's desk, thinking heavy. By and by he said, "Five and five makes ten."

Lem said, "There ain't no denyin' that."

"It depends," I answered back. "What does five pints of whiskey and five bushels of oats make?"

"It makes life worth livin' and leaves something over for the horse," Frank said. "But it's money I'm talkin' about."

When I kept quiet, he came back with, "About that five I borried from you. And about the five more I'd like to borry."

"Frank," I said, "I just can't spare it, that's all. And, seeing you haven't spent any saddle with me, maybe *I* can say you better taper off. The judge'll be back in a day or so."

"That's what I wanted the five for, to taper off on. You think I figure to stay drunk?"

"Maybe I could borry five from you, Ray," Lem put in.

Frank said, "He's good as gold."

I said again I couldn't spare it.

Frank took to thinking again. "That damn Whitey!" he said. "I spend a fancy saddle on him, and he treats me like a bum."

He put a hand out and it came to rest on one of the judge's law books, and he said, "You don't know no one wants to buy a saddle?"

I told him I didn't.

"We got some dandies."

I bobbed my head.

"We could put a sale on. Maybe we ought to put a sale on. Things just ain't movin'."

He put his chin in the hand that wasn't on the law book. "That Whitey! Cryin' about expenses and taxes and no service and all."

From outside we heard boots on the board sidewalk and voices laughing, and then the boots and the voices fading off in the direction of Whitey's.

"It's them half-breeds from the canyon," I said. "I saw 'em bringing in some loads of logs."

"Spendin' their logs on Whitey, like I spent the saddle," Frank said. "He gets people drunk and takes their money and then cuts their water off."

He kept on thinking, speaking slow as things came to him. "Some people got no business with liquor, like them Indians. Liquor's a white man's drink and

Continued on page 112

Joan Crawford

the ONE and ONLY

STYLE-MART

the ONE and ONLY

Joan Crawford, favorite star of millions because she possesses an extra something.

Style-Mart, favorite suit of millions because it possesses exclusive NECK ZONE* Tailoring . . . the extra something found only in Style-Mart Clothes that will "do something for you."

*NECK ZONE prevents unsightly collar gap.

See lovely Joan Crawford, in her latest picture.

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
If not as advertised therein

STYLE-MART
Clothes
They Do Something for You

MC—8003

©1948, MERIT CLOTHING COMPANY, INC., MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY. . . .
NEW YORK OFFICE • 200 FIFTH AVENUE

Careful, gentlemen! Don't waste a drop—
that's Old Smuggler."

When a Scotch is so fine as Old Smuggler, there is good reason for the saying, "Careful, don't waste a drop." The historic excellence of Old Smuggler dates back 71 years. It is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple—and distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.C. • *Established 1888 • Sole Agents for U. S. A.*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
Careful... don't waste a drop
GAELIC Old Smuggler Brand
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1878
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
that's Old Smuggler BRAND
SCOTCH with a HISTORY

The Keeper of the Key

Continued from page 110

Indians can't handle 'er like we can."

"Some of us don't do so good," I told him, but he wasn't listening to me.

"If that there money's got to be spent for liquor, it ought to be us spendin' it," he said. "Like as not, them breeds'll get a snootful and fall to fightin'."

He sat quiet for a long time, and I had a feeling he had almost put two and two together. "They'll fall to fightin'," he said, "and no one there to help Whitey, and him payin' high taxes."

His eyes slid over to the hand on the law book, and the chicken-track wrinkles closed around his eyes and then opened up, and there in his face I could see the idea. "Lem," he said to the marshal, "where's the judge keep the warrant book?"

Lem hitched the choke-bore pants he wore and spit at the stove and stepped over to the desk and dug around in a drawer and came out with a pad.

I knew, but still I asked, "What you aim to do, Frank?"

"I'm gonna help them breeds and give Whitey some service, too, so's he can't cry about gettin' nothing for his tax money."

"Supposin' you collect a fine," I said. "It wouldn't do you any good. The money wouldn't be yours. You got to account for it."

"Ray," he said, after thinking things over, "I won't fine 'em. I'll just collect costs—and costs go to me and the marshal."

"Right," Lem said, perking up.

"You ain't in authority," I went on. "You just got the key to the shop."

"Never you mind about that. I got the law on my side, ain't I, Lem? You're with me, ain't you, Lem? You and that there forty-four?"

Lem straightened out of his rabbit's hunch and slapped the old revolver that was rusted in the holster. "I go by papers," he said. "Gimme a paper, and I got to serve 'er."

Frank began to write. "I'll make 'em all out John Doe," he said to Lem, "and any breed who's drunk you bring 'im in." He scribbled some more. "And any looks like he's about to get drunk, you bring him in, too. This court will nip drinkin' in the bud, and give pore old Whitey some service, to boot." Before he finished, he was writing with a sure-enough flourish. "Law enforcement, that's what people pays their good tax money for."

He handed the warrants to Lem. "Officer," he said, real solemn, "do your duty."

"Yes, your honor," Lem said.

He made quite a roundup, Lem did. There were five John Does in his haul, and one of them might have been a little bit drunk. And some other people trailed in to see what went on, for I guess this was the first and last full-size raid the town ever had. The back room of the harness shop wouldn't hold more'n a dozen or so people, and it was brimful, especially after Tubby Adams squeezed in, breathing hard from walking. Another who came in was Jordan Fredericks, who was a lawyer and high-educated but didn't take himself too important.

When they were all in, Frank Newcomb brought his stomach up from over his belt and looked around with those blue eyes, serious as a barn owl, and knocked on the desk with his knuckles. "Oh yeah, oh yeah," he called out, "this honorable court is now in session, so help me God." He pointed to one of the prisoners. "You're drunk. Five dollars."

The Indians just stood there, not saying anything. Maybe this business didn't seem any crazier than some other white men's doings.

Jordan Fredericks said, sober-sided, "It doesn't seem that a case has been made out, your honor. No proof has been presented, no evidence heard. As a friend of the court, I'm sure it doesn't wish to be arbitrary."

Old Frank squirmed in his chair and ran a hand through his thin bristle of hair. I guess he hadn't figured on having a lawyer in the crowd. He said, "Okay. I mean, all right. But the court's got eyes and it's got ears, and it don't aim to see justice drag along." He waggled a finger at the breed. "Come here. You been drinkin', haven't you? You havem drink? Yes? No?"

The breed gave him a happy nod.

"Lemme smell your breath." Frank smelled of it.

"It is well known," Jordan Fredericks put in, "that alcohol has no odor to one who has himself partaken—even moderately, your honor."

"You smell him," Frank said to Lem, but Lem just looked unhappy and shook his head.

"Who ain't had a drink?" Frank called out. "Anyone here ain't had a drink?"

It was a long minute before anyone spoke up, and then Tubby Adams said, kind of apologetic, "My stomach's been cuttin' up lately."

"Come and take a whiff," Frank ordered. "Whiskey, ain't it?"

"Anyhow, it's what Whitey Hanson passes off for whiskey at a fancy price," Tubby said.

"Five dollars," said Frank. "And I hope the local bar is satisfied that proper evidence has been took. Five dollars, you! You gottem five bucks?"

The man did. He looked around first, like he didn't know what was going on, and then he fumbled a bill out of his pants and handed it to Frank.

"Next case," said Frank. He pointed to another man and said, "You're drunk."

It sure was an expeditious

Continued on page 114

beauty
as rare as
a precious coin
Gruen Veri-thin*

Veri-Thin Mode, $33.75

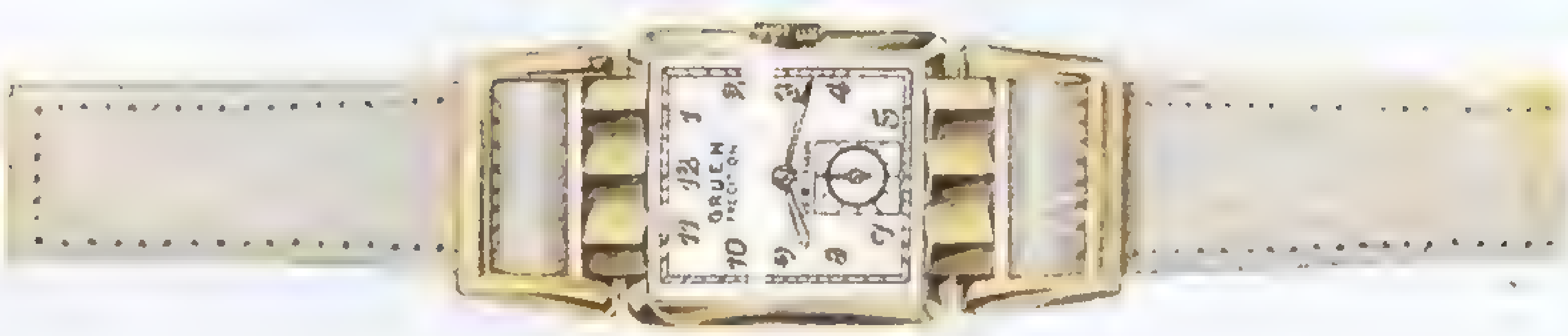
Veri-Thin Spartan, $49.75

Veri-Thin Loraine, $62.50

How rare and wonderful! A wristwatch of amazing thinness— beautiful as a precious coin—that holds a fine timekeeping instrument! Yet the patented Gruen Veri-Thin* movement actually permits the use of larger, sturdier, and more dependable parts, thanks to its ingenious design. Here truly is a gift of enduring good taste. Choose from many new styles of Gruen Veri-Thin watches now on display at Gruen jewelers only. From $33.75, including federal tax. Gruen; America's choice since 1874, is the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

For cherished gifts, consult your jeweler

GRUEN
THE *Precision* WATCH



Veri-Thin Zephyr, $71.50

HUGH BLINE—YOUR BARMAN IN A BOTTLE
65 proof
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
Better Cocktails with less work!

Why do it the hard way? Do it the Heublein way!
Serve *professional* cocktails at home . . .
superb cocktails made of the finest liquors
by *cocktail specialists*. Just ice and serve.
Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Keeper of the Key

Continued from page 112

court. In less'n fifteen minutes Frank had twenty-five dollars.

Just as he collected the last five, there was a commotion in the front of the shop and a squeezing at the door to the back part, and in came Whitey Hanson. "Damn you, Frank!" he said, looking around kind of wild. "What's the big idea?"

"Law enforcement," Frank said. "Service."

"The devil!" Whitey broke out. "You come in and arrest my customers and take their money, and it's hard on business, and I got taxes to pay."

"Whitey," Frank said, fixing that blue eye on him, "that's what we're doin'—givin' you service for your tax money. Damned if this honorable court ain't surprised at you!"

Whitey said, "You're drunk yourself."

"Not on what *you* treated me to."

"You're drunk and a nuisance," Whitey yelled.

I guess Frank knew we were all with him, for he sure acted bold. He beat on the desk. "Order!" he yelled back. "Marshal, see we have order!"

Lem moved toward Whitey while he patted his holster.

There was a little time of quiet then, while Frank looked at Whitey. "Mr. Hanson," he said, "the court heard you say nuisance, and there is such a thing as a nuisance —I mean accordin' to law." His face turned to Jordan Fredericks. "Ain't I right, Jordan?"

Jordan said, "Right, your honor."

"You been maintainin' a nuisance, Mr. Hanson, in that drinking place of yours," Frank went on. "It takes sheriffs and marshals to keep order, and a lot of people are complainin' about how you run your place. Yes, sir, it's a plumb nuisance and no evidence needed, the court speaking out of what it knows by itself." He looked at Jordan again.

Jordan rubbed his mouth straight. "The court may act in its wisdom," he said, "but if witnesses are needed, I'm sure there are plenty here to testify for the prosecution." He looked around and we all began to nod, even the breeds joining in when they saw what the style was.

"What the hell!" Whitey shouted.

Frank rapped again. "Order! This here court's got to fine you, Mr. Hanson."

Whitey shouted again. His pale face had come to look like liver.

"And another thing," Frank said, for he was in full swing now. "You charge too much for that rotgut, way too much. You ask too much from pore fellers like these, who got no business drinkin', anyway. Liquor, the way you sell it, ain't within the reach of a lot of people. What you're doin' is—is—" He looked at Jordan Fredericks. "Gimme a name for it."

"Extortion," said Fredericks.

Frank picked up the word. "Extortion—plain and fancy extortion. Nuisance and extortion both." He patted the law book. 'You got to pay twenty-five dollars." His eye happened on me, and he added, "Costs, all costs."

Whitey cried out, "You're crazy! This is a kangaroo court."

"This honorable court don't like to be insulted," Frank said.

Jordan Fredericks gave him the cue. "Contempt."

"Yes, sir, contempt," Frank said. "Contempt o' court. And that makes five dollars more, and if you don't act and charge more reasonable, the court'll have you up again."

I figured we would need a doctor for Whitey. His face was red as a new barn, and he kept gulping. He looked around, and what he seen didn't give him comfort, for there wasn't anyone thought too high of him, and we were sure-God all with the court, kangaroo or whatever.

Whitey wasn't dumb, regardless. He saw the way things were and figured he better take it graceful; and, being the kind of feller he was, he thought about what would be good business in the long run. So at last he did his best to smile, and he put a ten and a twenty on the desk and said, "I guess I know when I'm licked. Come on. The house'll set 'em up."

Almost before he finished, Frank said, "Court's let out."

It was a real successful session.

Judge McCoos was fit to be tied when he got back and heard about things, but he had to wait a week before he could be sure his sentiments would sink into Frank. Then he really told him off. Travesty on justice, was one of the things he said, and corruption of an honorable court and all. And, for another thing, what about seventy-five-dollar saddle?

It busted up their friendship.

And then again it was the makings of Frank Newcomb.

* * *

Ray lifted his drink and took the last sip and sat fiddling with the glass afterwards.

"How did it make Frank Newcomb?" George asked.

"Well, you see, next election Frank run against Judge McCoos, and damn if he didn't beat him hands down."

"I can believe everything but that," I said.

"It was just the simple workings of politics," Ray explained. "Frank got the reform vote, or that part of it that didn't savvy things, and then he got the vote that didn't like Whitey Hanson."

"And that elected him?"

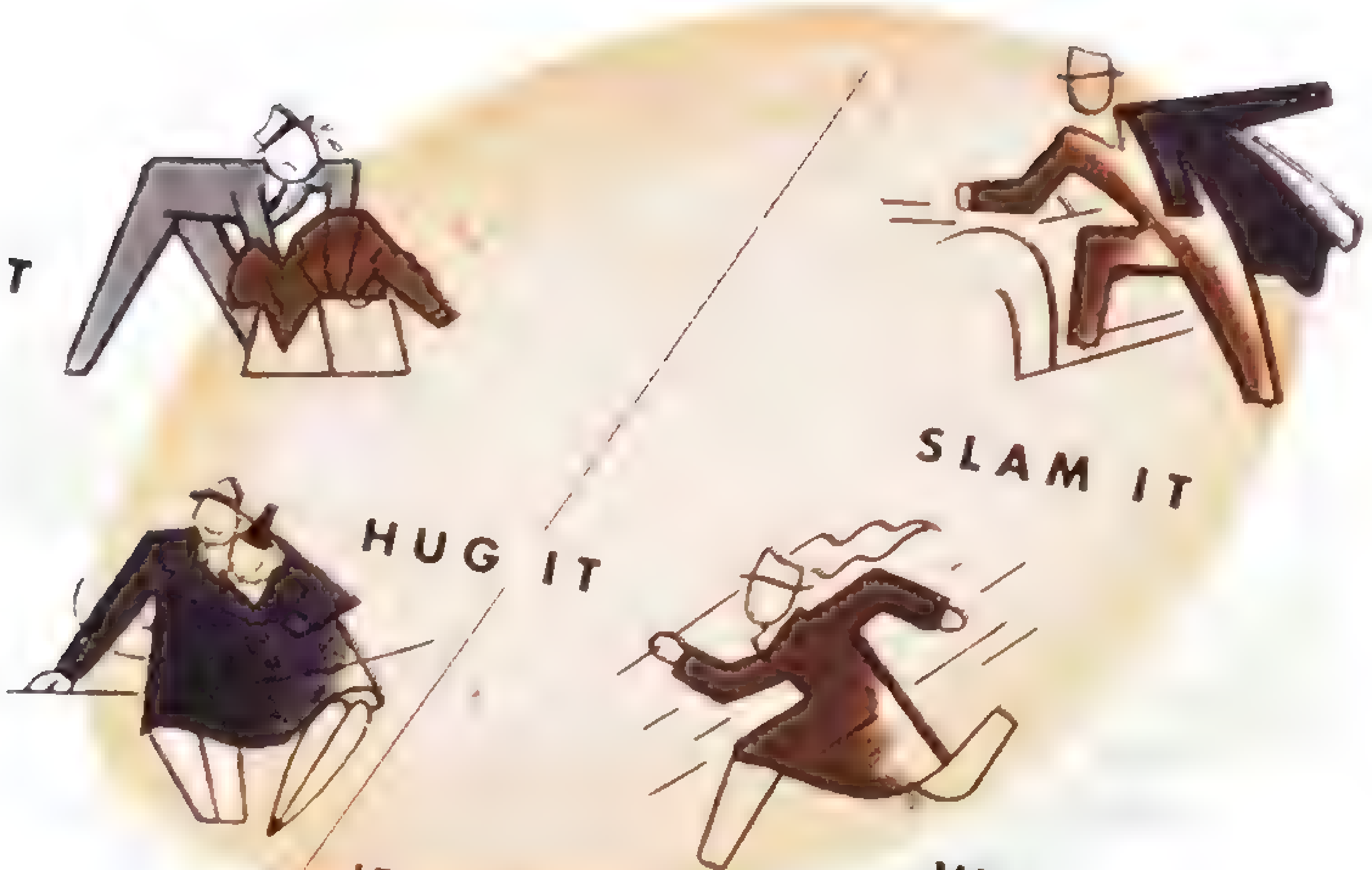
"Nope. Not alone. It was really the breed vote. McCoos always charged them ten dollars, instead of five, for getting drunk, and, naturally, they went to the bargain counter." ###

Continued from page 49

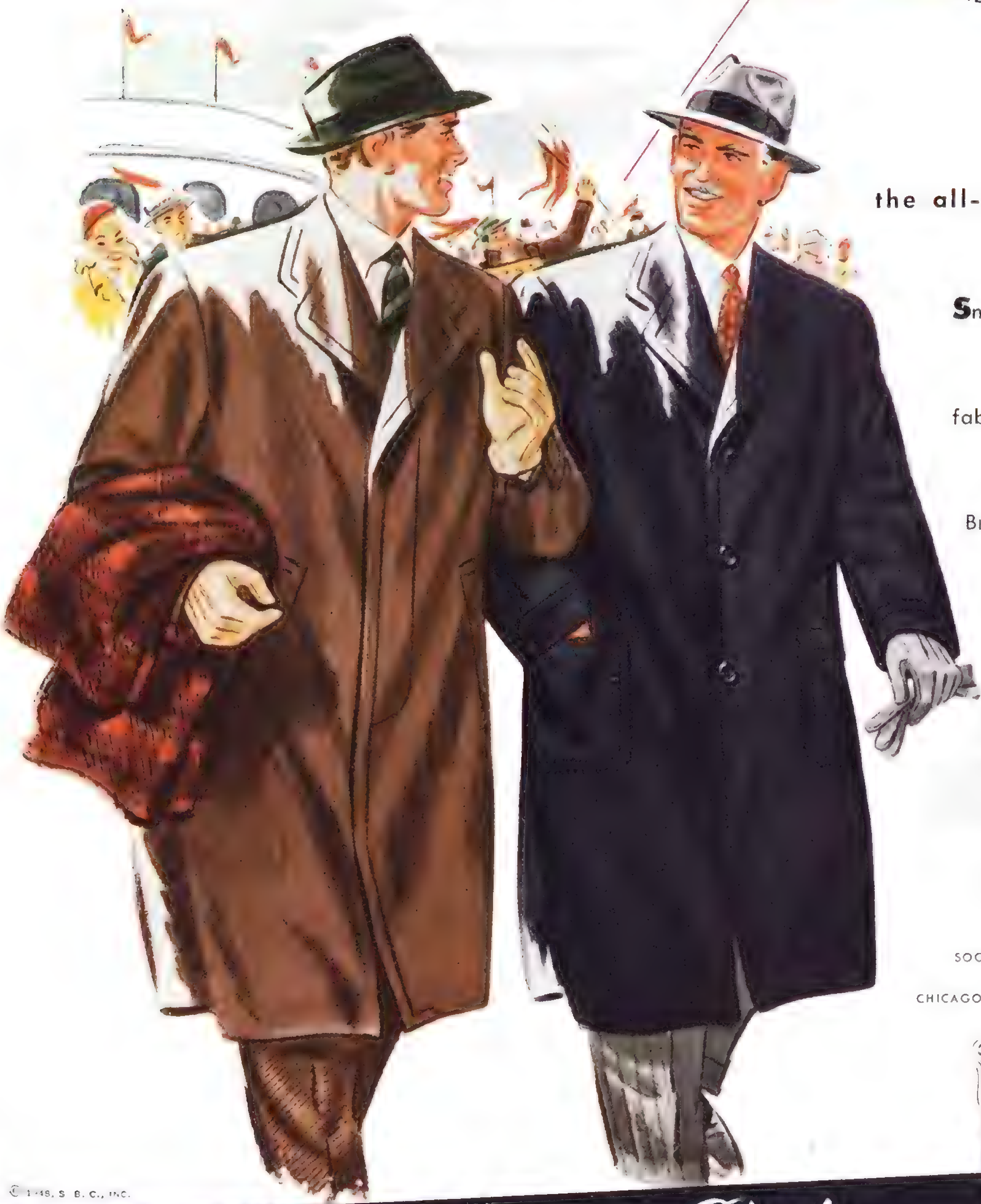
THE FAMOUS

Hudder

by **SOCIETY BRAND**



IT ALWAYS COMES BACK SMILING



the all-weather coat

Snugly warm but surprisingly light. The Hudder fabric . . . loomed exclusively for Society Brand . . . is a silk-like blend of alpaca, mohair and fine wool with a secret finish for lasting luxury.

Price $59.50

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, INC.
ALFRED DECKER, Founder
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL

© 1948, S. B. C., INC.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

From Wembley's Wonder-World of Color

Wembley*

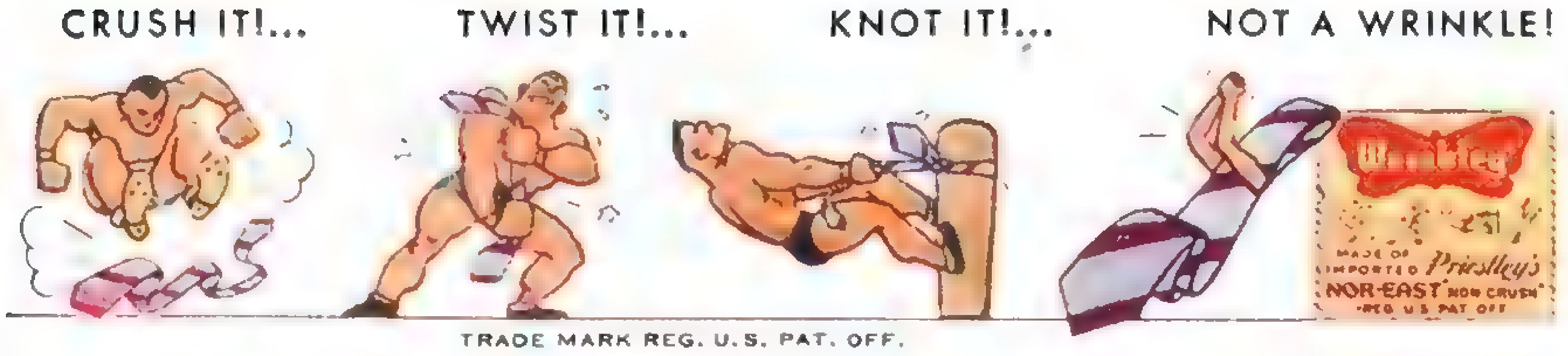
NOR-EAST* NON-CRUSH* TIES

$1.50

LOOK FOR THE WEMBLEY LABEL
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The ties you wear ... and wear ... everywhere


CRUSH IT!...
TWIST IT!...
KNOT IT!...
NOT A WRINKLE!
Wembley
MADE OF IMPORTED Priestley's NOR-EAST NON CRUSH REG. U.S. PAT OFF

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE NEWEST BRIGHT AUTUMN COLORS IN WEMBLEY *NOR-EAST* TIES. THESE BOLD TONES STYLED IN TRIPLE STRIPES AND PLAIDS WILL ADD A NEW FASHION NOTE TO YOUR FALL ATTIRE. WEMBLEYS TIE EASILY. THEY MAKE A SMART KNOT—FIGHT OFF WRINKLES—AND KEEP BOTH SHAPE AND BEAUTY FOR YOU.

COPYRIGHT 1949, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

New Slant on Cuffs *What gives this cuff its graceful, unpinched look? The SWANK Elbo* bend does the trick. Unlike ordinary links which have a straight post SWANK links form an angle like the bend of an elbow. Only SWANK links have the Elbo bend — it holds cuffs at just the right angle, with edges in perfect alignment. That's why they're a must with men who prize correctness in every detail of dress for business or formal wear.*

Cuff links from $2.50 to $40.00.

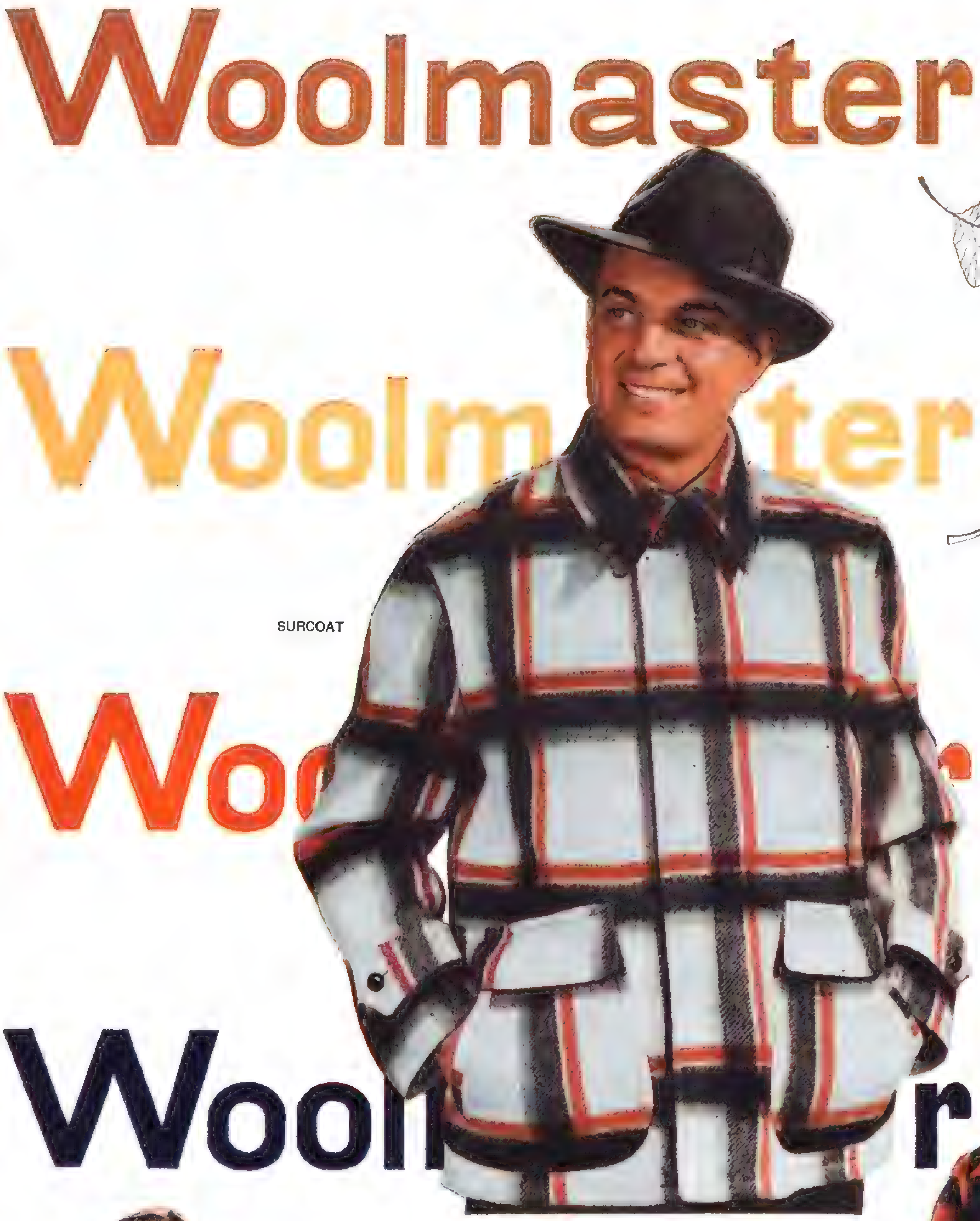
Always look for the name SWANK on all our products

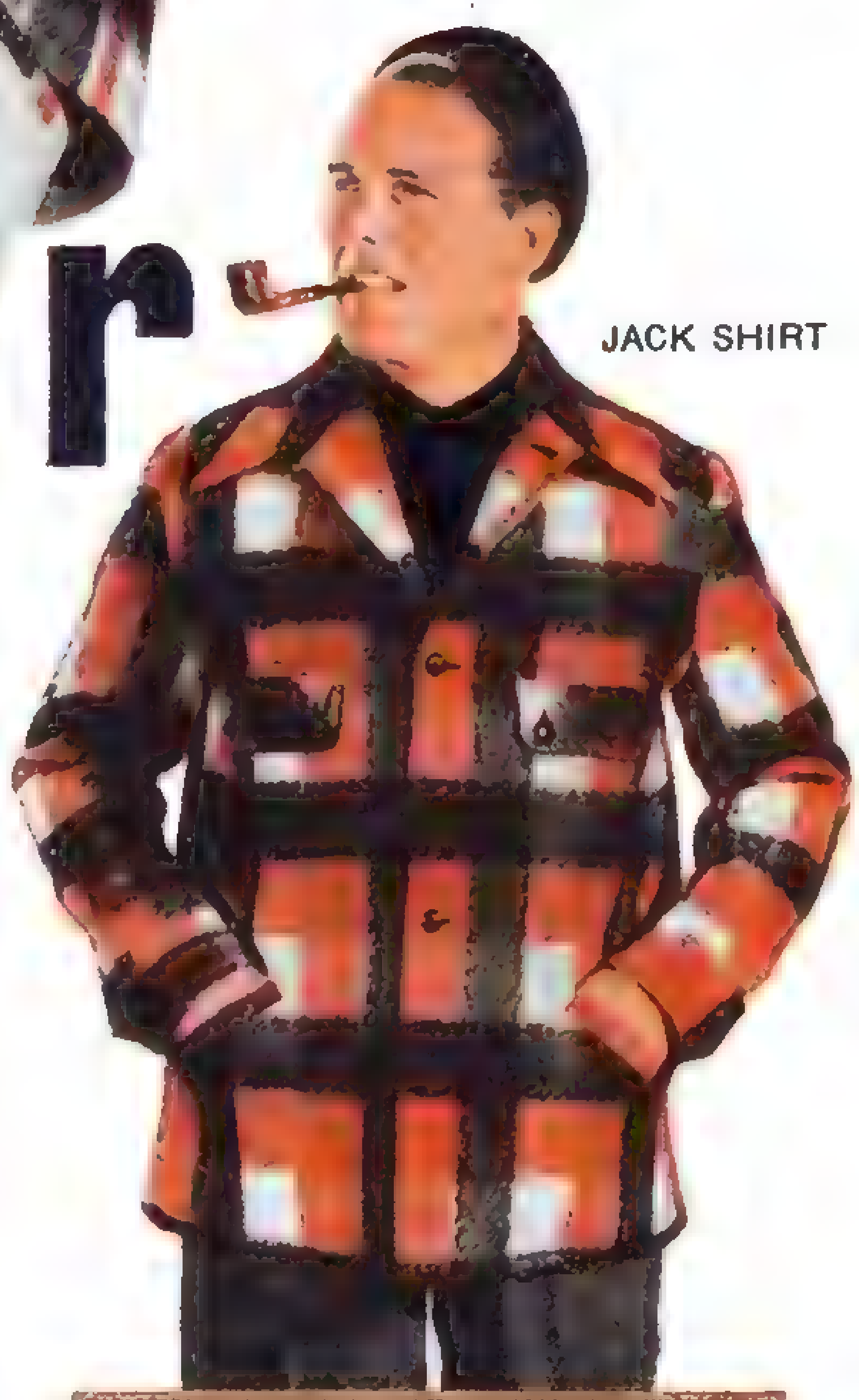
**Patented*

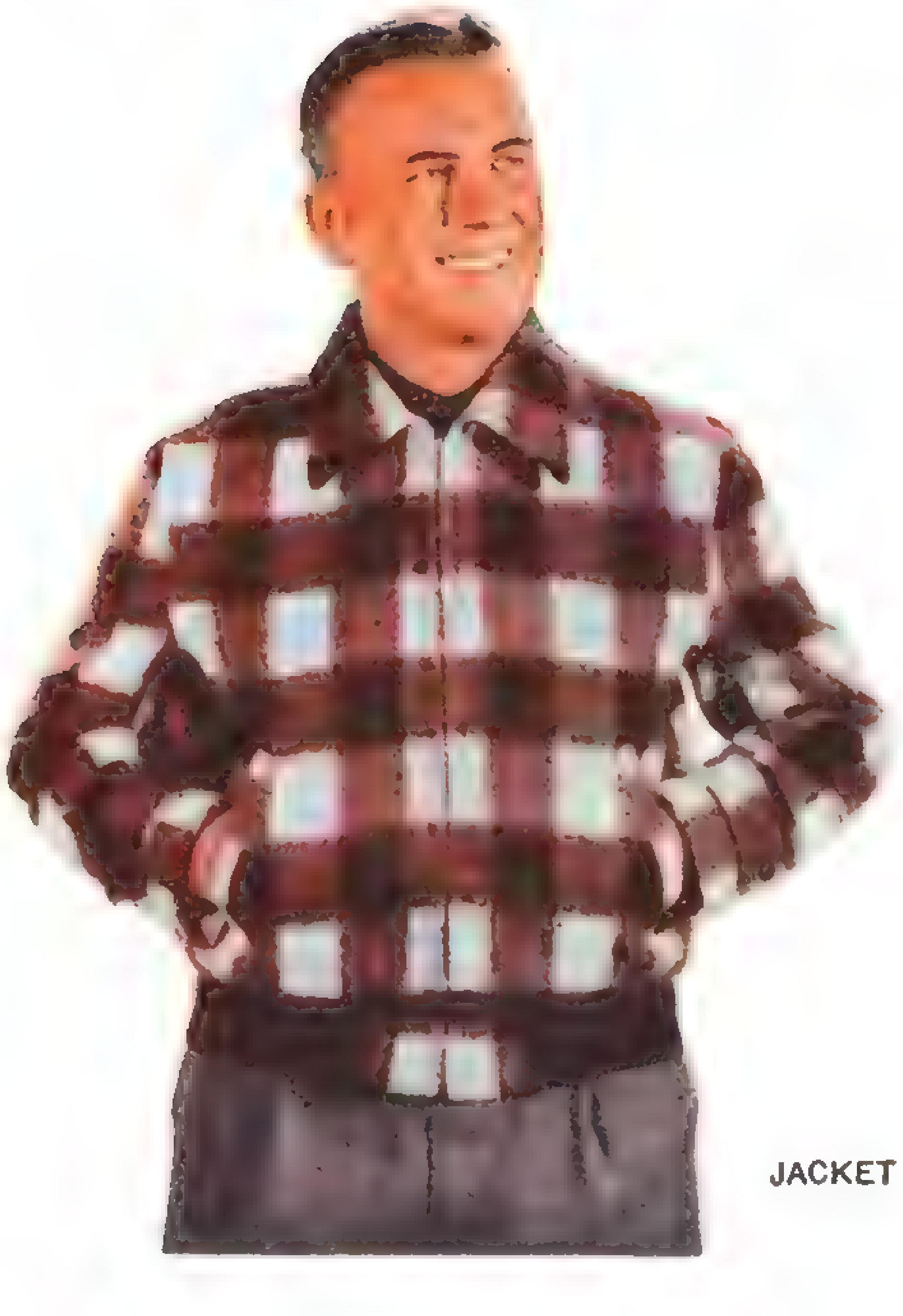
Prices subject to Federal Tax

Men prefer SWANK

SWANK —© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.







YOUR FIRST LINE OF CHILL-WEATHER DEFENSE! Woolmaster outerwear that helps ward off wintry winds and raises your "appearance rating" 100%. Inside and out, they're typically Woolmaster from their distinctive designs and rich fabrics right down to their trim-tailored lines and vivid colorings. Note especially our "SURCOAT"—Esquire-selected for its "BOLD LOOK"! If not available at your favorite store, write us direct.

JACK SHIRT—100% luxurious wool plaid. In red, white and black; brown, gold and white; green, white and black. Zipper or button front, $10.00. In boys' sizes, $9.00.

JACKET—Luxurious virgin wool plaid. Worsted bottom. In brown and white, black and white, red and black, and multi-color plaids, $12.50. In boys' sizes, $11.00.

SURCOAT—100% virgin wool, with rayon-quilted lining. In white, blue and black; white, gold and brown; white, red and black; white, green and black, $19.00. In boys' sizes, $16.00.

Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi

FOX-KNAPP MANUFACTURING CO.,
Woolmaster Division, Dept. E-4, 230 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 1

Woolmaster
Outerwear
For Men and Boys

Who's to Blame for Boxing Deaths?

Continued from page 86

those of surveys on punch-drunk fighters collected by the Mayo Clinic. A doctor is authority for the statement that in five years of professional boxing, five per cent of the boxers become punch drunk and sixty per cent develop mental and emotional changes obvious to persons who knew them previously. The brain doesn't get hardened by getting hit, it gets more sensitive. That's why Max Baer was on the wrong track when he used to allow his sparring partners to slug him on the jaw to make it tougher. (The idea of a glass jaw, by the way, is somewhat ridiculous; most boxers who are supposed to have them are merely sensitive to a good blow on the head.) Dr. Frank Lagorio, onetime physician of the Illinois Boxing Commission, is said to have believed that a sort of callus forms on the brain after a concussion and that repeated blows on the same spot can, therefore, prove fatal. Jack Hurley, currently matchmaking in Chicago and formerly manager of the old Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle, puts it another way. He says, "No boxer is killed by the last man he fights."

Fifteen months before Jimmy Doyle was hauled out of the Cleveland ring to die, he had received a severe brain concussion in a bout with Artie Levine. Jimmy was hospitalized. After he came out people who knew him said he wasn't his old self; he stayed home quietly and didn't go out dancing as he once had. Before the Robinson fight, which killed him, a routine checkup and even X-rays did not reveal the serious damage from previous injuries that predisposed him for death. A good solid blow on the head, and Jimmy was through. Like nearly all boxers who've been victims of a severe brain concussion, Jimmy had been living on borrowed time. The same thing happened to Ernie Schaaf, who went down after a light tap from Carnera, while the fans hollered, "Fake!" Schaaf had been hospitalized with a brain concussion after his fight with Max Baer. Another blow, even though light, finished him.

Getting knocked out, even if the boxer recovers before he leaves the ring, is a serious business. It would be sheer guesswork to say that permanent brain injury is likely to occur at some time between the, for example, sixth and tenth times a boxer gets knocked out. But take a look at the record. There are fighters on the books who have been kayoed twenty or more times and who, for their own protection, shouldn't be allowed back inside the ring. I know of at least one fighter who has been knocked out forty times.

Medically speaking, after a boxer has been knocked out, he ought to take a good long rest, just as other victims of brain concussions do. Six weeks is pretty much of a minimum, six months isn't too long. And if the fighter suffers a serious brain concussion, he ought to be kept out of the ring permanently. Some boxing commissions have already taken steps in this direction. It's difficult, though, to enforce any such rules, since nobody seems to know too much about the records of a good many fighters, and boxing commissions have a hard time keeping tabs on them. Boxers themselves refuse to co-operate; few of them are as smart as Reuben Shank. Shank came out of a bout with Mel Brown in St. Paul last November suffering from a brain concussion. After he recovered consciousness, he announced that he was hanging up his gloves and quitting. If he sticks to his resolution, one potential victim will have escaped death in the ring.

One of the commonest curses of professional boxing is overmatching—pitting a fighter against a man too greatly his superior—and some authorities believe that overmatching is responsible for ninety per cent of ring injuries. The other ten per cent are due, they say, to poor physical condition, which can be headed off by proper training and good medical examinations. If stricter rules against overmatching prevailed, Sam Baroudi might never have entered the ring with Ezzard Charles. The wise money had Baroudi on the short end of odds that ranged from 4 to 8 to 1. That doesn't look as though the smart operators expected it to be much of a fight. And it's amazing the number of human punching bags who make a living—of sorts—risking their minds and their lives in the ring. More than a year ago, Nat Fleischer—the Toynbee of the ring—reported that two hundred fighters currently active had been beaten in ninety per cent of their bouts. One obvious solution to the problem would be to bar all such incompetents from the ring permanently. Some experts, indeed, have suggested that boxers whose records show they haven't won half their fights be barred.

Before a campaign against overmatching could get anywhere, there would have to be a central way of rating boxers, a foolproof method of keeping check on their records. Sheldon Clark, of the Illinois Boxing Commission, has gone on record in favor of national rankings for boxers. Others suggest that every boxer should be legally compelled to keep a passbook. This passbook would contain a record of his fights, the results, and a list of his injuries. Unless the authorities had checked his passbook first, a boxer wouldn't be allowed to step into the ring.

Such rulings wouldn't sit very well with managers who only care about a quick return and aren't interested in the welfare

Continued on page 120

HEERING
MADE IN DENMARK
Purveyor to Their Majesties King George VI King Christian X and King Gustaf V
ESTABLISHED 1818
Gold & 1st Class Medals
MADE BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK
CHERRY HEERING
Sole Agents in U.S.A. Schenley Import Corporation, New York

Cherry Heering

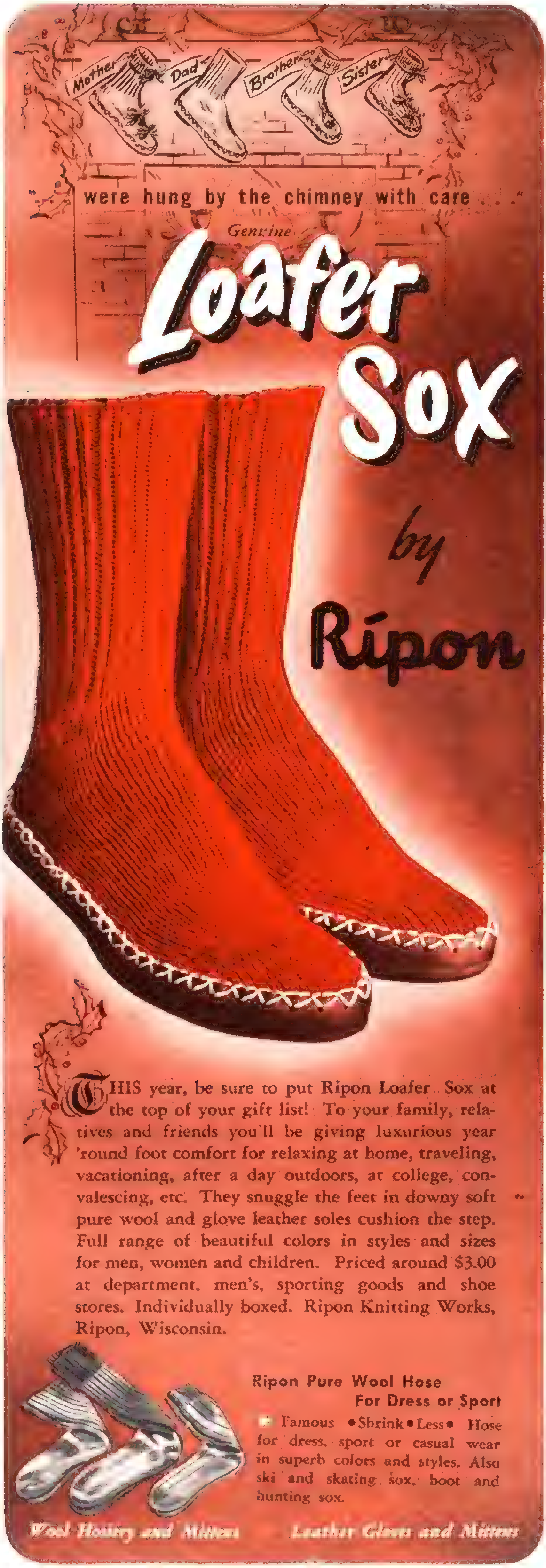
Since 1818 Denmark's liqueur delight

for your
after dinner
enjoyment

When you want to add that one extra touch to your fine dinner, serve Cherry Heering. It has a hearty Danish quality, and has been made in Copenhagen for four generations by the Heering family... Cherry Heering is even more delightful when chilled.

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley



THIS year, be sure to put Ripon Loafer Sox at the top of your gift list! To your family, relatives and friends you'll be giving luxurious year 'round foot comfort for relaxing at home, traveling, vacationing, after a day outdoors, at college, convalescing, etc. They snuggle the feet in downy soft pure wool and glove leather soles cushion the step. Full range of beautiful colors in styles and sizes for men, women and children. Priced around $3.00 at department, men's, sporting goods and shoe stores. Individually boxed. Ripon Knitting Works, Ripon, Wisconsin.

Ripon Pure Wool Hose
For Dress or Sport

Famous •Shrink•Less• Hose for dress, sport or casual wear in superb colors and styles. Also ski and skating sox, boot and hunting sox.

Who's to Blame for Boxing Deaths?

Continued from page 119

of their boxers. And there might be a howl of protest from the tenth-rate human punching bags who would be barred from the ring permanently. Some people might even point out that banning fighters who turn up too often in the loser column might have prevented champions of the past from gaining their crowns.

But, by and large, weeding out the good fighters from the punching bags would unquestionably cut ring injuries and deaths.

In addition, medical examinations of boxers are too often cursory. In Leroy Decatur's death, for example, the first official verdict indicated that he had died of an enlarged heart. But there was also evidence that he had recently fallen off a horse, had complained of headaches and dizziness, and had been hospitalized. Nobody, it was said, could have predicted his death on the basis of medical examination. But in Chicago, meantime, people are urging more thorough pre-fight examinations. They are talking about routine electrocardiographs and X-rays. And they are thinking of seeing to it that an injured boxer receives the quickest and best hospital care—regardless of his color.

". . . now, men, I want you to get in there and fight"

There's increasing pressure for tightening the regulations regarding managers and seconds. Jack Dempsey has said that seconds ought to be allowed to decide when their fighters have had enough. Furthermore, good seconding can catch ring injuries at the start and prevent them from getting more serious. But it takes skill to patch even common cuts above the eye and to use blood coagulants safely. And it takes skill to decide whether blood dribbling from a fighter's mouth is coming from a minor cut inside the mouth or is a symptom of a more dangerous stomach hemorrhage. Tighter licenses and examination requirements for both managers and seconds would certainly help to cut down on ring injuries.

Frank Menke, whose *New Encyclopedia of Sports* represents years of research, has a unique angle on the problem of boxing injuries and deaths. Most experts believe that the Marquis of Queensberry Rules—which replaced the bare-knuckle rules of the London Prize Ring—were intended to make boxing safer. Menke thinks the Queensberry rules did just the opposite. Under the old rules, rounds weren't fixed in length. The fighters slugged away until one man went down, then rested for thirty seconds. Whenever a fighter felt he needed a thirty-second rest he could drop, and he didn't even have to get hit first. Under modern rules, the fighter has to stand in the ring and take whatever punishment his opponent can dish out for three minutes, or else hit the canvas and lose the fight. When Jake Kilrain tried to take Sullivan's bare-knuckle crown away in 1889, Kilrain was down about as much as he was up for the seventy-odd rounds of the fight. Although that fight was noted for its brutality, Menke figures a modern boxer soaks up even more punishment when he's outmatched.

The golden age of boxing was proof that a clever boxer—given enough skill—needn't worry about injuries. Young Griffo, for instance, had a reputation of not being able to punch his way out of a paper bag, but he couldn't be hit if he didn't want to be. Unfortunately, being a good boxer is a simple way of going to the poorhouse. The boys who pull in the fans are the killers, the sluggers. The average fan wouldn't recognize a good boxer if he saw one. One solution to the whole problem would be to stage boxing matches the way wrestling matches are staged. (Perhaps I should have written "stage *all* boxing matches.") Then the promoter could invest in ketchup, to be drooled out of the mouth at a psychological moment, and the fans could be entertained by wild swinging haymakers, convulsively thrashing knockouts, and harmless but villainous-looking low blows to appeal to their sympathy. Properly run, such a version of boxing would be at least as safe for the fighters as being a floorwalker in a bargain basement.

But, as for boxing itself, let's listen to what old Tom White has to say. Tom White fought George Dixon—the immortal Little Chocolate—for the world's featherweight title back in the 1890's. White was licked, but fought almost a hundred bouts during his career. This year he was 78, but his face was unmarked, his mind undimmed. When asked, not long ago, for his opinion about the modern ring, Tom snorted and said, "Knockouts! Everybody's wild about knockouts now. Nobody cares about science, about defense and maneuvering. I don't even go to the fights any more."

Maybe the old man has something. ⧺

Continued from page 86

The Time of Your Wife

Father, Father, pin a watch on Mother;
We're all too late for the fair . . . . .

by HERB GRAFFIS

In horological history there is, to the best of my knowledge, no mention of any woman having contributed to the development of instruments for telling time. From the days of the sundial to the days of the jeweled watch by which a well-kept modern moll can tell when it's two emeralds past one diamond o'clock, concern about time has been the exclusive worry of the male.

Domestically, the feminine mind conceives of time as an element to be considered only in cooking and keeping appointments at beauty shops. In these two facets of earnest living, the lady has been educated the hard way. If the meat is burned, Papa snorts and storms around. If she's late to the beauty parlor, her place is taken by another female and Henri, the hair stylist, is likely to be aggrieved beyond words and to keep *her* waiting.

This latter punishment makes Mama writhe. She is planning to meet The Girls, all of whom will have freshly Simonized exteriors and modishly stacked-up hair. If she's late—meaning more than an hour later than the time The Girls said absolutely to be there—she'll miss the cream of the gossip. So she takes no chances and tears herself away from home for an appointment with Henri even if she must leave her favorite soap-opera heroine in the arms of a debonair cad.

But just let Papa want to get somewhere on time with Mama, and then Mama's progress is maddeningly deliberate. Papa is constantly bewildered by the fact that Mama, who complains of having nothing to wear, requires over an hour for putting nothing on. She begins by nagging Papa to prepare for the evening's festivities. Then, when Papa starts toward the bathroom to wash his face and slap talcum powder over his seven-o'clock shadow prior to changing his shirt, Mama, with jet-assisted take-off, beats him to the faucets and spends more time fixing her face than it would have taken a plastic surgeon to give her a complete overhaul and a new paint job.

That's merely the warm-up. Each detail of Mama's preparation is performed with infinite care, and nothing can change her tortoiselike speed. No married man ever wonders why there are no females driving fire engines.

Few women seem to have discovered that a simple way to be on time is to get started early. They arrive at a rendezvous tardy, breathless, and babbling about "something coming up at the last minute" to account for the delay. The idea that they could have avoided this delay by getting out of the house *before* the last minute just doesn't seem to enter their dear, sweet, thick heads.

And so Papa waits.

If he's seasoned, he will instruct Mama to meet him in some cozy saloon so he won't mind the fleeting of time. He knows that there are two kinds of time—Papa time, which is that of clocks, watches, and hourglasses; and Mama Daylight-Wasting Time, which is considerably slower, day or night. Any matron who is less than twenty minutes late for an appointment is bidding for a new track record.

A deep mystery to many a husband resides in the question of how and why his wife, who never has been known to be punctual with *him*, can, by instinct and just at the precise moment, tune in to a radio program that bores the ears off the afflicted male. This curious trait of the human female is something that has, apparently, never been given deep study by astute advertisers. You will doubtless have noted that they advertise labor-saving devices for women and time-saving devices for men. Scan the published advertisements and listen to the radio commercials; you'll never catch a word about a tidy device that would assist a woman to get anywhere on time.

Perhaps the reason—if any—for women's generally casual disregard for time lies in the proverb about men's work being with the sun while women's work is never done. The whole thing, of course, has been rendered obsolete for the male by shorter working hours and union regulations; and long ago, it ceased to hold true for the typical American married woman. Her work, in fact, is *soon* done. After she gets the kids off to school following lunch, she can do a few dishes and lie down to take a nap just like a big executive with a davenport in his private office and an ugly secretary.

At first glance a successful career girl *seems* to be very much aware of the time; she will control her business operations practically on stop-watch schedule. But *after* working hours she becomes just as haughty toward a clock as any domesticated female. That's why the first part of the first act of a play always stinks. The show is waiting for women who have kept men waiting. "Tonight at 8:30" means only tonight. ###

Even Before the Trolley Car
MEN WERE TAKING PRIDE IN THEIR
NETTLETON SHOES

When the fame of America's electrical wizards was just beginning to spread . . . *Nettleton* was already the famous name in shoes.

Today, more than ever, *Nettleton Shoes* are justly famous, in town and country, among those who demand the finest.

Visit your *Nettleton* dealer. Try a pair. You'll know at once that they're right!

A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

The Bedford—Style Number 0135

Nettleton Shoes

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES • AT BETTER STORES—COAST TO COAST

Genuine Alligator

Stylecrafted by Paris for men who demand a distinguished belt of precious leather

No leather more precious, more beautiful than genuine Alligator, no styling more magnificent than this superb belt by "Paris"*. Laminated by a special process, this truly fine belt is made entirely without stitching. On sale at better men's stores—$10.00. Select yours now. Other handsome long wearing "Paris" Belts from $1.50 to $10.00.

PARIS

Look for the Oval package—your guarantee of style supremacy

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS

An Acquaintance with Thieves

Continued from page 58

heard nothing," she said. "I'm afraid it was just a silly idea."

"We're making some progress," he admitted.

"I knew you would, darling. It was sweet of you to call me."

"Not at all," said Detective Bowen with a verbal bow.

Later, in her dressing room with Tony Dever, she stooped to gloat. "You didn't really believe it would work, did you, Tony?"

"He strikes me as extremely stupid for such an exacting trade."

"You mustn't forget, darling, that I am a fabulously fascinating woman."

"No, Cris," he said. "I never forget that."

"Why, Tony, dear, how nice!"

He blew her a kiss and held out a fat envelope. "Here's the ransom. It's bad art, so don't let him open it if you can help it."

The audience that evening saw one of Clarissa Mainwaring's ablest performances and with the applause still coursing like a heady wine through her expensively gowned body she set out for Bill's Den, a smoky oasis on Fifty-second Street.

With the ceremony of an admiral coming aboard a destroyer, she was piped to a remote table where her dinner-jacketed host rose to greet her. In addition to the dark wavy hair, which she had observed before, the demasked face of this lad—he must have been in his early twenties—revealed a pair of warm black eyes, a proud straight nose, a firm, cleft chin, and a laughing mouth open now over shining white teeth.

"How nice," he said.

"How nice indeed," she murmured throatily as they sat down.

"Your performance this evening," he said, "was breathtaking."

"You're too kind," she said. "It's a vile play."

"Scarcely adequate, of course," he said. "Now, before we give ourselves up to the pleasures of the evening, it might be wise to transact our little business. Here is my offering."

He pushed a square white box, tastefully tied with a shining ribbon, across the table to her. Cris slipped off the ribbon, opened the box and beheld her jewelry, intact to the final pearl. She opened her bag and, with a barely perceptible tremor in her hand, delivered the envelope.

The beautiful one weighed the envelope on his two expressive hands, observed that it was sealed, sighed, and slipped it quickly into an inside pocket.

"There," he said, tapping the pocket, "that's that."

"Yes," said Cris, her training sufficient to keep the relief from her voice. Absently, she began to put on her jewels.

"Please," he said, holding up his hand, "don't put them on! For once I'd like to admire a woman for herself alone."

Cris laughed, dropped the things back in the box, and put the box in her bag. She wondered vaguely whether she should observe the conventions of ransom meetings and leave now, but was charmed when her companion suggested they dance.

They danced, had supper with wine, and danced again. For Cris the evening held all the excitement of an opening night.

"This is my party," she said firmly when the waiter came with the check. There was no sense in spoiling the affair by obliging him to open the envelope just now.

Rather too readily, he allowed her to pay the check and they went out to the street where he hailed a cab.

"We'd better part here," she said. "It's been fun."

"Nonsense," he said, getting in. "I'll see you home." He smiled. "Remember what happened the last time you were alone in a cab."

She shuddered delicately and moved a little closer to him. When he tried to kiss her, she produced a disciplined sequence from dignified refusal through bored acceptance to apparent abandon. At the appropriate moment she slithered out of his grasp, patted his cheek, and murmured, "You're really far too sweet, dear, to end up in jail as you're sure to. Can't you reform?"

"I've tried," he said, his breathing uneven. "But I can't. It's a quirk in my character. Even psychoanalysis failed." He kissed her. "You're very lovely."

All too quickly they had arrived at her door. She expected trouble there, but he made no move to get out of the taxi.

"I'm truly sorry this is the end," she said, huskily.

"I, too," he said. "I shall treasure this evening as a nugget in a life of clay."

Cris floated dreamily into her flat where she found Tony asleep on her divan, a half-finished highball rising and falling rhythmically on his chest. She gently removed the glass and shook him awake.

"Tony," she said, "it worked! Look!"

She buried a hand in her bag, felt around, felt desperately around, gasped an oath, and managed, "That little swine! Tony. I've been *swindled!*"

"Again?" he said, sitting up and dabbing at the sleep in his eyes. "Well, it took you long enough."

"It was in the cab!" she fumed. "The box was there when I paid the check at the night club. Tony," she said through clenched teeth, "I want that man arrested! Call that detective right away and tell him . . . tell him I have the man's fingerprints on my bag! He must have left some fingerprints on my bag!"

"We should certainly be able to find fingerprints *some*where," Tony said, giving her a searching look. As Cris strode the room, one hand to her brow, Tony called Detective Bowen. "What? Well, that was quick work. Oh, I see, yes . . . About nine? . . . Right. Good night and congratulations." He hung up and took a swallow from his drink. "Well, they've caught him."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. I just left him. They've got the wrong man. How incredibly stupid of them, really!"

"No, it's your boy all right," he said. "They had a tail on you all evening. They just picked him up as he left in the cab, booty and all. You'll have to be at headquarters at nine tomorrow."

The identification of Nicholas Bard the next morning, even unshaven and without a collar or tie, among the ruffians who stood under the glaring light at headquarters was like spotting a genuine mink in a rack of muskrat.

"It's a mere formality, of course," Detective Bowen explained, after Cris, feeling absurdly like a Judas, had pointed him out. "We'll want you later on in court for formal charge."

Not even Tony's full bag of reporters and photographers raised Cris' spirits.

"Tony, darling," she said, as the flash bulbs flared, "I must talk to that poor devil. Alone."

She was led into a small, chill room with a single table and two straight chairs, a set which reminded her of a purposeful play about Russia in which her talents had been briefly wasted. Soon a uniformed guard deposited Nicholas, who came forward, one arm half out, in tragic supplication. Cris' heart leaped to her throat.

"Have you," he said and his voice was shakily hoarse, "have you a cigarette?"

"Of course," she said. Looking into his large black eyes, as she held a match to his cigarette, Cris was overwhelmed again by the needless tragedy of his past and future. "I had to tell you," she said, "that I had nothing to do with the police catching you last night."

He looked away from her. "If I could only believe that."

"You must," she said and touched his arm. "I could never do such a shoddy thing as that, Nick."

"The phony money you gave me," he said, and disengaged his arm, "that I can understand. We played a game and came out even but . . . but selling me out to the cops!"

"But I swear I didn't, Nick! On my honor!"

"Cris," he said, "last night as we kissed in the taxi, even as I was removing the box from your bag, a very wonderful thing happened to me. I felt . . . You know, I haven't had an easy life, Cris."

"I suppose not, Nick," Cris said. "Tell me how you felt, dear."

He looked up at the bleak ceiling, as if beseeching it to offer up the proper phrase. "I felt changed, yes, purified by the beauty of that embrace. Oh, it was fierce, hungry, powerful, all that, but there was beauty in it and . . . so I thought . . . even love."

He dropped his chin to his chest and the gesture, concealing as it did the distressing absence of his collar and tie, made him look like a saint. Tears came into her eyes and she reached for her handkerchief, then, thinking better of it, let the tears remain.

"Bowen said you had no criminal record. Perhaps, if I help, they'll let you off."

He shook his head. "It was robbery with a gun. Please. Go away now, Cris. Call the guard. Just leave the cigarettes on the table and go."

She found Tony surrounded by reporters, and with her poignant resolution she said breathlessly, "Tony, that poor boy must not be made to suffer for the action of a rash moment!"

"He robbed you twice, Miss Mainwaring," a newsman pointed out.

"I intend to drop all charges against him."

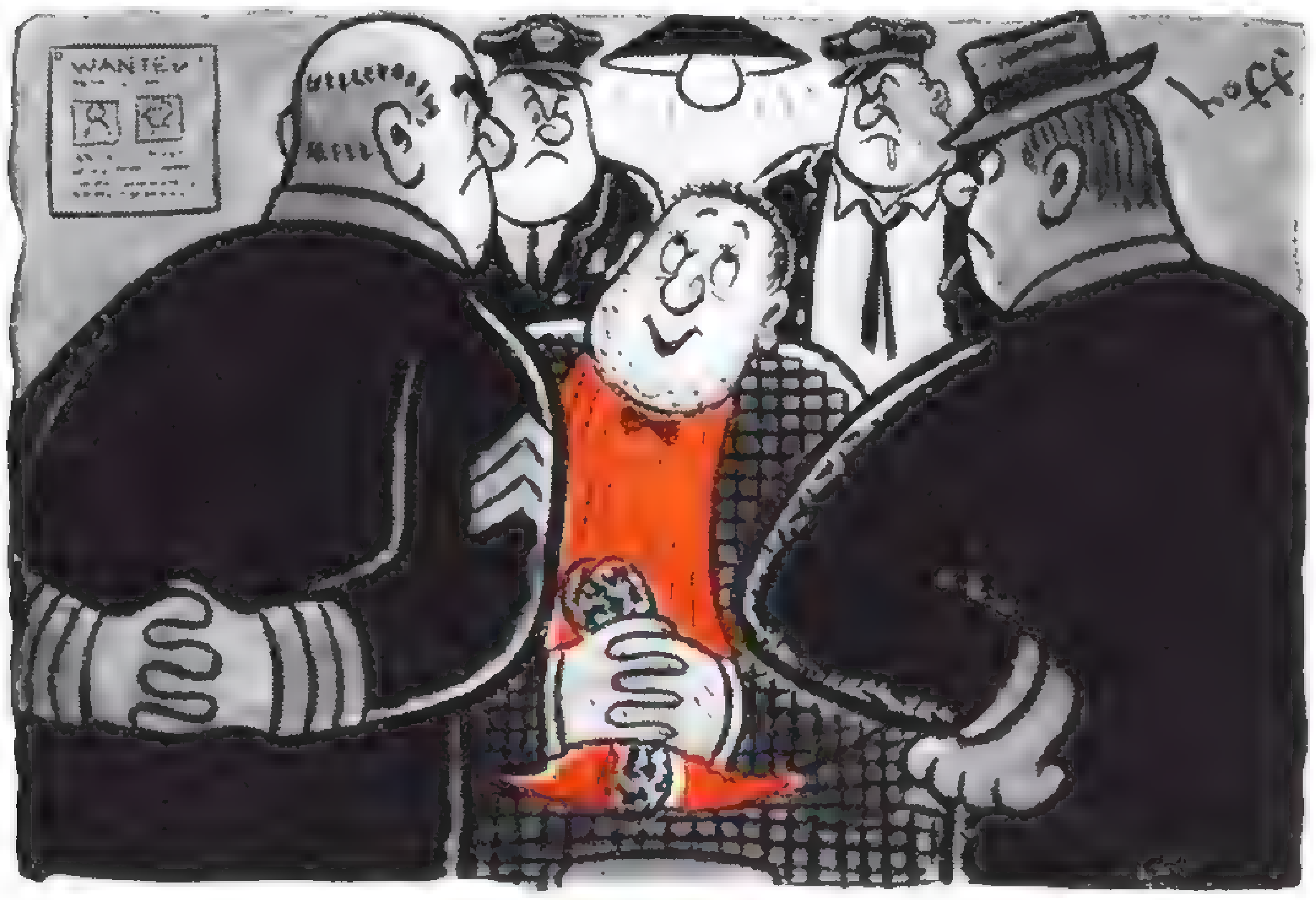
The reporter said, "He can't go around sticking people up with a gun in this state. You'll be subpoenaed to testify."

"I will?"

"I'm afraid so, Cris," said Tony.

"But that's unfair! I won't do it!" Suddenly she drew herself up in an attitude that would have sufficed for Jeanne d'Arc being

Continued on page 124



"But why am I telling you all this?"

Johnsonian
Johnsonian

Style 8640

This is a Fine Shoe

for **STYLE**
for **LOOKS**
for **COMFORT**
for **WEAR**

Made by one of America's oldest, most respected creators of men's footwear . . . you can rely on Johnsonian's fine quality, fine appearance, fine workmanship . . . look for Johnsonians at your store.

$8.95 *Some styles higher*

Johnsonian
"THE SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE"

*And for boys, Johnsonian Jr.
in styles "Just Like Dad's"*

ENDICOTT JOHNSON CORPORATION
ENDICOTT, N. Y. ST. LOUIS, MO. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gem-Dandy Saddle Leather Belts
Genuine molded saddle leather. In fine embossed patterns, rich two tones. Smart buckles. Outstanding values at $1.00
Others up to $2.50
Boys' Saddle Leather Belts . . . $1.00

Gem-Dandy Braces
Handsome patterns in varied colors. Good to look at . . . easy to wear.
CLIP-ON OR LEATHER ENDS
Exceptional quality at $1.00 Others $1.50
Boys' and Kiddie Braces . . . 50¢

Gem-Dandy Cocksure Garters
Twice the comfort—twice the wear. No binding or slipping. All elastic.
Only . . . 50¢

Land o' Sky TIES
Beautiful patterns from the land of color. In rich plaids, stripes and new panel designs. Expertly tailored to tie right, stay right. $1.00 to $2.00

Gem-Dandy
BRACES
BELTS
TIES
GARTERS

GEM-DANDY, Inc.
MADISON, N. C.
New York

An Acquaintance with Thieves

Continued from page 123

led to the stake, and said clearly, "I'll marry him! A woman can't be made to testify against her own husband in this or," she shot an imperious glance at the reporter, "any other state!"

"Cris, darling," said Tony, "take it easy, honey, you're just excited."

"I'll have you know, Anthony Dever, that I have rarely been less excited in my entire life!"

"Well, you can't marry him right now. Blood tests and things like that, you know. Let's go somewhere and get a drink."

With a stimulating mixture of self-sacrifice and dawning love churning her blood, she allowed him to lead her out to the street.

As they repaired, after lunch, to Tony's office they came upon the afternoon editions of the newspapers. The Mainwaring story, complete with large pictures of both principals, had been flung halfway across the front page. Cris read the headline, HE SPURNS HER OFFER TO WED.

Tony, who had seen the text, took her arm. "Come along, Cris, I think you'll want to lie down."

"Dear, sweet idiot," she said softly, "I knew from the first he was a noble soul."

"I'm sorry, Cris, but he's not being noble."

"What do you mean, Tony?" She stopped dead on 45th Street.

"You might as well know the worst, sweetheart. He is reported as saying, 'I'd rather be hung.' "

"*Let me see that paper!*"

"No," he said. "Not until we are where there will be no danger of your injuring pedestrians."

When they got to Tony's small, sumptuous sanctum, Cris read the whole story. Then she began quietly, genuinely, to cry.

"How could he?" she moaned. "Especially that vile crack about my age."

Nick, in the course of his statement of rejection, had said, "She must be thirty-five if she's a day."

"That isn't so bad," Tony remonstrated. "After all, you are thirty-nine, darling."

"He didn't have to mention it at all, the louse."

"Strictly a low-grade type of louse," Tony agreed. "What floors me is your having been taken in by him."

"Oh, I wasn't, not really," she said and sat up. "You must admit he's highly decorative and he looked so haggard there in that cell my heart went out to him as it would to any wounded thing."

"You're a fine person, Cris."

"Thank you, dear. Oh, Tony, I feel so . . . so lost."

"You have me, sweet. Never forget that."

"I never could, dear," she said and kissed his cheek. "You're so honest, so reliable."

"Both good traits, Cris, but I wish I were also attractive."

This time she kissed him on the lips and he responded readily.

The duration of this embrace can only be surmised as there was, just then, a knock on the door.

Releasing her, Tony grudgingly called, "Come in."

It was Detective Bowen and Nick, combed, shaved, and dressed in his grey sack suit.

Detective Bowen said, without smiling, "I came up here to personally call you a liar, Mr. Dever."

"You could have saved yourself the trip," said Tony. "I was very careful to say *actresses* and not actors when you asked me about fake jewel robberies. This, as far as I know, was a completely new angle on the old dodge. Nice going, Bard. You're famous. Hollywood should be calling any time. How did it break?"

"A reporter recognized me from summer stock and spilled it," said Nick. "Hello, Mainwaring, no hard feelings, I hope."

"Why you gangling cub," she began, collecting her wits, "if you think I fell for that wretched performance. Purified! What edition of Baker did you crib that corn out of anyway? Go to Hollywood and learn your trade, you stinking little amateur!"

"Now, Cris. You made plenty of copy on this yourself," Tony said, getting between them. "Nick is really a nice guy."

"I'll listen to your expert analysis of human character at another time, Mr. Dever." She caught her breath and suddenly smiled radiantly at Detective Bowen. "I advise you, Mr. Bowen, to wipe your feet when you leave here. This Broadway slime gets over everything. You will probably find the underworld refreshing after your exposure to these slugs."

"I'll just take the opportunity to return your things," he said and held out the box.

"Thank you," she said and took his hand as well as the box. "But I want you to know that it is a privilege and pleasure to meet such a straightforward, understanding man as yourself." She looked at him warmly, her lips half-parted.

"Thank you Miss Mainwaring," he said, tugging lightly at his hand. "I have a wife and three children in Astoria."

The scene was abruptly arrested by the opening of the office door and a gruff voice announcing, "All right, folks, get them up and keep them up. This is a stick-up and I don't mean phony."

"Hello, Trigger," said Detective Bowen as he raised his arms. "I thought you were still in Atlanta."

"I was sprung last week," said the man with the gun. "All right, kids, who's got the sparklers I been reading about?"

"I have," said Cris. Noting with pleasure that both Tony and Nick had gone chalk white, she waved the box in her upstretched hand. The man's nose was broken but there was something ruggedly amusing about him. "Come and get them," she invited. ⧺

Continued from page 58

Hottest Thing in Show Business

Continued from page 66

scribed as "a cross between a pint-sized matador and a disappointed faun with the nap wearing off."

It's almost too pat that this enormously talented stripling should have had to go through all the tribulations that the biographical movies inform us commonly obstruct the path of genius. Yet it is true that Robbins had been dreaming up dance scenarios for nine years before one of his creations reached a New York stage. At one point Robbins had so completely despaired of seeing a dance of his performed that he took to rewriting his plots as short stories and sending them to the magazines. The magazines promptly sent them back.

The first of his dances presented in New York—a thing called "Pocahontas," which was done at the La Martinique cabaret as an adjunct to Imogene Coca's comedy act—was taken off after the first night because it was too big for the night club's postage-stamp dance floor. The first time he had a chance to perform for an important impresario, he slipped during his number—a hornpipe—and the producer hired someone else. When Charles Walters, staging the dances for the show *Let's Face It*, took sick during the rehearsal period, Robbins was suggested as a good person to finish the job—but he was out of town. At least three times during those early years his parents begged him to hang up his ballet shoes and go into the corset business with his father. They were, of course, wasting their breath.

Robbins' first chore in show business offered little indication of his present dizzy eminence. He played the piano for school assemblies at Woodrow Wilson High School in Weehawken, New Jersey, where he is remembered as an in-and-out student, especially in math. (Robbins' arithmetic, by the way, has improved with the years. Since his name on a show has become such a guarantee of success in the chancy realm of the theatre, he can and does write the toughest ticket of any choreographer in the trade. Dance directors—eminent when Robbins was puzzling over the value of x in Woodrow Wilson High algebra classes—have become accustomed to hearing producers say, during arguments about financial terms, "Who do you think you are—Jerry Robbins?")

After graduating from high school, Robbins tried a year at N.Y.U. The second year there was no money for tuition. The family managed to scrape up enough to pay for his enrollment at the Sandor-Sorel Dance Center in Brooklyn. A wry footnote to this is the fact that Gluck-Sandor, Robbins' first dance teacher, is now listed in the program credits of *High Button Shoes* as "Assistant to Mr. Robbins."

Robbins got his first experience as a member of a ballet company as an inconspicuous hunk of the entertainment staff at Tamiment, an adult camp in Bushkill, Pennsylvania. The pay was $50 and board for a twelve-week season. Even then Robbins saw himself as a choreographer. Max Liebman, senior show producer at Tamiment for many years, recalls that whenever the dance director would pause to figure out a new piece of business in the creation of a routine, the skinny Robbins kid would pop out of line with a suggestion. After a few summers Robbins became dance director.

Between summers in Pennsylvania Robbins did anything he could to keep dancing, creating, and eating. He got himself a one-line part in a foreign-language production of *The Brothers Ashkenazi*. He danced in WPA projects and served as a chorus boy in four musical comedies. Once he undertook to stage a show for the Ladies Garment Workers' Union, which sponsors cultural projects for its members. The show was called *Bundle Brigade* and the cast was made up of workers from the needle trades, who gathered in an empty loft (there were plenty of empty lofts then) to rehearse after work. Since there was no room in the budget for a practice pianist, the cutters, basters, and trimmers rehearsed to the tempo of a pair of castanets operated indefatigably by Robbins.

When the Ballet Theatre was founded in 1940 Robbins was one of the seventy hopefuls who turned up for an early audition, and one of the eight selected.

He was immediately stuck into the back row of the *corps de ballet*. "One season," he reports, "I was an idiot gypsy in everything, with boots and earrings and brown body make-up and nothing to do." At various other times he offered his talents to the portrayal of a sheaf of wheat, a dandelion, a Chinese coolie, and a drop of water.

All this time Robbins was submitting scenarios to the bigwigs of the ballet company. Finally he came up with the notion for "Fancy Free," which could be done with one cutaway set and four bits' worth of costumes. Out of a sense of economy—and sheer exhaustion—they gave him the go-ahead. From the first moment of the first performance of "Fancy Free," when three sailors walked out on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, split a pack of gum between them, and stuck out fingers to see who was going to pay for the drinks, Robbins has never looked back. Within the first season after its première, "Fancy Free" appeared on the Ballet Theatre's program more often than any of the traditional "white," or classic, ballets.

Then Betty Comden and Adolph Green got the notion of turning the "Fancy Free" story of three bluejackets on leave into

Continued on page 126

CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

One of a distinguished series painted by Ray Johnson, depicting how the "Mounties" gave protection to the pioneers who settled the Canadian Northwest in the late 19th Century.

Traditionally Canada's *finest*

Back of the Royal Canadian "Mounties"* stands a saga of undaunted courage and steadfast service to their native Canada. HARWOOD'S CANADIAN reflects another story of Canadian greatness, for you'll find the same peerless quality in every bottle of HARWOOD'S.

A Masterpiece of
Canada's Largest Independent Distillery

Harwood's Canadian

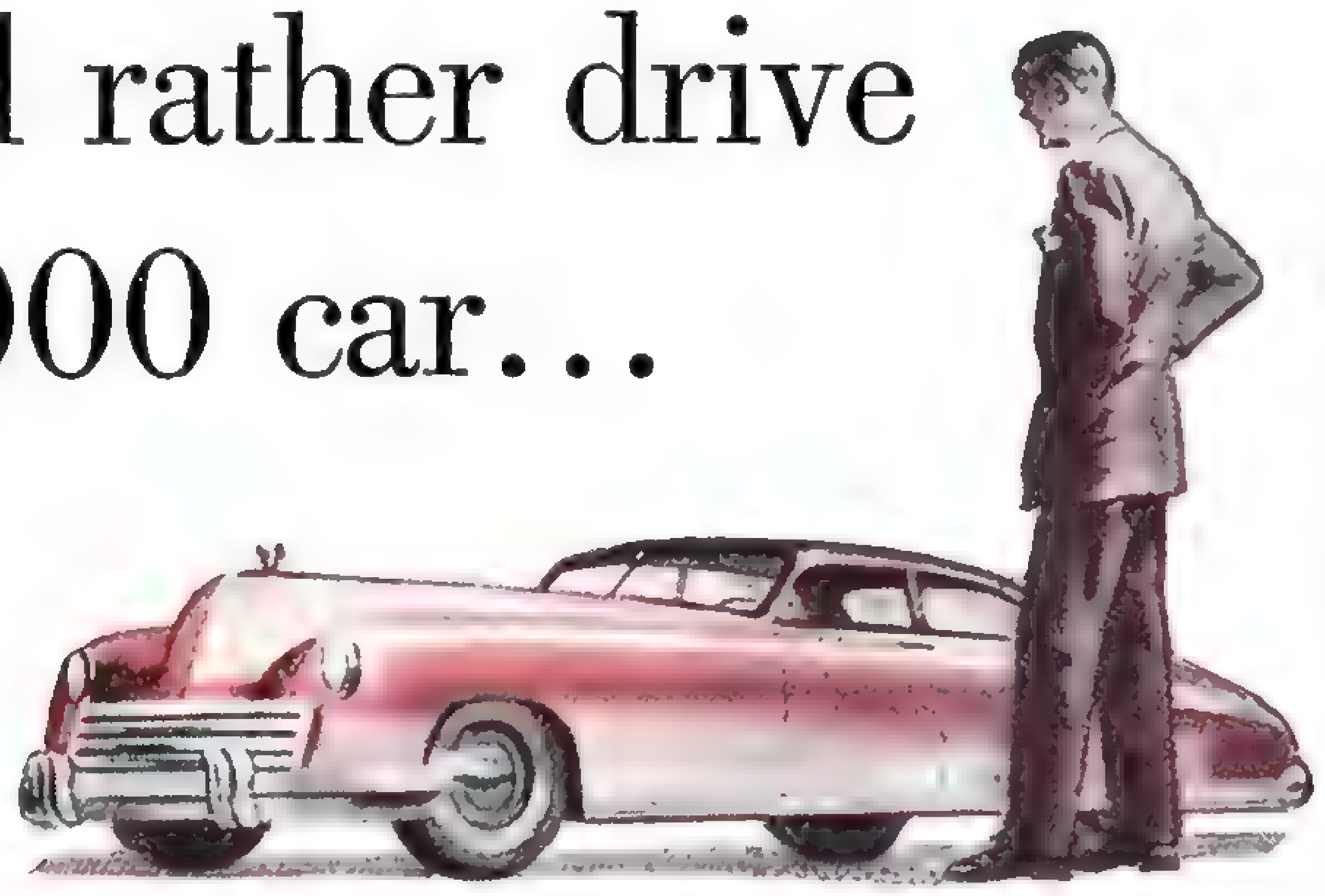
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 PROOF

Sole United States Importers: Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, N. Y.

*THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS IN NO WAY AN ENDORSEMENT BY THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

For the same reasons you'd rather drive a $5000 car...



● Because they make the going easier? Surely. But also for your pride. Because these Keith Highlanders sum up the rarest tradition of American bootmaking . . . 190 years of Keith craftsmanship.

The Wine Cordovan of the uppers is world renowned for softness and sheen. Inside, they are fully lined with leather, heel to toe, for extra ease and wear.

And, figured on the additional miles of comfort and distinguished good looks that they'll give you, Keith Highlanders can also be the thriftiest shoes you ever wore.

Keith Highlander
Keith Highlander

Keith Highlanders
Priced from $19.95.
THE PROUDEST NAME IN SHOES
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Hottest Thing in Show Business

Continued from page 125

the libretto for a Broadway show. It was titled *On the Town*, and, choreographed by Robbins, it ran for a year. Thus, for the first time, the pride of Weehawken got to feel some really important money. Other dances for the Ballet Theatre followed—"Facsimile," "Interplay," "Pas de Trois"—all gay, all tongue-in-cheek, all successful. "Summer Day," first produced independently, was included on this year's Ballet Theatre's program.

His second Broadway show was *Billion Dollar Baby*, a satire of the twenties. In the 1947-1948 season, Robbins knocked out a pair of hits—*Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*, based on his own experiences with a touring ballet company, and *High Button Shoes*, top-grossing musical comedy of the season.

As a workman Robbins is extraordinarily painstaking. Before he did the old-fashioned bathing-beach sequence for *High Button Shoes*, he looked at old-time movies in the Museum of Modern Art until his eyes blurred. In order to create a tango for *Billion Dollar Baby*, he looked up dozens of dance teachers of the twenties—and found that every one of them claimed he had invented the dance and taught it to Valentino. He worked with Nancy Walker for eighteen months so that she could learn enough ballet for two comedy numbers in *Look, Ma*, and he taught her so much that she now has difficulty remembering to dance badly enough to be funny.

During rehearsals Robbins' manner is as casual as the blue denim pants which are his working clothes. But his infrequent outbursts of temper have been known to chip plaster off the walls. Some of these flare-ups have occurred because Robbins has a heck of a time getting ballet dancers to act. Most ballet people have lost the capacity for natural projection because of their years of training in pure technique. Robbins, who encountered the Stanislavsky tradition of naturalistic acting during his summers at Tamiment, labors with the nymphs and dryads for hours trying to get them to behave like people. In the seashore scene of *High Button Shoes*, he actually made his dancers look at the audience and mouth words, in order to get them to sense the meaning of what they were doing. Dancers, goaded beyond what they feel are their natural duties, sometimes fight back, and lightning flashes in the rehearsal rooms. But they generally wind up doing things they never realized were possible.

"They're all geniuses," says Robbins. "It's wonderful to see what happens if you can make them come alive."

Here, then, is the *wunderkind* of the theatre as seen through his life and work—enormously ambitious, copiously talented, aggressive, witty, daring. It all fits together in a nice, neat pattern, except for one striking inconsistency—Robbins himself.

"Oh, he's a subtle one, sneaks up on you with fur coats, diamond bracelets, perfumes—"

Robbins is a very shy young man. In large groups he does no more than a potted palm to impress himself upon the company. Though he laughs easily, he seldom makes verbal jokes himself. Off the stage, it is only in charades, which he loves, that acquaintances are likely to see a hint of his vast gift for comic portrayal. Much given to moods, he lives alone, his companion the preposterous-looking Brussels griffon, upon which he lavishes extraordinary affection. Last summer he rented a tiny shack on Fire Island in a section called Lone Hill. The hut has no hot water, electricity, or even indoor plumbing, but to Robbins it presented the attraction of being located in a cluster of four similar shanties a mile and a half across the sands from the nearest grocery store.

Around the pothouses and purlieus of West Forty-Fifth street, a good chunk of the conversation these days is devoted to what Jerome Robbins is going to do next. The movie representatives strumming on their golden lyres have been unable to sweet-talk him into hopping a stratoliner for the Coast. There are too many people involved in making a picture, he points out, and he likes to be boss of any work he does.

Anyway, he's not even sure he wants to go on being a choreographer. "How long can you do dances?" he said in conversation recently. His ambition to stage a whole show, assigning the dances to some other choreographer, was realized recently when he became director for the musical, *Alfred the Average*, written by Julius and Philip Epstein, and with music and lyrics by Harold Rome.

As Monte Proser, co-producer of *High Button Shoes*, put it: "That little squab has a flame in his belly. I wouldn't want to be the sucker who tried to stop him from doing what he wants to do." ⌗

Continued from page 66

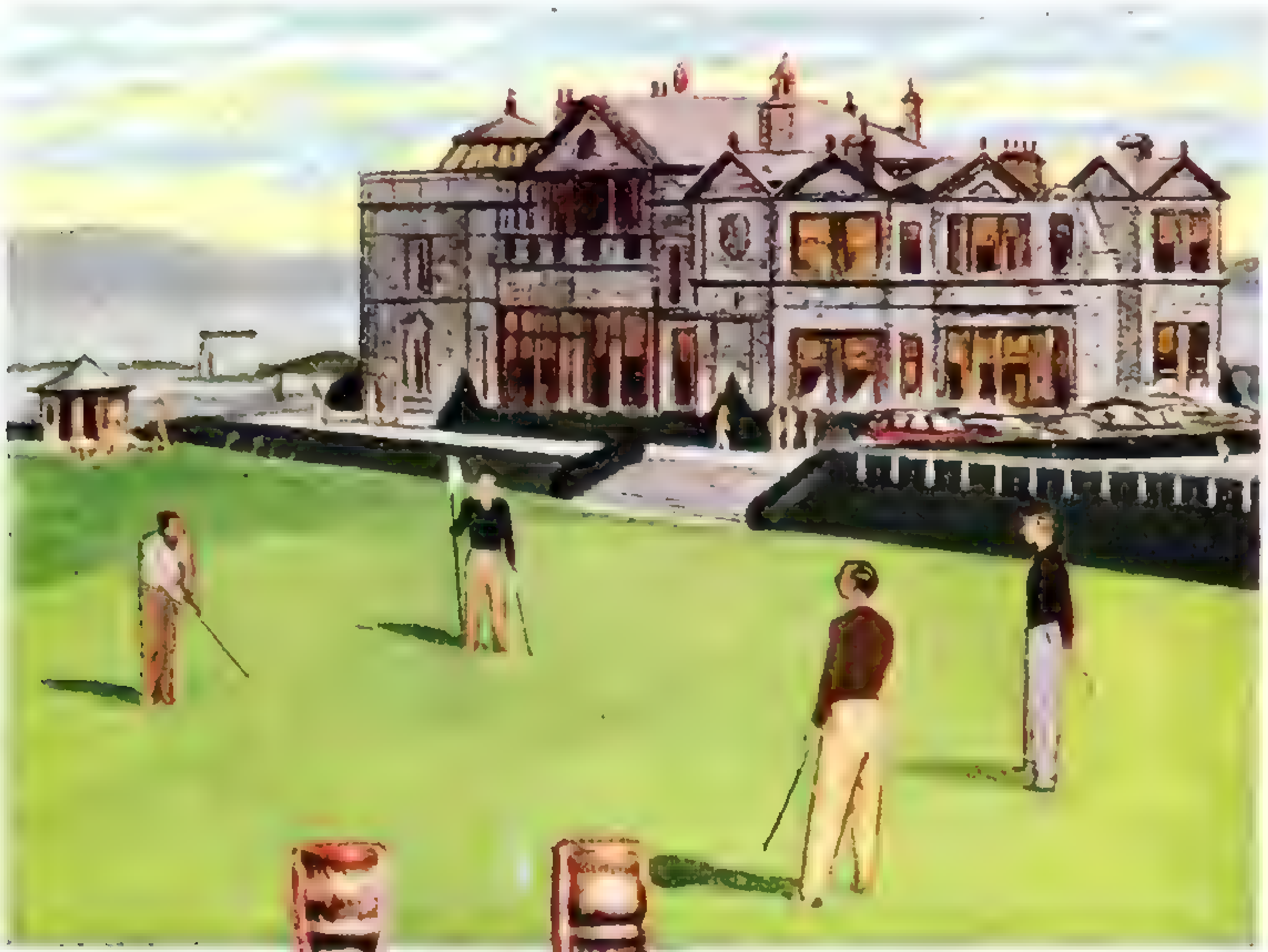
FORECASTING...

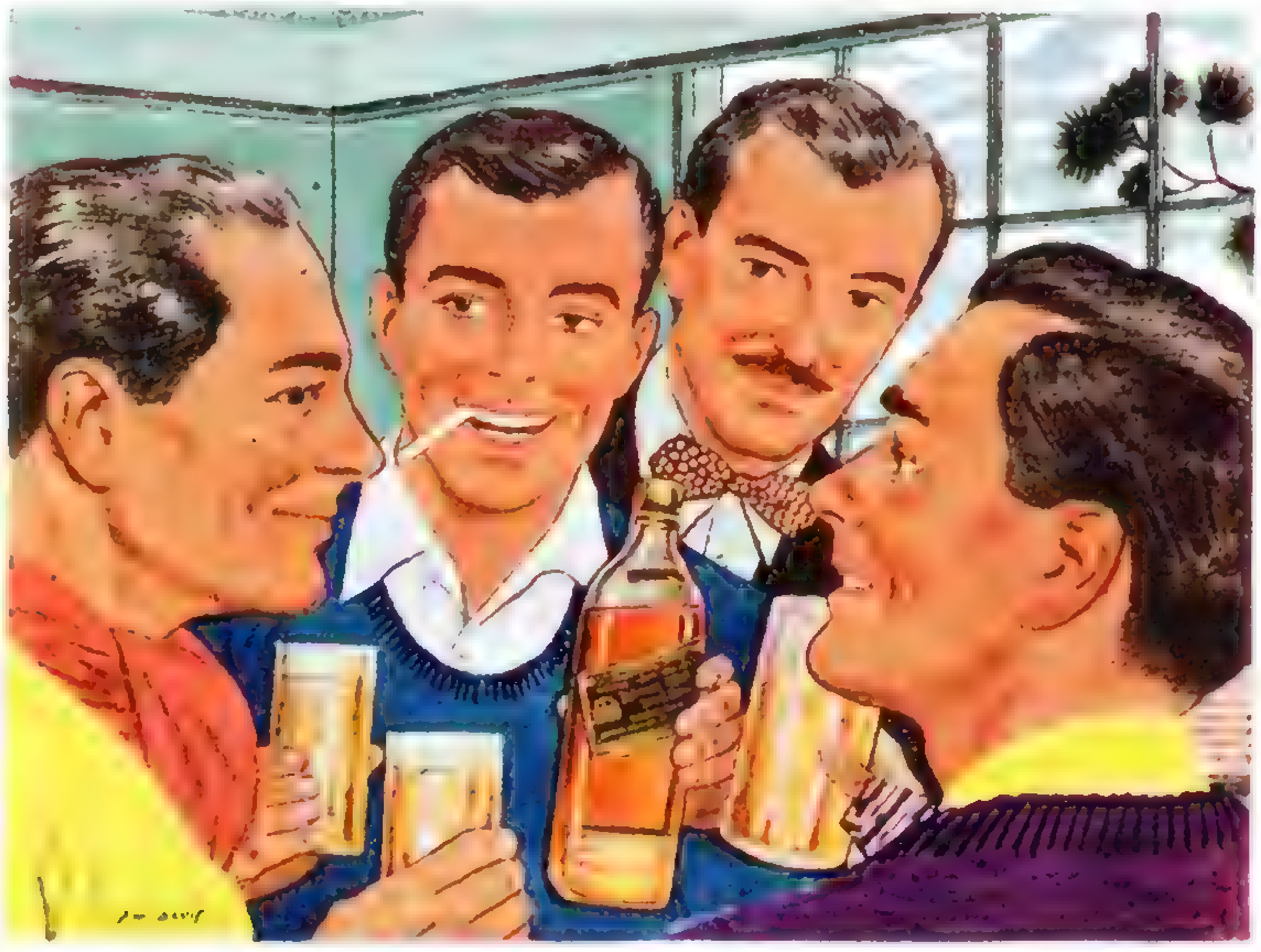
Par on the 19th hole

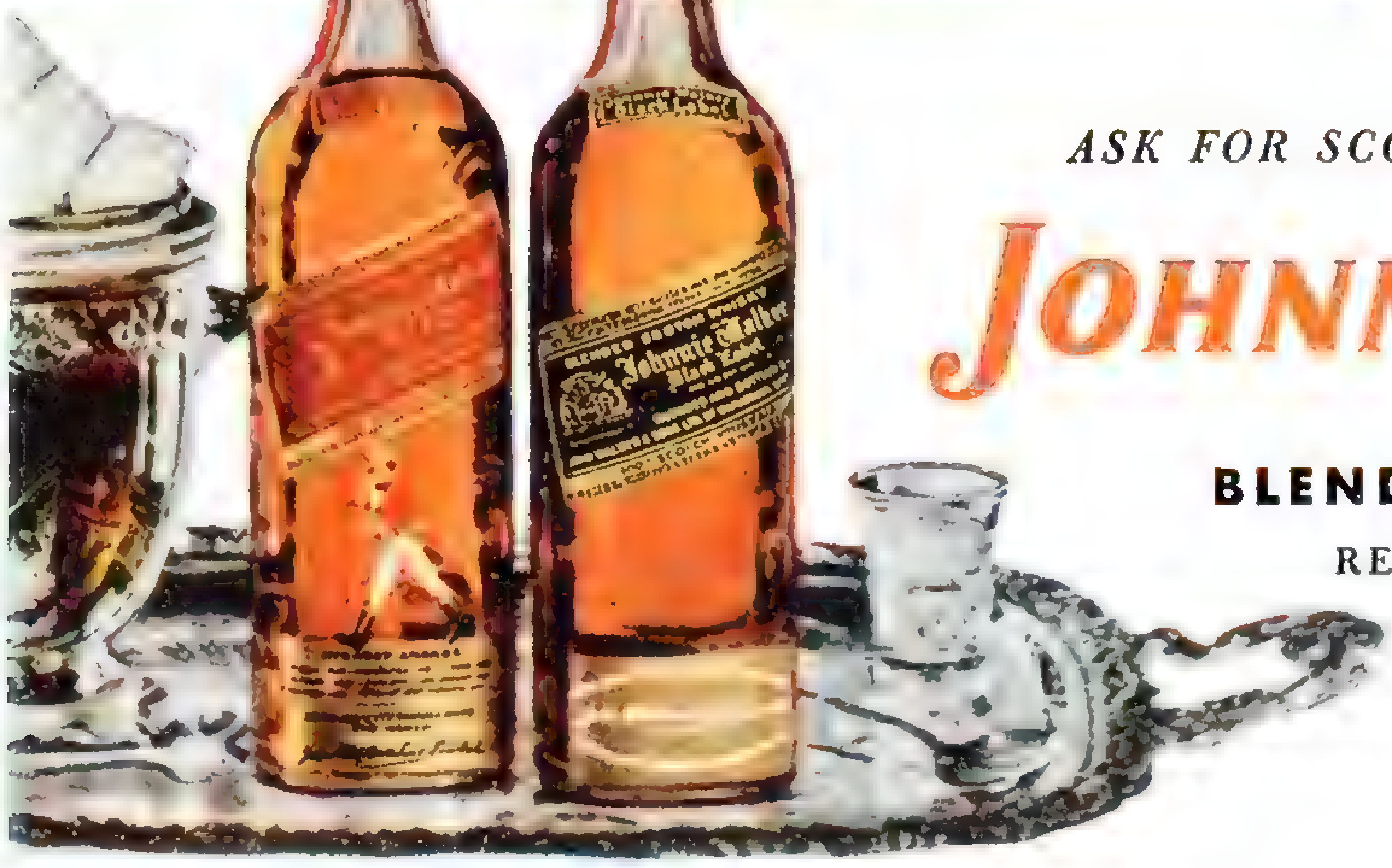
FROM ST. ANDREWS TO PINEHURST

As native to Scotland as St. Andrews, world golfing "capital," is—Johnnie Walker. For *only* Scotland has the moist climate and soft spring water that ideally invests Johnnie Walker with the singing mellowness and flavour of *unbeatable* Scotch!

When wise pursuers of old man par gather at Pinehurst . . . naturally they seek a drink that's peerless, that's *perfect.* And naturally it's Johnnie Walker...for a clubhouse climax that marks the perfect end of the day!







ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820

still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

PUT YOURSELF IN THESE SHOES
40

Burly-Flex

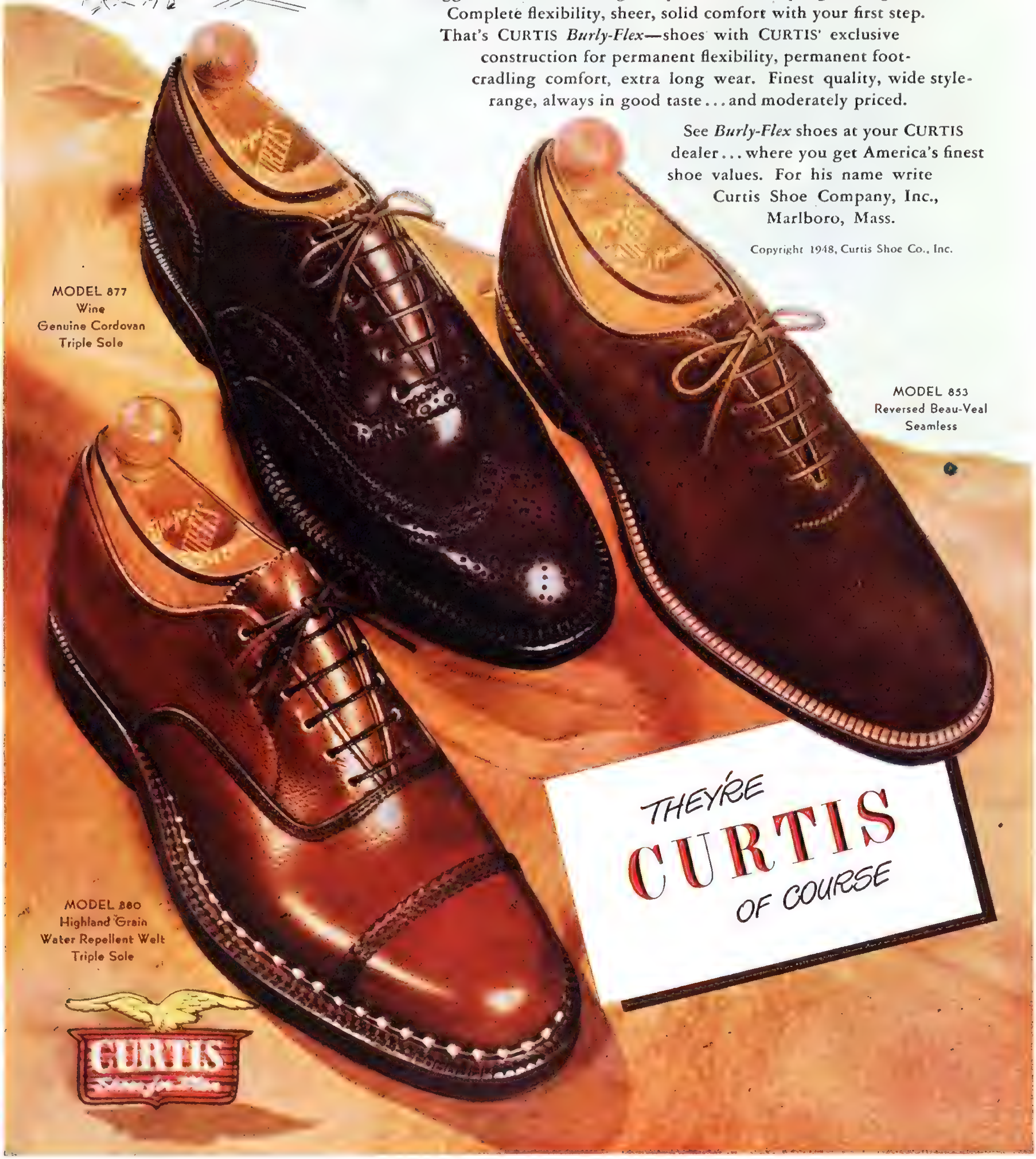
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

. . . PERMANENT BUILT-IN FLEXIBILITY

Rugged . . . bold-looking . . . yet unbelievably light weight. Complete flexibility, sheer, solid comfort with your first step. That's CURTIS *Burly-Flex*—shoes with CURTIS' exclusive construction for permanent flexibility, permanent foot-cradling comfort, extra long wear. Finest quality, wide style-range, always in good taste . . . and moderately priced.

See *Burly-Flex* shoes at your CURTIS dealer . . . where you get America's finest shoe values. For his name write
Curtis Shoe Company, Inc.,
Marlboro, Mass.

Copyright 1948, Curtis Shoe Co., Inc.



MODEL 877
Wine
Genuine Cordovan
Triple Sole

MODEL 853
Reversed Beau-Veal
Seamless

MODEL 880
Highland Grain
Water Repellent Welt
Triple Sole

MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYON FABRIC

For Good-Looking Slacks that "Fresh Up" Quickly

Lazy days or playing days, they're high in comfort, long on good looks. These Mooresville slacks fabrics hang well on your body . . . and hang equally well on the washline. Completely washable, they come up with that wonderful freshness only soap and water can give. They hold their colors, hold their fit, hold their shape. Wrinkles shake out quickly. Ask to see slacks of Mooresville Fabrics at your favorite store, identified by the Mooresville "Good Conduct" Medallion.

MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYONS

Mooresville Mills
Sales Office:
Empire State Building

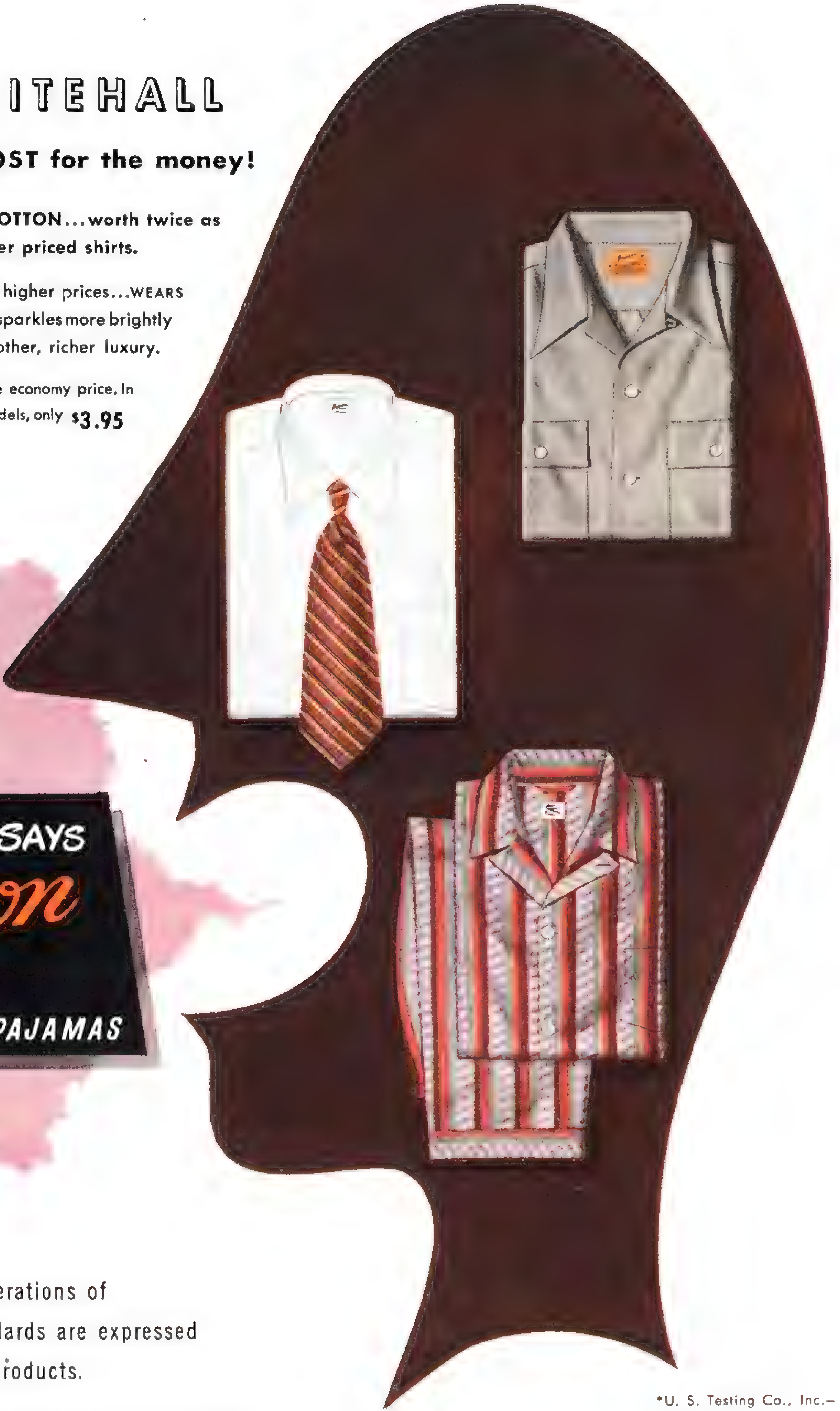
JAYSON WHITEHALL

the shirt that gives MOST for the money!

Made of IMPORTED EGYPTIAN COTTON...worth twice as much as cotton used in even higher priced shirts.

60% stronger by test* than shirts at higher prices...WEARS LONGER! **Greater permanent lustre**...sparkles more brightly even after a year's laundering. Smoother, richer luxury.

Demand Whitehall...the luxury shirt at the economy price. In Broadcloth or Oxford...all popular collar models, only $3.95



THE NATION SAYS
Jayson
SHIRTS · SPORTWEAR · PAJAMAS

...three generations of
highest quality standards are expressed
in these products.

Jayson Shirts from $3.50 • Jayson Sportwear from $3.95
Jayson Pajamas from $2.95

*U. S. Testing Co., Inc.—Tensile Strength Test No. 80856 and Hatch Textile Research, Tensile Strength Test. Fabric shrinkage less than 1% by Government Standard Test.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 Broadway, New York 10 • SHIRTS • SPORTWEAR • PAJAMAS • MAKERS OF Excello Shirts

Edgar at the Gate

Continued from page 102

much even of an only brother?"

Johnnie walked to him and looked down into his face. Fred got up from the couch and stood over him menacingly. "Want me I should talk him into it, Johnnie?"

"Sit down, Fred." Johnnie waved him away. He continued to look at Edgar. "Soon there's a knock at the door. Do you want to answer it?"

Edgar protested. "But I have been here all night."

"No, *I* am here all night," Johnnie corrected.

"The drugstore boy delivered the boric acid. He saw me here."

"He sees *me* here. Mistaken identity, Eddie. We look alike. Leave it to the boys here. Fred, Dirty—where do I spend the evening?"

Fred grinned. "Right here, Johnnie. We was with you all 'a time. Eddie, he come in about two. All out 'a breath."

"Yeah," agreed Dirty. "It so happens I and Fred were in the bathroom when the boy came with the stuff. Takin' a bath."

Edgar shuffled toward the door. "You will not frame me. Fishman saw you, did he not?"

Fred moved behind him, guarding the door. Dirty stood up, smiling, watching. Johnnie walked slowly toward Edgar. "Don't forget the identity, Eddie. It's you that Fishman sees. And it's you that Fishman belts in the eye." Johnnie was smiling, but not happily. He called over his shoulder: "Fred."

"Okay, Johnnie."

Edgar slunk back as Fred advanced on him.

"I'm sorry, Eddie. There's no other way," Johnnie was saying. "You blow for a while. We keep your cut for you, just like you're here. No matter what happens, your cut is safe with us."

Fred caught Edgar by the shoulders, turned him around and took careful aim.

"Just one, Fred," Johnnie said. "Just like mine. In the right peeper."

* * *

Edgar tried to blow, but the police picked him up at the station. Johnnie and the boys dropped out of sight. Edgar didn't have a chance. The car, the eye, Fishman's testimony—they sealed him in. For five years, the judge said.

But there was hope at the end of the waiting, Edgar thought. He had to paint the alphabet on license plates for the automobiles of free men, but he would behave himself and be out in a few years. And then . . . Edgar breathed deeply and grinned when he thought of getting to Johnnie. His lips curled sadistically when he thought of coming in on Johnnie (bound to a chair, always) and pouring his strength at him with hard, angry fists. Until he was blessedly, happily tired. And then, only then, proving who had done the job on Fishman.

He had been in prison for about three months when a gallon can fell from a shelf onto Edgar's neck and covered him with black enamel. The painters laughed, but Edgar was soon contorted with pain and the foreman sent him to the prison hospital.

Dr. Thorbes, chief of the staff, was fifty, fat, and efficient. He insisted on treating Edgar personally. The injury from the can was a painful and colorful bruise, nothing more, but you could never tell about those neck injuries. He examined the mole on Edgar's neck and the area surrounding and asked Edgar a great many questions about it. He listened to the answers grimly and then subjected Edgar to a battery of examinations that worried him more than the pain. At last Edgar was sent back to the shop. The next day the warden sent for him.

Warden Winter was seated at his desk when Edgar came in. Dr. Thorbes was standing near by, huge and ungainly, for the first time nervous. "Mello," the warden said, "Dr. Thorbes has told me about your neck and the injury last week which aggravated it. I'll put it to you straight. You're a very sick man."

Edgar looked away. He said dully, "Any chance for me?"

The warden closed his eyes for a moment and then turned to Dr. Thorbes, who shook his head sadly.

"What is it, Doc? What is the matter with me?"

"A kind of tumor, a pernicious tumor in the tissues under the mole on your neck. Technically it's called a melanotic sarcoma, or melanoma. There's no treatment that will help in this stage."

"That is a surprise. How much time have I got?"

"Maybe two months."

"Two months! Here?" Edgar looked around him. "Two rotten months to finish a lot of business in!" His ugly face scowled.

Warden Winter rose. "I'm asking the governor for an immediate pardon for you. I think he'll do it, especially since Christmas is at hand. The pardon will probably be here within a week. I'm very sorry, Mello."

* * *

Edgar knew there wasn't time to waste on indulging in reactions. He was free for a few months, and there was something to be done. While he sensed that the pain in his neck was more severe than ever, somehow he didn't feel it. One thing he felt and one thing he knew. He was going to die because of an accident in prison, and Johnnie had sent him there and he had to get Johnnie. Edgar was so obsessed with his desire to get Johnnie that he even forgot to hate him. He discarded his older dream. He didn't want to beat Johnnie to a pulp and then send him to prison. That would be too crude. His plan now had to be subtle—and final. There was at least one

Continued on page 132

Out with chapped legs!

Why suffer from chapped legs and chattering knees this winter when your legs can have complete protection and welcome warmth?

On with Jockey Longs!

"Be-measured-to-your-build" in Jockey Longs. As a special service to Jockey wearers, your Jockey dealer will measure you with the Coopers' "Hip-Tape" to assure you perfect fit where you need it most, not only around the waist but at the hip and crotch, too!

Jockey

Underwear gives you

COMFORT SO PERFECT IT'S PATENTED!

REAL HE-MAN UNDERWEAR—that's Jockey Longs, chosen by many famous athletes and outdoor enthusiasts. The famous Y-Front with no-gap opening—the protective cradled pouch—the smooth-seamed freedom from binding and chafing—are all patented comfort features offered you only by Jockey.

See your Jockey dealer and "be-measured-to-your-build" in Jockeys. Get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, sleeveless or short sleeves.

Also Jockey Underwear in Children's Sizes

Go long on warmth this winter with

JOCKEY LONGS

Jockey Shorts for active sports; Jockey Midway for everyday wear; Jockey Bellin for dress-up wear; Jockey Long for cold days; Jockey Over-Knee protects tender skin, trouser press.

Don't ask for "knit underwear" ask for

Jockey

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's a brand . it's a trademark . it's made by

Coopers INC.

Kenosha / Wisconsin

Licensees: Canada, Moodies; British Isles, Lyle & Scott; Australia, Speedo Knitting Mills; New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; Switzerland, Vollmoeller; Colombia, Ego Ltda.

In any discussion

about what luggage is best

your new

Hartmann

KNOCABOUT SET

gives *you* the last word

The new Hartmann Knocabout set for men. Sturdy, handsome . . . alert for trips of any length, by any mode of transportation. Of top grain steerhide over a Spartanized frame . . . (almost four times as strong as steel). Shown: The Doubleton, the Singleton, and the smaller companion Knocabout.*
**Exclusive with Hartmann.*

Hartmann

HARTMANN COMPANY · RACINE WISCONSIN

Edgar at the Gate

Continued from page 131

advantage he enjoyed over other killers. He had nothing to lose. He could sink everything he had into the plot—a solid month, all his money, his body even. It had to be perfect.

He came to the city and moved into a small midtown hotel, registering under his own name. He walked the streets and lingered outside pool halls and gambling dives until one day he saw Fred and followed him home. They were still together, he saw, Fred and Dirty and Johnnie. They seemed to be out of hiding now, but not yet in business; lying low because of the Fishman thing, Edgar thought. He didn't let any of them know he was out. Instead, he followed Johnnie about the city for a few weeks, observing his habits, haunts, and friends.

He paid careful attention to Johnnie's clothes, and purchased for himself a duplicate wardrobe. He bought five suits, each one like one of Johnnie's, and two overcoats. Johnnie wore a derby, and he bought one too. Johnnie wore bow ties, and he bought a dozen of assorted colors. He didn't wear any of these clothes, but kept them all in the closet in his room. He also kept in the closet a hundred-foot length of strong cord. At one end was tied a heavy brick weight; at the other end a .38. He had bought it to fire just one shot.

Johnnie had grown a thin black mustache that put his heavy features in relief. Edgar grew a thin mustache and bleached it every morning so that it would not be noticed around the hotel.

He waited.

His chance came on Christmas Day. Johnnie and Dirty and Fred emerged from their house around noon and walked west. Edgar followed. After two blocks, Fred and Dirty turned off and Johnnie continued to the center of town. He went into a movie, a double feature. Edgar went in too. In the lounge, where the crowd was waiting for seats, he was able to get close enough to Johnnie to see that he was wearing a solid blue suit, white shirt, and red bow tie, under a brown tweed overcoat. Edgar left and went back to his hotel.

Everything was working out fine. For three hours Johnnie would be without an alibi. He would not be able to prove where he was . . . or where he was not.

Edgar's room was on the eighth floor. On the way up in the elevator, he gave the boy ten dollars for Christmas. He said, casually, "Luke, I expect my brother will be here in about an hour. You will know him. He looks like me except with a small black job on the top lip. He wears a derby hat. He may not know the room. Will you point it out to him?"

In the room he undressed and took a bath, soaking himself for a long time, thinking. Then he penciled his mustache, very black. From the closet with the unused clothes he took a solid blue suit, white shirt, and red bow tie, collar-clip kind. He put them on.

He called the desk. "My brother will visit me in about a half-hour. Will you send him right up? Do not call. I will be waiting."

He donned the brown tweed coat and the black derby and stepped to the mirror to look himself over. "Hello, Johnnie," he said to his image. "You will do something now that will amaze you when you hear about it."

There was no one in the hall when he opened the door and peered out. He darted to the steps and walked down the eight flights, then to the basement, and out to the street. He was sure he hadn't been seen. For about half an hour, he patrolled the streets with a sad excitement. Then he forced his steps back to the hotel. Outside, he unclipped half of his tie from his collar and walked through the lobby to the desk.

"Would you please call Mr. Mello's room?" he said.

The clerk was gracious. "You must be his brother. Mr. Mello is expecting you. Room eight-ten."

"Thanks."

"By the way, your tie is loose. From the right collar."

"Oh," Edgar said, adjusting the clip. "It always happens to this red tie. It has a loose clip." He was sure now that the clerk would not forget him.

In the elevator, he pretended to be confused. "Mello?"

The elevator boy looked at him. "You're his brother, all right. Mr. Mello is on the eighth floor." And he showed him the way to the room.

Edgar took off his Johnnie outfit and got into his own clothes. Unseen, he walked down to the basement again, carrying the suit, the coat, the shirt, the tie, and the derby. He stuffed them into the furnace and watched them burn away. Then he bounded upstairs, amazed at his lung power. The excitement was giving him wind, he thought. Now, anyway, he was sure there was nothing to connect him with the man who had just entered the hotel to visit Edgar Mello, nothing to hint that it wasn't Johnnie.

Nothing, except for one thing. The mustache. He shaved it off.

He took from the closet the brick weight and the .38 that were connected by the hundred feet of cord. The revolver was loaded and primed. The window was open. Two floors below the chimney of an adjacent apartment house was pouring its smoke past his window. He lowered the brick weight into the mouth of the chimney, closed the sash to within twelve inches of the bottom, and walked to an easy chair at the other end of the room. In his hand was the gun, tied to the other end of the cord.

He threw the telephone to the floor and the receiver rolled off the instrument. He listened until the filtered voice of the operator asked for a number. "Johnnie!" he shouted huskily at the phone, putting surprise and terror into his voice. "Johnnie, cut it out!" He kicked over the telephone table. "Put down that rod, for the sake of Christ." He heard the operator confusedly call for the police, and he screamed, "Johnnie, what are you trying to do? No . . . no . . ."

Now, when he released the weapon, it would be pulled out of sight, past the open window, into the waiting chimney, hidden forever. But, before he released it, there was one more thing to do.

He tried not to think. Quickly he put the muzzle to his head and pulled the trigger . . .

That, naturally, was the end of Edgar's story.

"Next thing I knew I was walking up here, all light-feeling and happy. It is a wonderful thing." He put his hand on the gate. "Is this real gold, Pete? Fourteen carat?"

"Quite an ingenious device, Edgar," I said. "You're to be congratulated."

"Thank you, Pete," he beamed. "Seein' from who it comes, that is very valuable praise. I myself thought it to be very clever also. With that one shot I fixed everything. I saved myself out of a slow, lingersome death and framed the guy which was responsible for it all."

Edgar calculated that it might be several months before Johnnie would be coming through the gate. Of course the police would have no trouble in apprehending him, since he could not know that a murder had been committed in his name. But the waiting and the trial and the period of grace before the execution—that would run into months. He asked whether he would be permitted to wait at the gate to greet Johnnie. "I wish to taunt him when he comes and wise him right away that I was the one which did it to him," he said.

"Is that the truth, Edgar?" I knew too much what dying did to people.

He thought for a while. "No," he finally said. "I suppose I just want to see him."

I was apprising him of the rules in such matters and the nature of the continuance of earthly friendships when a dusty glow appeared on the horizon and I began to open the gate. It was the evening group. Gradually the individual figures of the group became distinguishable, and I observed that Edgar watched them with interest. He felt like a veteran already and looked with patronizing indulgence on these neophytes and their wonder at the new experience. Suddenly, though, I saw a frown crease into his narrow forehead. "Johnnie," he muttered incredulously. I looked. It was. I could never have mistaken him.

"Johnnie." Edgar was bewildered. "What is he doin' here so soon? I do not understand. And what is the name of that character walking with him? He is very familiar."

Approaching beside Edgar was an oldish, stout gentleman, whose worry wrinkles had not yet had time to disappear. He looked up and saw Edgar and glared for a while, wondering. He nudged Johnnie. Johnnie looked our way and stopped in amazement. He ran toward us. "Eddie!" he shouted.

They embraced, violently.

"Johnnie," Edgar said, almost sobbing. "It is good to see you. I did not expect you quite so very soon."

"So soon! I don't get it. And what the hell are you doing here?"

"Do you not know?"

"No," Johnnie muttered sadly. "I don't know much about nothing, not even what I'm doing here. I only know I am sitting with my friend there in the apartment. We are talking business. I am a good citizen for almost six months; since Fishman, you know. It's Christmas Day. I'm just come from a movie. A cop wagon pulls up and we are surrounded. We don't know what it is all about, but we try to get down the fire escape and we're both plugged, I and the doc."

"The doc!" Edgar exclaimed. "That is right, you are the doc. Dr. Thorbes, from the prison hospital."

"Yes, Mello," said Dr. Thorbes, who was now standing by. "How are you? I didn't think I'd see you here."

"You didn't?" Edgar looked at him strangely.

I had to leave them to check the papers of the group that was filing through the gate. Edgar and Johnnie and Dr. Thorbes started to walk away. I heard Edgar ask, "Tell me, Johnnie, how do you know Dr. Thorbes?"

"Oh, he does some jobs for me. Different kinds. I'm just paying him off for one when the cops come. I wonder what they want me for."

"What job did he do for you? What type of job?"

"The job on you. Faking that report. Saying you got skeroma or something instead of stiff neck. I want to surprise you when you come back. Tell you you're okay. But you don't show up. Say, Eddie, what *is* it brings you here, anyway?"

Edgar was silent for a minute. I turned to see him standing there, dumfounded, as the import of Johnnie's words reached him. He shook convulsively, looked from one to the other, and finally burst into heaving laughter. As they walked, Edgar told them, through his laughter, bits of the story. His brother and Dr. Thorbes listened, looking at each other dumbly. At the end, the doctor smiled suddenly and then laughed, and soon Johnnie joined him; the last I ever heard of them was a great, happy roaring as they strolled into their forever. ##

Continued from page 102

LANVIN
ARPEGE
the best Paris has to offer

GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered

A
B
C
★
Guaranteed
AA
Genuine Keepsake Diamond
Registered Perfect Gem

For Your One-and-Only

Say "I Love You" forever with the true gift of your heart . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring, love's most precious and traditional symbol. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of excellence in color, cut and clarity which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond Ring. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are authorized Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from $100 to $5000.

A. DAPHNE Ring 150.00
Wedding Ring 62.50
B. HEATHER Ring 350.00
Also $100 to 2475 and in platinum $300 to 3450
Wedding Ring 12.50
C. MALDEN Ring 675.00
Also $575
Wedding Ring 150.00
★ Man's Diamond Ring 100.00
Available at $75 to 250 to match all engagement rings

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold
Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include Federal tax

Anywhere in the U.S.A., for the name of your local Keepsake Jeweler, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name..........

Street and No..........

City.......... E 11-48

Etiquette
Engagement
and Wedding

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The Large Mr. Little

Continued from page 51

ure, he has been named by the coaches' association as chairman of its all-important rules committee, and his opinions are greeted with a respect bordering on reverential awe.

Considering the fact that Lou's won-and-lost record is far from extraordinary—that is, by the usual measuring scale—it's quite astonishing that everyone should hold him in such high regard. Perhaps, though, this trifling incident will illustrate what Lou has had to undergo at Columbia. It happened during his first spring training workout eighteen years ago. The new coach arrived at Baker Field with his chief assistant, Arthur Sampson, and Lou gazed wordlessly at some two-dozen scrawny youngsters in Light Blue uniforms.

"That's the skimpiest, smallest-looking backfield squad I ever saw," remarked Sampson with a sigh.

"Backfield squad?" said Little. "That's the backfield squad *and* the line squad. That's the *whole* squad."

He has been accepting such small squads of undersized youths for eighteen years without complaint. Whoa! That's not precisely correct. He *does* complain to the press on occasions, moaning about the terrible team he is going to have. But they've learned enough about him by now to ignore him. When he moans the loudest, they know he expects to have a fine team. However, when he's bubbling with optimism, they take it to mean that he's whistling through the graveyard, trying to instill some spirit into a team that never will amount to much. When last seen he was moaning about his weak line. Opponents, beware!

It's those upsets that Little engineers that have always baffled the experts. He's had three whoppers in his career—three super-duper upsets that will be talked about as long as football is played. Of course, he's had so many small ones and middle-sized ones that no one can remember all of them. Three, however, are absolute stick-outs.

As a matter of fact, the first of these occurred before he went to work for the Lions, and it attracted so much attention that it was more responsible than anything else for his getting the job at Columbia. The Lions apparently liked the upset prescription he was in the habit of using, and so they hired him. The one that caught their eye came in 1928 when Lou was coaching at Georgetown; he brought his unsung heroes up to the Yankee Stadium for a game with Chick Meehan's invincibles from New York University—and Georgetown upended N.Y.U., 7 to 2, in the upset of the decade.

Little kept comparatively quiet for a while until he sent his Columbia squad out to Pasadena for the Rose Bowl game against Stanford on January 1, 1934. That one almost was called off at the behest of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What Stanford would do to Columbia made strong men tremble and women weep. It would be utter and absolute annihilation. No one gave the Lions a ghost of a chance. So the kids from the sidewalks of New York outmaneuvered the Coast juggernaut, 7 to 0, in the upset of another decade—and maybe, even, the upset of the entire century.

The last chapter in this odd success story came only last year. Again Columbia faced invincibles, a strong West Point team that had not tasted defeat in four years, or in thirty-two straight games. But the firebrands from Baker Field, catching that fire from Little in the second half, halted Army after a scorching struggle, 21 to 20, for the upset of still another decade.

None of these was a trifling surprise, like the ones that call for a headline one Sunday and are forgotten before the season's end by everyone but the most ardent alumni. Each was monumental enough to endure down through the years. How did he do it? Ah, that's not too easy a question to answer.

It's generally granted, however, that no coach could get more out of limited material than Little does. He's a stickler for detail and has an insatiable desire to be fooled. Since Lou never has had the kind of players who would enable him to overpower the opposition, he just out-slicks 'em. He uses a style of attack that embraces all the better features of a carnival shell game—the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique.

So he toils tirelessly with his backs as they spin and crisscross in their multiple faking. "No. I saw the ball," he will bellow. "You gotta fool me." Not until the masking is so artfully done that he himself doesn't know which is the ball carrier is he satisfied. And whenever Lou is fooled regularly, you can rest assured that all rivals are in for baffling Saturday afternoons. Yet, even there, he works under handicaps of late classes, scrambled schedules, and the like, so that he actually has had seasons during which his entire varsity team has never been assembled intact except in time for the starting whistle of each game.

Not only is he a perfectionist as far as his own team is concerned, but he is a penetrating strategist in seeking to exploit enemy weaknesses. It was such an exploitation that brought him his first smashing upset twenty years ago—the Georgetown victory over N.Y.U. Scouting reports had indicated that the Violet attack was almost exclusively centered about its All-

American halfback, Ken Strong, one of the greatest football players of all time. Little figured that his Hoyas had a chance if Strong were bottled up—or at least checked. So he set about to check him. First of all, the vast majority of the Chick Meehan plays were power thrusts off tackle, the strong-side tackle (with the strong Strong carrying the mail).

So Lou took a desperate gamble. He deliberately overshifted his defenses to the strong side—or the Strong side—and left the other side of the line wide open for any sallies in the other direction. By way of aiding him in his seemingly hopeless quest, the Yankee Stadium was a sea of mud, thus hobbling the hard-running Violet even more.

And the shrewd Little had figured well. Although N.Y.U. gained almost at will in its downfield marches, the Violet always handed the ball to Old Reliable, Ken Strong, as soon as paydirt was approached. And Ken always headed in his favorite direction, the strong side, for the crucial plays. Georgetown would hold; and then big Jim Mooney, coming through with an incredible punting performance with the soggy ball, would hammer one sixty or seventy yards downfield to get the Hoyas out of difficulties.

Lou never quite realized it at the time, but this was a typical Frank Merriwell performance. Mooney was Merriwell when he kicked; and then, at one point, Ken Provincial stepped into the Merriwell role for the big play of the game. On surged N.Y.U. once again in seemingly irresistible fashion. This, it seemed, was the kill. This was the touchdown play that would break the scoreless tie. It was, too. But not in a way anyone had expected. As the Violet slashed off tackle at the goalmouth, the wet and slippery pigskin popped out of Strong's hands like a cake of soap in the bathtub. Provincial flashed in on the ball with all the N.Y.U. players mopping up in the end zone. No one was between him and the opposite goal, and so he casually romped eighty-seven yards for the only touchdown of the game. Near the end, when N.Y.U. threatened to tie it up, Little ordered a deliberate safety. Final count: 7 to 2. And Lou was Columbia-bound.

Just to keep the chronology of this tale in the proper order, let's take a look now at another upset—one that Little himself considers as important as any of his big three. Some folks are inclined to overlook it because it was not quite so earthshaking as the others. It was the Columbia-Dartmouth game of 1931. A year previously, the Hanover Indians had slaughtered the first of the Little-coached teams by the horrendous count of 52-0. No one expected the Green to win by as lopsided a margin in the return game, but most of the experts thought they would triumph by three or four touchdowns.

Everyone was discouraged except Little, and he was able to stamp the indelible imprint of his forceful personality and beliefs on his youthful heroes. Slavishly he worked on one pet formation for the entire week before the game. Dartmouth's left tackle, Hank Barber, had ruined all of Columbia's right-formation plays the year before. So Lou decided to steer clear of him by operating exclusively from a left-formation setup.

The game started, and Ralph Hewitt, the Columbia quarterback, swung forgetfully into right formation (the *verboten* one) and ran over Mr. Barber to the vast astonishment of everyone, including the Columbia coaching staff and Barber himself. And, all during the first half, the Lions absent-mindedly made a rug out of Mr. Barber as they trampled over him from right formation.

"Gosh, Coach," exclaimed Hewitt, the mastermind, as he spotted Little in the dressing room between halves. "I forgot all about using left formation."

"So did I," responded Lou. "Let's try it this half."

They did. But the opposite tackle, the supposed soft touch, stopped the left-formation sorties so abruptly that Little ordered a return to the right formation. Thereupon Columbia ran over Barber for a 19-6 victory which stunned the football world. It brought national attention to the Lions for the first time and, more important still, cleared out the last remnants of the defeatist complex that had hung, like the albatross, around Columbia's collective neck. Mr. Little definitely was on his way.

Good schoolboy football players now eagerly sought admission to Morningside Heights—not in great numbers, to be sure, but enough to keep the Lion momentum rolling. By 1933 Lou had a pretty fine team. In fact it was an infinitely better team than most folks suspected. When Princeton whacked down a cocky, overconfident Lion eleven by a surprising 20-0 score, the experts quickly dismissed the Light Blue as an overrated combination.

But that defeat was responsible for the winning of the Rose Bowl game. Knocked out of every Lion head were all delusions of grandeur. The boys threw aside their press clippings and went back to work. Little made one or two changes—key changes, by the way—and his operatives won every other game. The Pasadena invitation was the result.

The experts set a new Olympic record for scoffing when Columbia was chosen to play Stanford on New Year's Day. They derided the selection with an acrimony that bordered on slander. Unfortunately for Stanford, its boys were able to read. They devoured all the deathless literature that said that Lion meat was as easy to gobble up as deep-dish apple pie. They believed it. So did everyone else in the country

Continued on page 136

Enjoy 100% Waterproof Protection in

ALLIGATOR

Featherweight

The Smartly Styled Waterproof with Fine Fabric Base

BUY TWO!
One for Home, One for Office.
Always be Prepared!

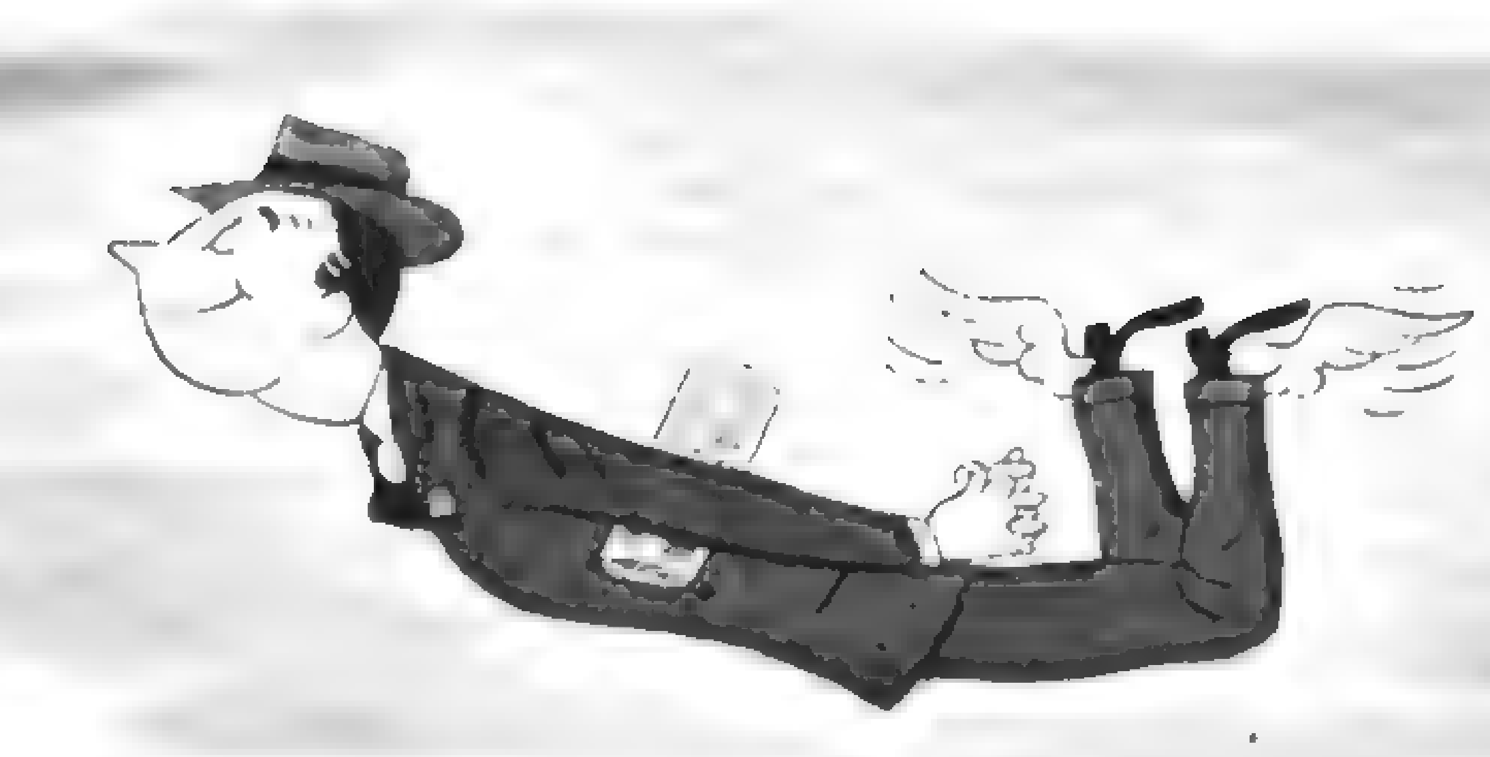
Sensational Alligator achievement to keep you 100% dry! Lightweight fabric thoroughly impregnated, absolutely waterproof—yet retains characteristics of fine fabric! Rollable, packable, pliable! Exceptionally low in price! Choice of colors, including new clay and eggshell shades!

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN

The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles



"Ah... *Your* feet can feel like this, too!"

9 OUT OF 10 MEN who've switched to Ward Hill Shoes say Ward Hill Shoes . . . *Fit better* . . . *Feel more comfortable* . . . *Break in more easily* . . . than the other brands they've worn previously.*

HERE ARE 3 PRACTICAL TIPS FOR GETTING SHOE COMFORT!

1. Wear the same weight sock you wear regularly when you try on shoes.
2. Let your salesman help you decide your size. Don't rush.
3. Choose a shoe styled for *comfort* . . . like Ward Hill.

KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASS.
For over 60 years makers of fine shoes for men

(Treat yourself to...
WARD HILL Shoes for Men
today!)
Feel the difference on your feet!

Style Note: Squared heel for that **"Bold Look"**

Styled by
WILLIAM LEON KNIPE
No. 6339
on the
Commodore Last
Moderately Priced
Write for name of your nearest store!

*Results of a two-year survey conducted for Ward Hill Shoes

The Large Mr. Little

Continued from page 135

except Lou Little and his grimly determined Lions. Lou worked so hard at perfecting a certain sequence of plays that Columbians were virtually running off the KF-79 play and its corollaries in their sleep. Long in advance, Lou planned to spring this on the smug and complacent Palo Alto Indians.

In essence, here's the way the thing was worked. It was a right-formation play with Ed Brominski as the wingback, Bill Nevel as the blocking back, Cliff Montgomery as the spinning back, and Al Barabas as the running back. Like the Seven Sutherland Sisters, all these plays looked alike. Montgomery would spin, Brominski would reverse, and Barabas would hit off tackle. Sometimes Brominski would get the ball from Montgomery and sometimes it would be Barabas. Or, occasionally, Monty would fake to each and spin a forward pass. It was perfect whipsaw technique.

Little knew in advance that Columbia was psychologically on edge. He also knew that Stanford wasn't. But he had one great fear—hot weather. On a scorching day the Californians would be able to overpower the New Yorkers because of the need for frequent substitutions. Columbia was able to use only sixteen men—just five extras—against a school that could replace full teams at a time. Ordinarily this would have been an equitable setup. But the gridiron gods were kind to the New Yorkers. It rained hard the day before the game; and the weather was bleak during the fray, even a trifle on the chilly side.

Columbia went to work with a six-man line, undershifting and overshifting to bother the Stanford attack. The line floated an end and a tackle, letting the backer-up smash through. On passes the right tackle cut in sharply, giving his end a clear shot at the thrower. The entire defense was planned by the shrewd Little. And so was his offense.

That KF-79 sequence was the big gainer. Early in the game Barabas went all the way to the 11-yard line on the very play that later was to account for the touchdown. But the safety man hauled him down, and so the assignments were changed to clear him out when the crucial moment arrived. Then, on the 17-yard line, Montgomery spun, Brominski reversed, and Barabas raced through the befuddled Stanford defense into the end zone without an enemy hand having touched him. Final score: 7 to 0. Little, the magician, had done it again.

The Army upset last season did not evolve as much from key strategy as from the inspirational qualities Lou can instill into his team. His defense, for example, had been bad all year long. So Little had no illusions when the West Pointers rolled into Baker Field. He knew Army would score. He also knew that no one had registered against the cadets that season. Once more the massive Herman Hickman (now head coach at Yale) had molded another of his superlative lines for the lads from the Plains. "We can't run against them," Lou repeatedly told his team. "We've got to pass, running just enough to keep the defenders honest." (That's merely football terminology for keeping the enemy from automatically dropping back against passes while leaving things wide open in the line.)

Undiscouraged by a 20-7 lead that Army gained in the first half, the Lions started the second half of the game spiritedly. They had scored once, and that score had done something to the chemistry of both teams. It had pricked the bubble of Army's invincibility, and now it inflated the bubble of Columbia's purposeful drive toward victory. Gene Rossides sent his fullback, Lou Kusserow, hammering inside just enough to insure the "honesty" of the Army defenders while he whipsawed the air with his artful passes. So hopped up were the Lions that Bill Swiacki, an end, made almost incredible catches; and Bruce Gehrke, the other end, was virtually a carbon copy of Bill. The line charged vigorously. The backs blocked with abandon. The game ended with Columbia ahead, 21-20. The Lions had been an inspired team—and behind that inspiration was Lou Little.

There aren't many coaches who drive boys harder than Lou. To a stray visitor he might seem almost harsh. Yet the fellows who have played under him worship him with a zealousness bordering on idolatry. It's been a long time since Sid Luckman, the T-formation wizard of the Chicago Bears, wore the Light Blue under Lou. Yet even today he says reverently, "Lou's been like a father to me." Luckman helped Columbia during spring training in 1947 and, much to his surprise, received a check for his work. He sent it back to the university, explaining he couldn't accept it because he'd obtained more from Lou Little than he ever could repay.

Lou has been more than a coach. He has been a father pro-tem. Columbia professors look upon him as their favorite campus character. His gridiron operatives never fail in their subjects because Little hounds them and nags them and drives them to their books. Only one of his varsity players has ever failed to graduate and the majority of them actually have continued in graduate work—engineering, medicine, and the like. Yes, Little is a hard driver; but he gets away with it because he drives himself harder than any of his athletes—and they know it. He's found coaching much tougher than playing.

The large Mr. Little went through a dozen years of competition as high-school, college, and professional player, sustaining in all that time the relatively trifling injuries of one broken wrist and three teeth knocked out. But as a coach—well, for one thing, he broke his neck a few years ago when, with more vigor than good sense, he was demonstrating tackle play to a young man who was slow on the uptake. Lou surged in against a couple of youthful huskies—and did the very thing he'd warned his player against. Then, sometime later, he discovered that his constant scrimmaging with his overenthusiastic youngsters had calcified a hip joint. It took two operations to cure that one.

His last injury was, perhaps, the most serious. On a raw, cold day in Annapolis he screamed louder than usual at a play that went awry. His voice departed almost instantly. And that, brother, was some voice! They used to call Lou the Foghorn of Baker Field. His whisper at the south end of Baker Field would echo and re-echo off the hills across Spuyten Duyvil Creek a quarter of a mile away. Then it would boom just as clearly at the north end of the gridiron, startling everyone within hearing distance—which must have been the entire population of the upper end of Manhattan Island. It is said that his final pep talk to the squad in Tucson, Arizona, just before the Rose Bowl game of 1934—a secret talk, no less—was heard as far away as San Diego.

But when his voice box closed down on him, the medicos carved away one of his vocal cords. He wasn't permitted to speak for almost two months, and it was shocking to listen to him when he finally uttered his first words. They emerged as a dismal croak, which had all the delightful audible appeal of fingernails scratching on a blackboard. This hoarse and husky whisper had a range of not much more then ten feet. But that was five years ago, and his voice has gained approximately sixty per cent of its original decibel content—which is exactly what the doctors had predicted. Dishes no longer rattle on neighborhood shelves when he gives a command, but at least he can be heard.

The medical men had him on the shelf for an examination again last winter, and one of his constant visitors was Stout Steve Owen, the coach of the New York Football Giants, who probably is Lou's closest friend. On Christmas afternoon, when the Maestro was feeling slightly lower than usual, Stout Steve sat at his bedside. "I was just thinking about some of your old teammates," drawled Owen, with a grin. He named some of them. "They've been raising hell for years and nothing ever happens to them. The trouble with you, Lou, is that you live too clean a life."

Maybe that *is* his trouble. The large Mr. Little doesn't smoke, seldom drinks, and never dissipates. His main vice is clothes, and his wardrobe has to be roomy enough to accommodate some forty suits—to say nothing of matching accessories. If he has another vice, it's food; and Lou invariably eats in big-league company. His favorite companions in knife-and-fork competition are Owen (270 pounds); Herman Hickman, the Yale coach, (300 pounds); and Jack Lavelle, the Notre Dame and Giant scout (300 pounds). All of them are trenchermen of national repute. If you believe what the others say, Little can demolish more steaks than any of them. And he's a comparative midget of 6-foot-2, weighing some 220 pounds.

A stalwart tackle at Penn during the rock-'em-and-sock-'em days both before and after the first World War—in between, he was a captain in the infantry and participated in the Argonne fighting—Little originally intended to become a left-handed dentist; but his success at college football led him into professional ball. That was the free-and-easy era in pro football, and Lou played for one team on Saturday before jumping a few hundred miles to another team for Sunday's festivities.

His coaching activities during the same period were enough to make a union walking delegate scream for protection. He coached two pro teams, a high-school team, a Navy Receiving Station team, and a battleship eleven which was preparing for the fleet championship. He met a lot of nice people that way, though—including one chap who was to alter the course of his career. Not until he was chatting with General Eisenhower in Washington last winter did he realize how many people he'd met. The general reminded him of one. "Do you remember, Lou, when your Georgetown team played the Third Army Corps in 1924?" asked General Ike.

Lou nodded.

"That was the first time I met you," the general went on. "I was an assistant coach for the Third Army team."

Lou was vastly embarrassed. The general had remembered him, but he himself hadn't remembered the general. They'll get to know each other a lot better in the years to come, though, because they both are linked together in Columbia's future destinies.

There is only one thing the large Mr. Little is determined to do. "I'm not going to become the 'Grand Old Man' of college football," he says stubbornly. "After a few more years I want to retire and cut myself completely away from the game. Cape Cod in the summer, Florida in the winter."

But Columbia men need not worry about that just yet. When the time finally comes for Lou to quit, General Ike undoubtedly will talk him right out of it. ⧺

Continued from page 51

LIKE 'EM SHORT?

ALLEN-A Briefs and Athletic Shirt beat the band!

LIKE 'EM MEDIUM?

ALLEN-A Middies and Pullover Shirt hit just the right note!

LIKE 'EM LONG?

ALLEN-A Longies and Pullover Shirt give you full measure!

LIKE 'EM ALL-IN-ONE?

ALLEN-A Union Suit's a sound investment!

ALLEN-A'S GO TO ANY LENGTH FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

Allen A ®

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, SPORTSWEAR

When it comes to underwear, ALLEN-A covers the subject completely. Every length, style and weight appear in the ALLEN-A lineup. And each garment is famous for fit, comfort, quality. No bind, no chafe. No droop, no creep. Warmth without weight or bulk. What do *you* wear? Ask for it in ALLEN-A's.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY

Pick your favorite... they're all good if they're

EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice® FOR MEN

mug — 10-12 Months' Supply. . .1.00 (refill .65)

stick — Big, Clean and Economical .75

lather — Quick-Forming, Non-Drying .60

brushless — Richer, Creamier, Smoother. 60

. . . and for that wonderful "good-morning" feeling it's Old Spice After Shave Lotion 4¾ oz. 1.00 9½ oz. 1.75 plus tax

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

The Waxworks

Opera singers of now and then and some modern rewrites on old themes

by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The High

Ever since young Arturo Toscanini conducted the world première of *La Bohème* in Turin, Puccini's artful combination of Bohemian gaiety and tears has been one of the world's favorite operas. Now, fifty-two years later, Columbia has issued the first complete American recording of *La Bohème* (26 sides) ♪.

It's an improvement over *Hänsel and Gretel*, the first in Columbia's Metropolitan Opera Company series, but it is hardly perfect. Soprano Bidu Sayão is one of the Metropolitan's most fetching Mimis, but the Met's two best Rodolfos, Jan Peerce and Ferruccio Tagliavini, under contract to Victor, cannot be used on Columbia recordings.

The singers of opera's "Golden Age" a generation or two ago were crudely recorded compared to those of today, but their voices were lustier. For evidence Victor has dug deep into its musty archives to add ten records to its Heritage Series ♪♪ of operatic discs cut when the phonograph was still a whining gadget. Choicest of the collectors' items are the Galician-born soprano, Marcella Sembrich's *O Luce di quest' anima* from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* and *Ernani involami* from Verdi's *Ernani*, recorded in 1908; Tenor Enrico Caruso's and American Contralto Louise Homer's duetting of the mighty judgment scene from the fourth act of *Aida*, recorded in 1910, and Italian Tenor Fernando de Lucia's *Addio Mignon* from the opera *Mignon*, and *De' miei bollenti spiriti* from *La Traviata*, recorded in 1906. The other records are by French Baritone Maurice Renaud, Russian Soprano Olympia Boronat, Boston-born Contralto Janet Spencer, French Basso Marcel Journet, German Baritone Otto Goritz, Italian Baritone Titta Ruffo and the Kentucky-born Riccardo Martin.

If you want to compare the *bel canto* styles of Tenors de Lucia and Caruso with *bel canto* singing at the Met today, listen to Ferruccio Tagliavini's first domestic album (Victor, 4 sides) ♪. He sings arias from Verdi, Meyerbeer, Cilea and Donizetti. He is an operatic crooner with pianissimos as tear-filled and swooning as Crosby's and Sinatra's.

The Low

Popular song writers are the most irreverent souls on earth. Few great composers have escaped their necrophilial lust for free tunes to which to set idiotic lyrics in the hope of harvesting a juke-box jack pot. This season's most sinned against are Tschaikovsky, Brahms and Grieg.

In Wayne King's album, *Brahms Waltzes for Dancing* (Victor, 8 sides), Brahms' *Sonata in F Minor, Opus 5*, becomes something called *There Was Moonlight in Her Hair*, the *Intermezzo, Opus 118, No. 2*, becomes *Let Your Heart Lead the Way*. There are six others, all with lyrics.

The musical mayhem on Brahms is matched by Tommy Dorsey's *Tschaikovsky Melodies for Dancing* (Victor, 8 sides). A theme from the famous *Sixth "Pathetique" Symphony* becomes *The Story of a Starry Night*, the *Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor* becomes *Tonight We Love*, the *Romeo and Juliet Suite* is called *Our Love*. Grieg's *Anitra's Dance* from the *Peer Gynt Suite* is *Anitra's Boogie* in a version by the Alvino Rey Orchestra (Capitol). Fred Waring has set lyrics for his choir to Tschaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* (Decca).

Current show albums include *Look Ma, I'm Dancing* (Decca, 8 sides) with Nancy Walker's *I'm Tired of Texas*, and two *Inside U. S. A.* albums. In Columbia's (6 sides) the songs are sung by Pearl Bailey and Buddy Clark, who are not in the show, and in Victor's (8 sides) ♪, they are sung by Broadway cast plus Perry Como and Russ Case. Beatrice Lillie's *Come, Oh Come* ("to Peetsburgh") is the hit of the Victor album. Her fans can get more of her in Decca's *Beatrice Lillie Souvenir Album* (6 sides), in which her six songs include *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *Oh, for a Night in a Ballroom*, *The Yodelling Goldfish*.

Most striking of recent single discs includes Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers singing *Louisiana Purchase* (Columbia), Spike Jones' *William Tell Overture* (Victor), Duke Ellington's *Air Conditioned Jungle* with Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet solo (Columbia), Benny Goodman's *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* (Capitol) and Julia Lee's candid *Crazy World* (Capitol) in which the moral seems to be that if the world policy-makers spent more time at that well-known indoor sport, danger of war would diminish appreciably.

Rating of Recording:

♪ = GOOD
♪♪ = SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ = OUTSTANDING

Founded in 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC.
MIDWAY, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Better-than-Ever
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE

Park & Tilford's Greatest
Whiskey Achievement
Since 1840

NOW even
RICHER
FINER-TASTING
than ever

At NO increase
in Price

NOW MORE THAN EVER—"*The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America*" and
AMERICA'S BEST WHISKEY VALUE

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

Frankly Made for *Better Livin*

You can be sure your Nunn-Bush shoes will be a gratifying expression of the shoemaker's art. It is never the Nunn-Bush nature to compromise with quality. Ankle-Fashioning offers you more style miles and snug "heel pocket" comfort which we believe only Nunn-Bush shoes provide so enduringly.

See what you get because Nunn-Bush deliberately strives to build the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men.

Nunn Bush
Nunn Bush
Nunn Bush

COMMANDER
Style 2327
Tan Scotch Grain
Harness Stitched
Winterweight Sole
Rubber Heel

CLYDE
Style 2347
Brown Scotch Grain
Medallion Tip
Winterweight Sole
Rubber Heel

CLYDE
Style 4300
Genuine Shell Cordovan
Reverse Welt
Winterweight Sole
Leather Heel

CLYDE
Style 805
Brown Arctic
Full Leather Lined
Hand Stitched Vamp
Winterweight Sole
Leather Heel

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE CO • *Manufacturers*
MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

Cloak Across the Blood

Continued from page 70

movie house led out to a sun porch. It was dark inside. I tried one of the doors and it opened. I walked into the living room and could just make out the general outline of everything in it. I switched on an end-table lamp, threw a quick look around, and was convinced no one was home. I would have left then, but I caught sight of Mike Talland looking like a throw rug behind the sofa. And I could tell he was in no condition to answer doorbells. His eyes had a glassy stare and he was wearing a hole in his head. I was about to forget that I had ever been there, when someone or something helped me along. And I wasn't within a mile of anything that could have fallen on me, except the ceiling. So it must have been someone. Not something. It's funny with those things. You never know they happen until you wake up with your head pounding like the drum passages in a bolero.

There was black. It dissolved to grey, shifted vaguely for a moment and then broke suddenly. A face with aquiline features, wearing rimless glasses, was looking down into mine.

"I'm Lieutenant Bell," he said quietly.

"So that's who you are," I said, rubbing the back of my head. I looked around. This was still Talland's living room and I was piled on his sofa like tomorrow's laundry.

"According to papers found in your billfold, you're Joseph Ritchis of Alvara Boulevard in Santa Monica. Is that right?" Bell said, his voice ringing softly as his eyes skimmed the pages of the proverbial policeman's notebook.

I told him he was right and he just kept looking at his notes. Then he threw some obvious questions at me, and I told him I had had a business deal to discuss with Mike Talland and gave him the details in the order they had occurred.

"What was the nature of the business?" he asked.

"I wanted to buy the Pink Parrot."

"From Talland?"

"He owns it."

Bell gave me a double-duty quizzical look complete with foglight attachment and said, "No, he doesn't. It's under the name of Martha Freuws."

"Who?"

He repeated the name and said, "Know her?"

"Never heard of her," I said slowly, sticking my hand into my inside breast pocket, but finding nothing.

"What are you looking for?" Bell said.

Continued on page 142

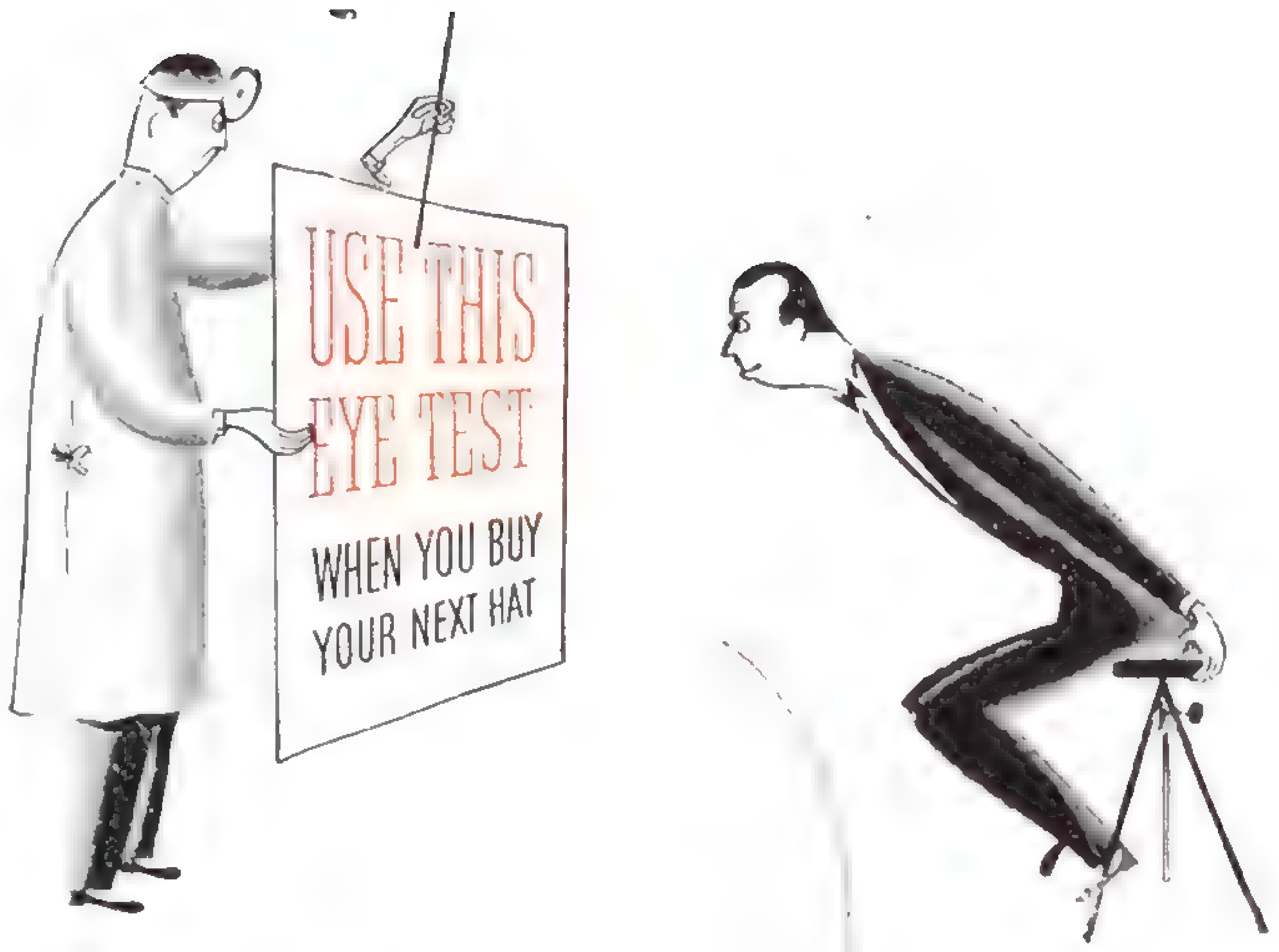
SHERRY
DRY PALE
SANDEMAN BROS. & Co.
SANDEMAN

In ancient cellars—under ever-vigilant eyes—Sandeman Sherries and Ports slowly acquire rare excellence. A type for every taste and occasion. Some are frankly expensive, but many are modestly priced.

SANDEMAN

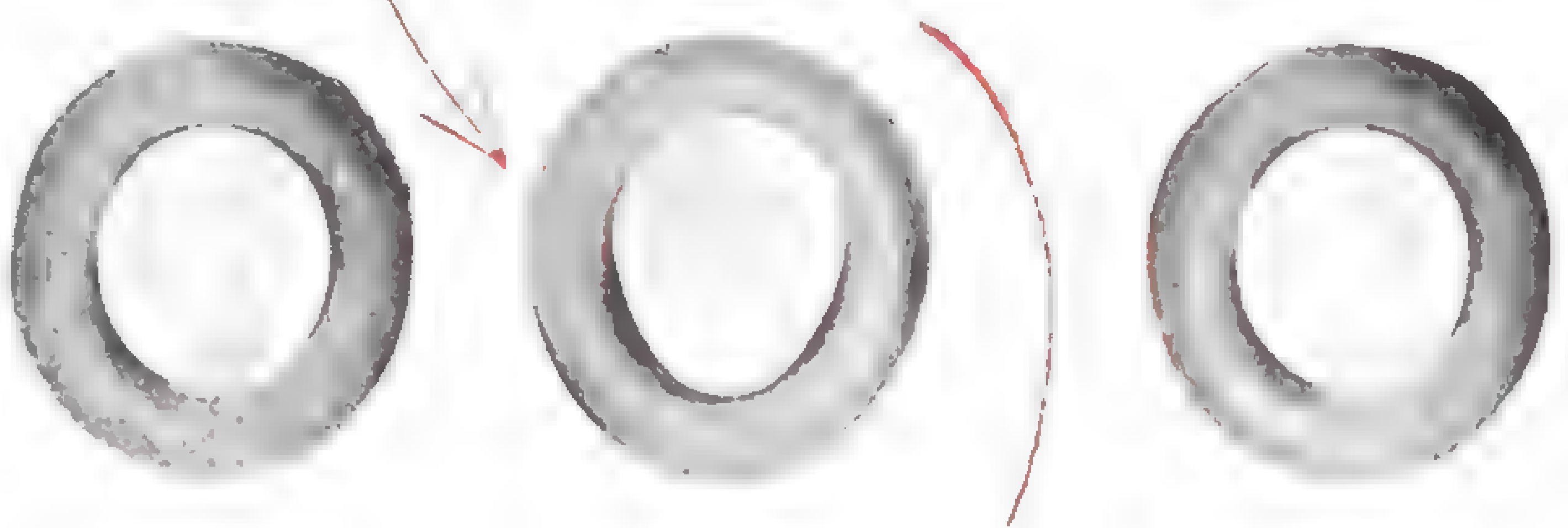
Established in the Year 1790

SHERRIES *from Spain* • **PORTS** *from Portugal*
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C., SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.


USE THIS EYE TEST
WHEN YOU BUY YOUR NEXT HAT

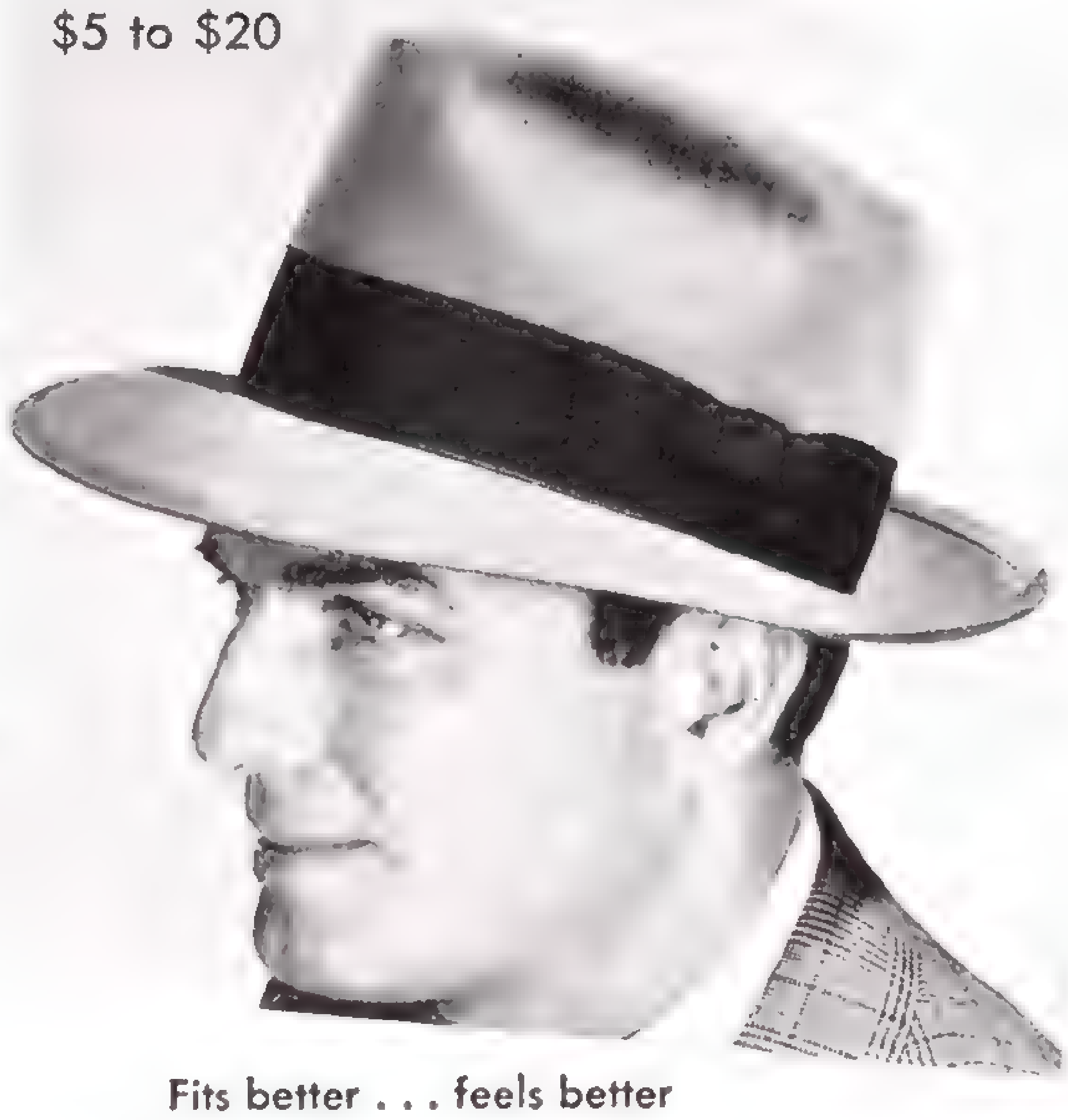
Look at 'em this way for style . . .

but choose 'em *this* way for fit!



Choose *Templeform*—
the only hat that slopes in at the temples,
just as your head does!

$5 to $20



Fits better . . . feels better
. . . looks better on you
Try one on at your Templeform hatter

TEMPLEFORM
BY STYLEPARK HATS

For Templeform's new style folder,
write to Dept. E2, Stylepark Hats,
417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Cloak Across the Blood

Continued from page 141

"My wallet," I lied.

He gestured to the coffee table in front of me. All that was on it was my billfold. No envelope. No thirty grand.

"Was he expecting you?"

I didn't see what I could lose, so I said, "No."

"Do you carry a gun, Mr. Ritchis?"

"What for?"

"I don't know. That's what I'm asking you."

"No."

He took a pencil from his pocket, reached over to the end table beside the sofa, and inserted the pencil into the muzzle of a black .38 revolver lying on the table. Then he swung the revolver back in front of me. It looked kind of odd propped up with a yellow lead pencil in its nose. I'd always thought they used handkerchiefs. "Ever see this before?" he asked.

I looked at it. Then I looked at him. "No."

"It was lying a couple of feet away from you and the corpse when we got here."

"And what does that make me?"

"That's what we'd like to find out."

"Who called you?"

"That's something else we'd like to find out."

While he talked, the fogbound muscles of my brain flexed themselves a little, trying to get to a point where maybe I could figure out a few things for myself. But it was a bit early for that. I just knew that a dame named Myra Lyran had given me a quick shove into a police test tube. And it wasn't my kind of fun.

I stuck to the story about wanting to buy the Pink Parrot and Bell didn't seem to care whether it was true or not. He told me that Headquarters had received a phone call from someone who reported seeing a prowler in the vicinity of Talland's house and then hung up. A couple of prowl-car boys investigated and found what they found. They called Homicide.

Bell asked me another pool rack of questions and I don't think he was too pleased with my replies. So he decided that we would all go down to Headquarters and wait for a fingerprint report.

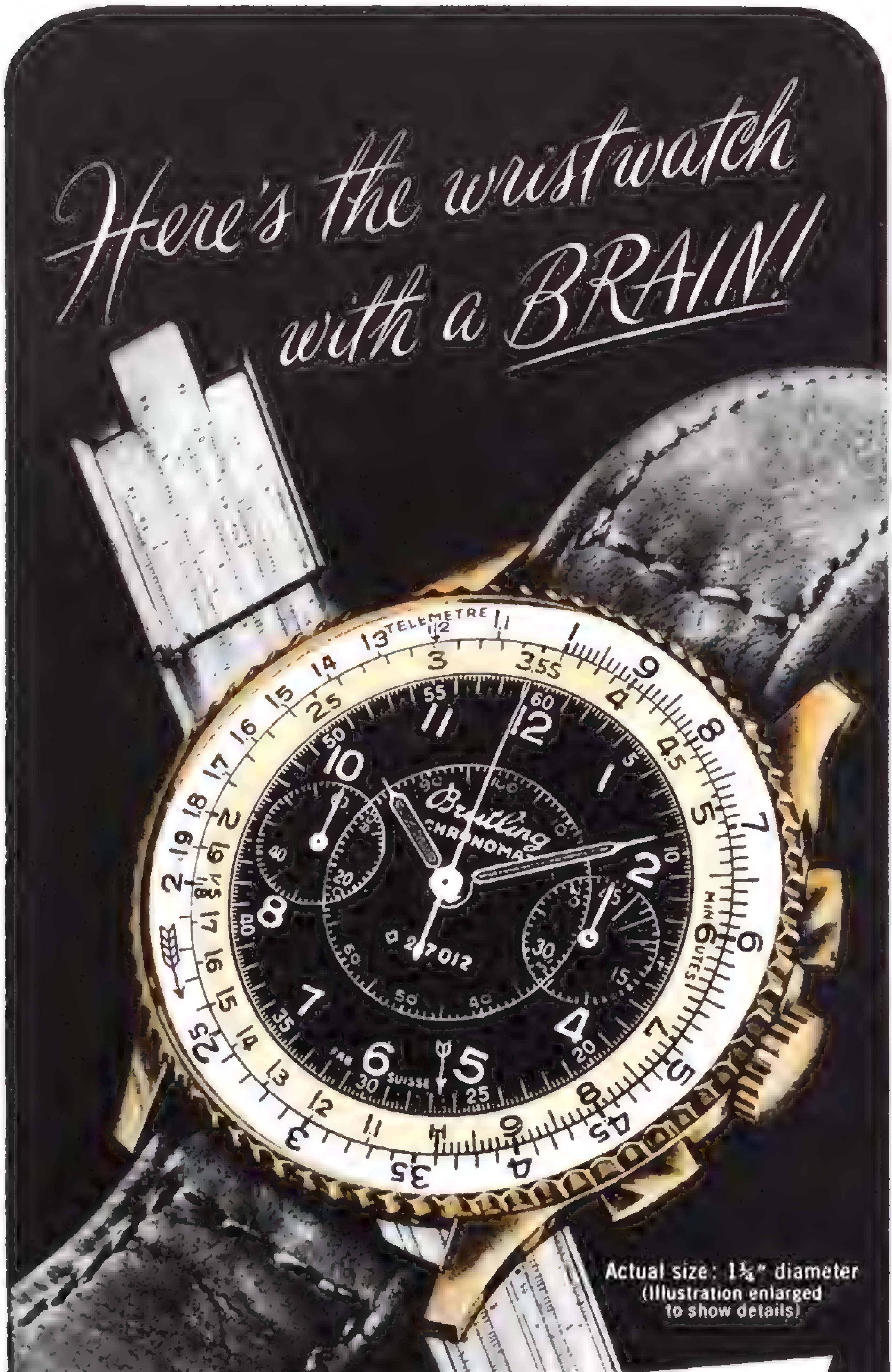
"So you wanted to buy the Pink Parrot?" he said when we got to his office.

"That's right. I even had thirty thousand dollars with me when I went out there."

His head snapped up and he turned a set of steady grey eyes on my face. "Where is it now?" he asked.

"It's gone."

"Why didn't you tell me this



Actual size: 1⅜" diameter
(Illustration enlarged
to show details)

Breitling CHRONOMAT
WORLD'S ONLY CHRONOGRAPH WITH BUILT-IN SLIDE RULE

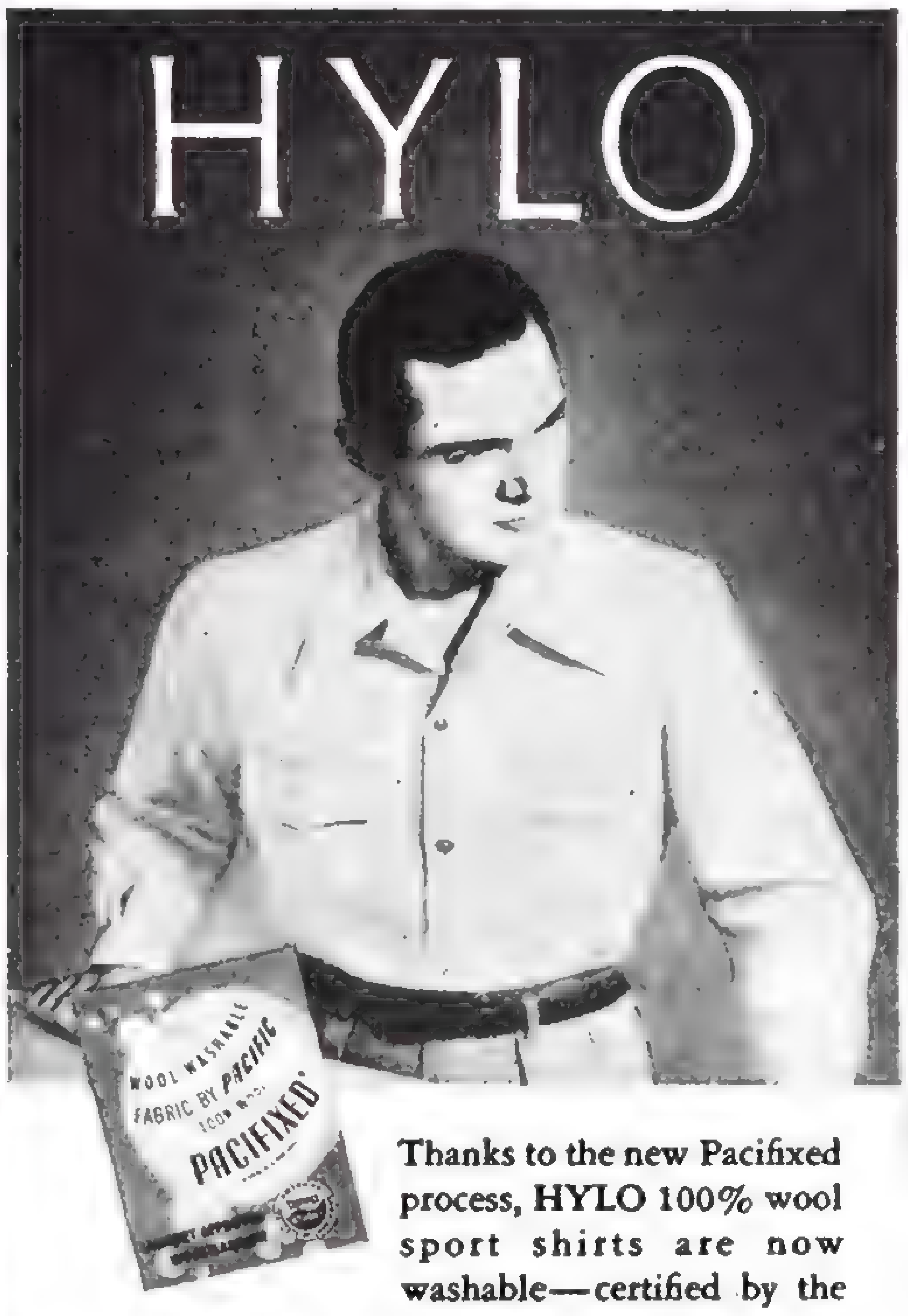
Built with custom detail, including Breitling's famous Incabloc shock-resistant assembly. Equipped with conventional hour and second hands, plus sweep second hand and 45 minute recorder. 17 jewels in handsome case. Choose wisely, choose the Breitling Chronomat—world's *only* chronograph with built-in slide rule, for instantaneous calculation.

- ✓ *Counts pulse beats*
- ✓ *Clocks speed in miles*
- ✓ *Measures speed of sound*
- ✓ *Multiplies*
- ✓ *Divides*
- ✓ *A complete slide rule at your fingertips*

In stainless steel, 17 jewels $100 • In 18K gold, 17 jewels $240 (Federal Tax included)

Especially for:
- Engineers
- Doctors
- Navigators
- Chemists
- Photographers
- Radio Men
- Sportsmen
- Aviators
- Technicians
- Time and Motion Study Men
- Army, Navy and Air Force Officers

At your favorite jeweler or write:
BREITLING WATCH CORP. OF AMERICA
452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York *Icko Wakmann, Pres.*



All-wool Sport Shirts that you can
Wash Wash Wash!

Thanks to the new Pacifixed process, HYLO 100% wool sport shirts are now washable—certified by the American Institute of Laundering. But more than permanent fit after washing or dry cleaning distinguishes these handsome shirts. Styling that delights the eye . . . custom details that highlight quality (like Skinner satin covering all seams) . . . single-needle tailoring that gives you a feeling of unstinted luxury.

In featherweight worsteds at..............about $13.95
In fine worsted gabardines at..........about $15.95

Manufactured by Larry R. Engelson of New York and California New York Office: 18 West 18th St.

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS

when I questioned you before?"

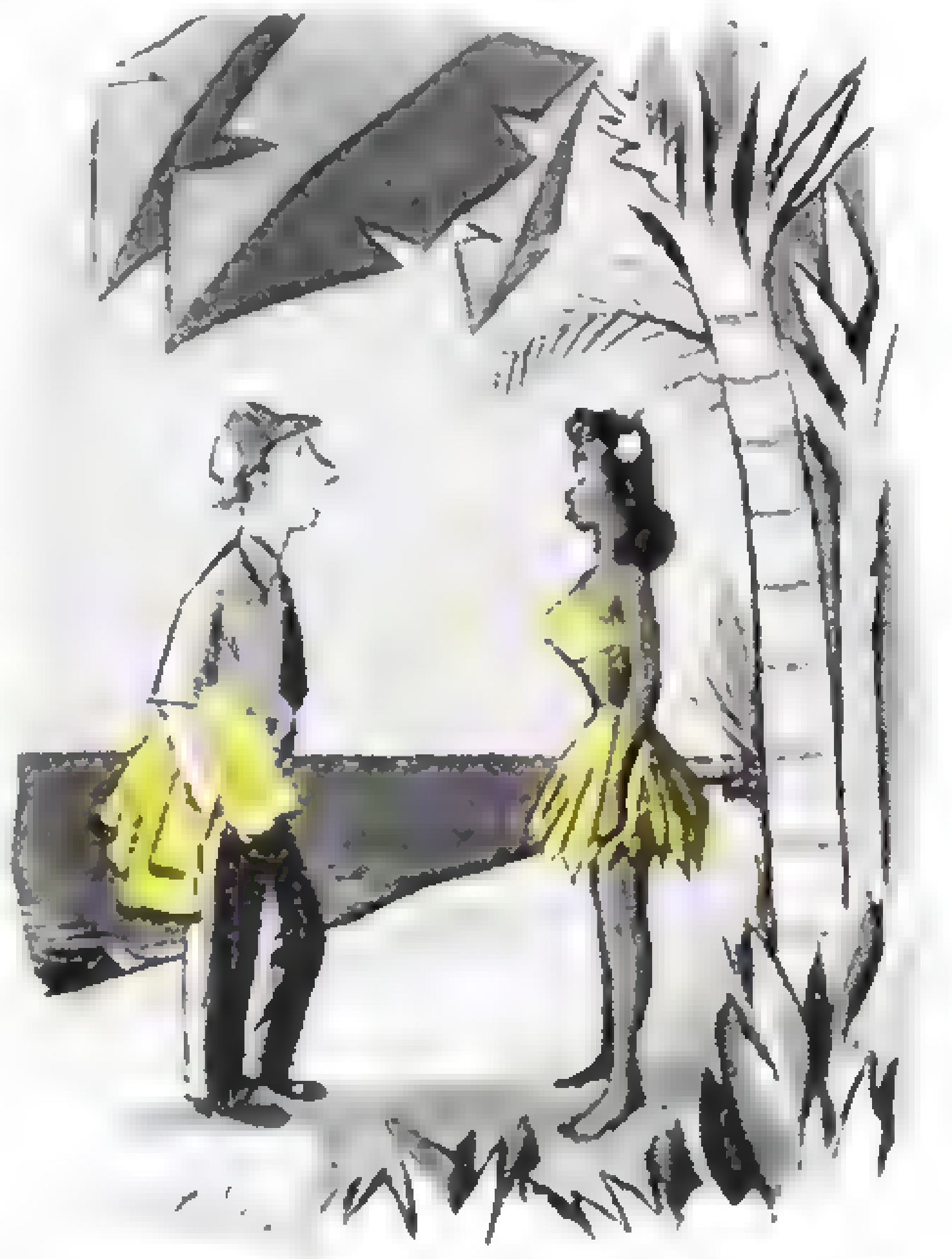
"It slipped my mind."

He gave me a hard, cool look. "Thirty thousand dollars slipped your mind? That's pretty good."

"It's possible."

He stuck a cigarette in his mouth. "Look, Ritchis. I know who you are," he said quietly. "I know that you teethed on the framework of an oil well. I know that thirty grand might not mean much to a guy like you. You might drop that much in one gin rummy game or on a world series. But don't get smart with me. I just *look* like a push-over." And I knew he meant it. Just then a small, thin, bald-headed guy came into the office; the .38 revolver with a tag tied to the trigger guard was in his hand. "Negative, Dick," was all he said.

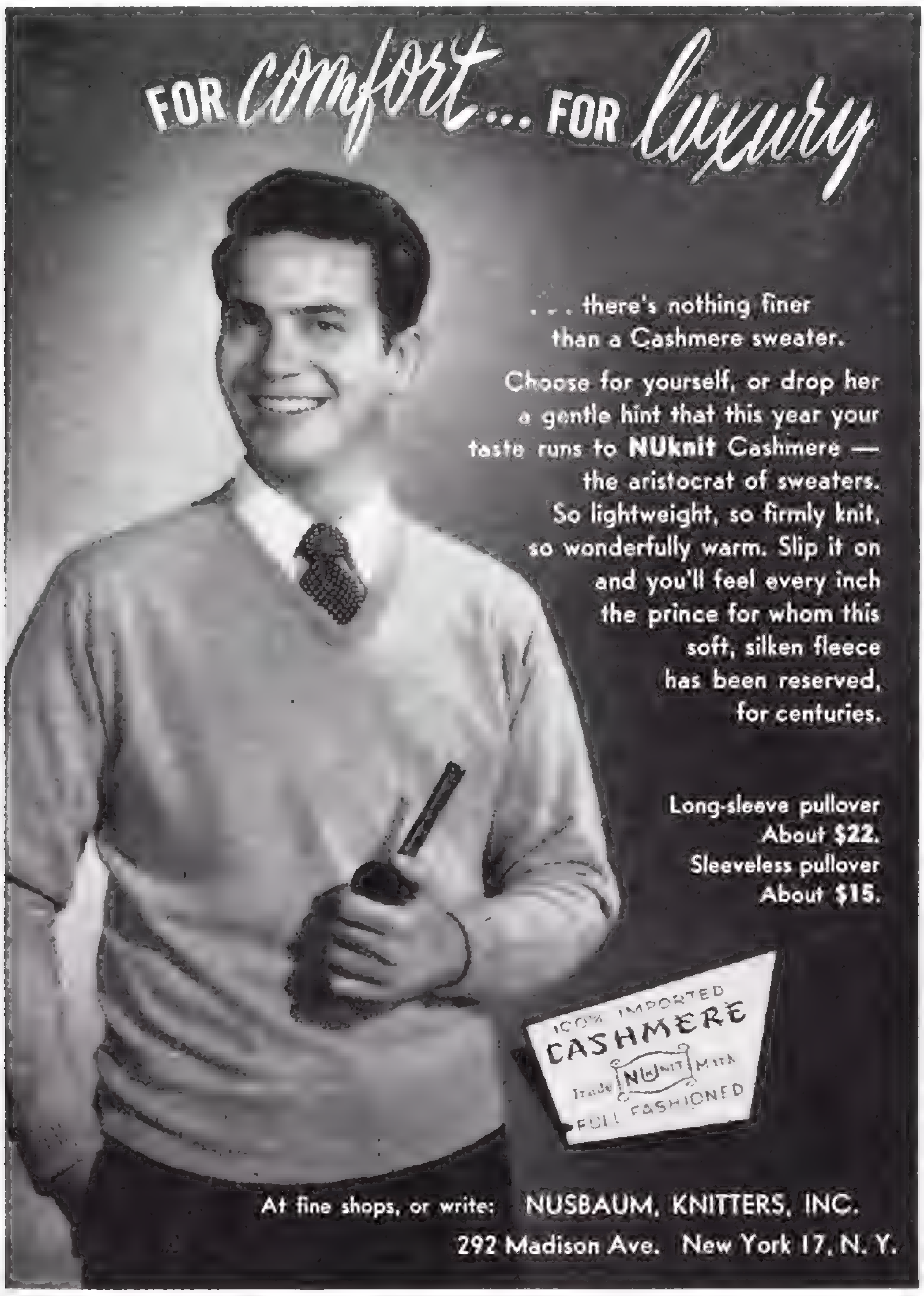
Bell took the gun and weighed it in the palm of his hand as the fingerprint guy walked out and closed the door. He looked at me and said, "I can't book you on anything, Ritchis. It's a cinch you didn't get up and wipe off your fingerprints. But the whole thing looks cockeyed now. If someone was out to nominate you, they did a lousy job of it." He looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "I've got a hunch you're keeping bad company. So stay where I can get to you. I may need you." He dropped a ring of keys on the desk in front of him. "Here are the keys to your car." That was all he said. I said nothing and left. That was at about one-thirty.



"Remember me? Mike Mason, Marines—1944? . . . Well, I just happened to be passing by . . ."

The early-morning air hit me like a cold needle shower. I started to light a cigarette, realized I had no taste for one, and threw it away. Then I got into my car which was parked right in front of Headquarters on Vine Street. About fifteen minutes later I was in the lobby of the High Towers, and not more than two minutes after that I was pressing the doorbell of apartment 17, which belonged to one Myra Lyran, a transient. The sound of the buzzer had hardly faded into nothingness when the door opened. She stood

Continued on page 144



FOR *comfort*... FOR *luxury*

. . . there's nothing finer than a Cashmere sweater.

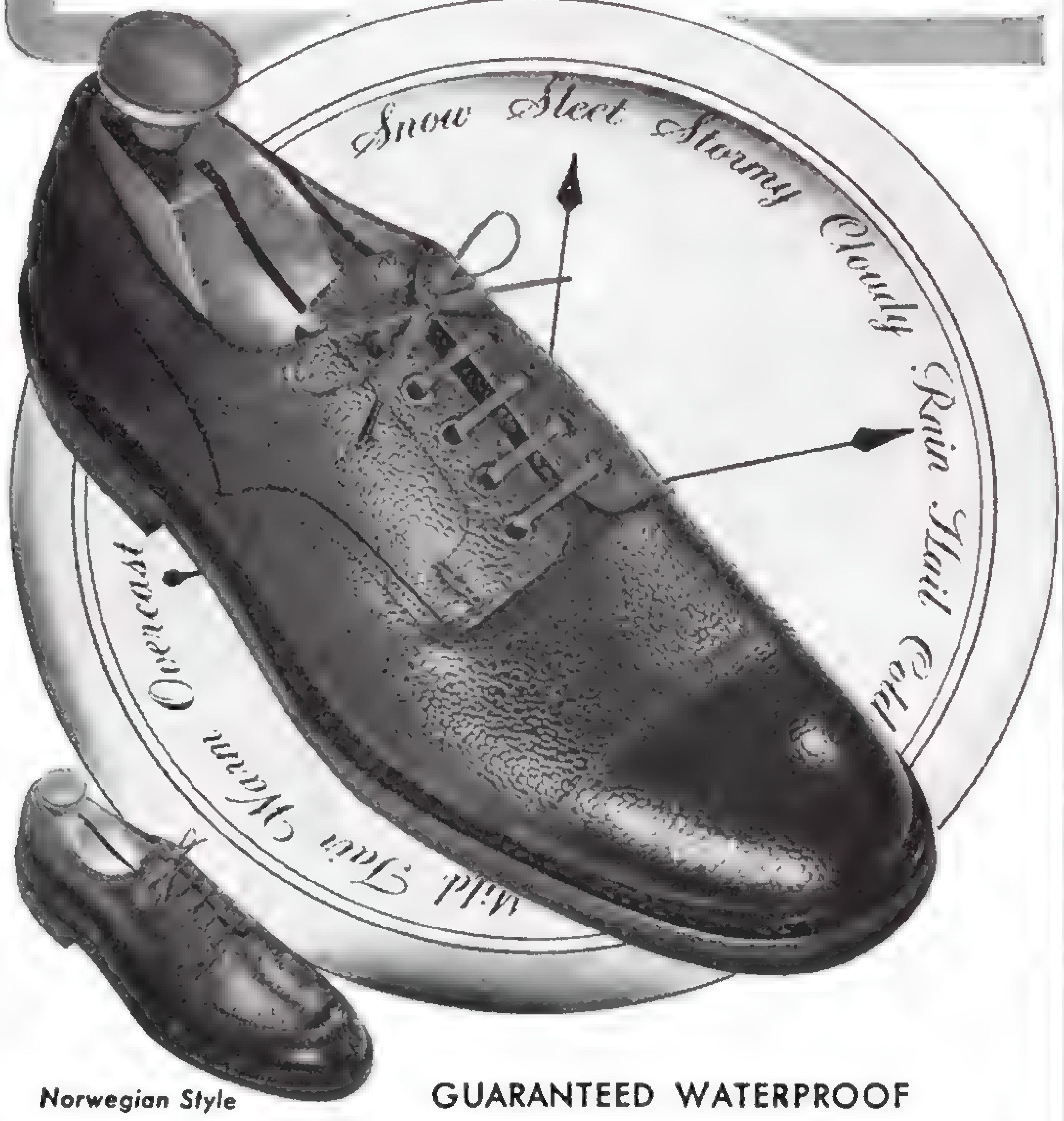
Choose for yourself, or drop her a gentle hint that this year your taste runs to **NUknit** Cashmere — the aristocrat of sweaters. So lightweight, so firmly knit, so wonderfully warm. Slip it on and you'll feel every inch the prince for whom this soft, silken fleece has been reserved, for centuries.

Long-sleeve pullover About $22.
Sleeveless pullover About $15.

100% IMPORTED CASHMERE
Trade NUknit Mark
FULL FASHIONED

At fine shops, or write: NUSBAUM, KNITTERS, INC.
292 Madison Ave. New York 17, N. Y.

Keeps your feet dry and warm



Norwegian Style

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

Hand-Crafted English Footwear

VELDTSCHOEN

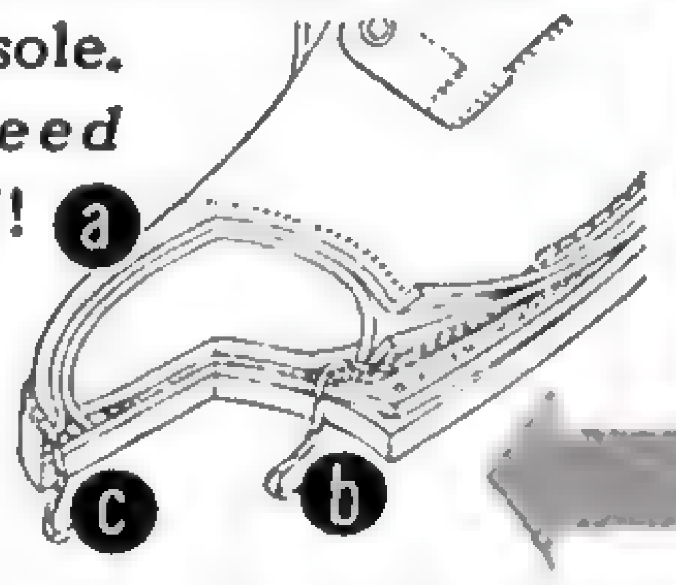
"VELT-SKUN"

The world-famous LOTUS waterproof shoe

★ No matter what the weather ...snow, sleet, rain or slush underfoot . . . these smart Scotch-grain shoes will keep your feet dry. The LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN is a splendid walking shoe, fits your foot like a glove. Rugged. Leather soles and heels.

Two styles... plain toe or the Norwegian moccasin style. Both come in rich, dark brown leather ... Martin's finest Scotch Zug. Ask for LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN (Velt-skun) . . . the WATERPROOF footwear. If your dealer cannot supply you with VELDTSCHOENS, use the coupon below. $27.50 the pair.

WATERPROOF...and Here's The Secret! The VELDTSCHOEN is an amazing example of fine craftsmanship. Really two-shoes-in-one! Double upper leathers (a) are double-sewed . . . to the inner welt (b), and to the outer sole (c). Three layers of interlocked leather, plus a cork layer across the entire sole. *Guaranteed* waterproof!



LOTUS SHOES, INC. 47 W. 34th St.
New York 1, N. Y.

HIMALAYA:

"Your Veldtschoen boots, for hard wear and tear, excel anything that I have ever worn...even when subjected to trying conditions in the Himalayas. They are waterproof and cold-proof."

LOTUS SHOES, INC. E-11
47 W. 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Please mail, postpaid, 1 pair LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN shoes; size______, width______, style______
Check, or money order, is enclosed.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________

State____________________

UNDER
THE
STARS

Good coffee and fine cigars are for you to enjoy—
at home as a matter of course, or deep in the woods if you prefer.
There the old battered pot brews America's favorite beverage.
And there the dream-blue smoke of a Dutch Masters
sends up to the stars the mellow aroma of America's favorite fine cigar.

DUTCH MASTERS
CIGARS

Cloak Across the Blood

Continued from page 143

in the doorway, tall and tempting in a brightly colored kimono with a floral pattern on an ochre background. She looked as though she was really pleased to see me.

"I thought I was being stood up," she said, ushering me in.

"You almost were," I said blandly.

"Did you get them?"

"Get what?"

"The negatives."

I closed my eyes like when the great dawn comes. "Oh, those."

"Yes." Her brows furrowed a little. "Did you see Talland?"

"Yeah. I saw him."

"Well? What must I do? Read cards?"

All I did was look at her smooth oval face. And I saw the way the look in her eyes could spin little webs of sheer black stuff and green fig leaves and tie you up in them. And the way the lips could throw themselves at you until you'd live on Sen-Sen for a week just to be able to chew them up.

"Sit down," I said. "Want to talk to you."

She sat down on the edge of a two-cushion sofa in front of a glass-top coffee table.

I said, "You won't have to worry about Talland any more. He's dead."

She didn't bat an eyelash. "Killed?"

"If he wasn't, he picked a funny way to die a natural death."

She looked at me for a moment and then said, "Was he that way when you got there?"

"Yeah. And I nearly got that way shortly after." I told her the whole thing up to the minute I left Lieutenant Bell and including the loss of her thirty thousand dollars. Then I said, "The negatives and whatever developments there are evidently weren't in the house or the cops would have uncovered them."

She didn't look worried. She just smiled. "I'm sorry about your head. Does it hurt much?"

"It could have been worse," I said slowly. I looked right at her, and then I said, "As it turned out, I'd say you were pretty nice to me."

No sign of anything that hadn't been there before. Her kimono had fallen strategically open at the neck, and the sight carried me off and dropped me into the middle of the Arabian Nights. I felt like something half-melted that was gliding slowly down a waxy, stepless incline, and, at the moment, it would have been easy not to care. But I turned it down and said, "You were nice to me because you didn't go all the way. You didn't press the murder gun into my hand and make an open-

New
Bold Look

★ Stratojac REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Flame"

Fluffed Wool

NATIONALLY FAMED
"INSULATION
SENSATION"

FLAME SURCOAT, two-way saddle pockets with [illegible] warmers, mouton [illegible] collar, $3[illegible] Other models from $2[illegible]

Stratojac "Flame" is the Bold Look at its best. Distinctive *grey gabardine* set off by a brilliant new Flame Red quilted satin lining makes this Surcoat the handsomest *all-weather* coat yet . . . the warmest, most comfortable, too, thanks to its *unique* interlining of deep piled 100% fluffed virgin wool. Treat yourself to a Stratojac, national "insulation sensation"—your best protection against wind, rain and snow from 45° above down to 20° below.

BOYS' Stratojac "Flame" just like Dad's Bold Look, [illegible]

SECRET OF STRATOJAC'S
SCIENTIFIC PROTECTION

A deep piled 100% fluffed virgin WOOL interlining . . . with a quilted lining to "anchor" the fibers. WOOL is nature's miracle insulator against quick weather changes; it's resilient, [illegible] won't mat or pack down

At [illegible] stores everywhere, or write

WiNER Manufacturing Co., Inc., Hammond, Indiana

and-shut case out of it. What did you do? Get softhearted?"

It stuck like a three-cent stamp. Her lips parted and those delicious eyes got a little cloudy. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were serious."

"And if I didn't know better, I'd think you didn't know better."

"What are you talking about?" she said.

"I'll tell you, Love. It's going to hurt me, but I'll tell you. First, I don't think there are any naughty pictures of you or ever were any. I don't think you get that tight. Second, I don't think you have a husband in New York or a family there, either. And if you did have, I don't think you'd care. Third, I don't think your name is Myra Lyran. I think it's Martha Freuws and I think Martha Freuws was married to Mike Talland." I paused for a reaction. There wasn't any. "Shall I continue?"

She leaned close to me and gave me a misty look that nearly tore down Tehachapi and put a moon-sprinkled Taj Mahal in its place. "Don't," she said softly. "I don't want to fight you."

I swallowed hard. "Love, you're the last one in the world I want to fight. But you're the last one in the world I want to make a sucker out of me."

She shook her head slowly and kept pouring the soft stuff over me until I was ready to hand her a gun and let her knock me off, too. And love it because she was doing it. She touched my mouth with her fingers and said, "No. Don't spoil anything. Not right this minute." She was as close as she could get to me. Her face was so close to mine that it was almost a blur. And I could smell her and the perfume she was wearing. Tingling. Melting. The whole treatment. I fought like hell, but a guy's bad breeding will out every time. So I wrapped an arm about her neck and kissed her. Then I let her kiss me. It was soft and wet and piquant and racy and warm and sweet, and my skin had thrill bumps all over it the size of eggplants.

Suddenly I pushed her away from me. "You sent me out there to take the fall, didn't you?"

She lowered her eyes and murmured, "He was rotten from the eyebrows down."

"Maybe, baby. A shakedown is nasty. But it was something tougher than a couple of pictures of you in unflattering poses. That's kid stuff. It might bother a Bryn Mawr girl, but not you."

The look in her eyes was tough to walk away from as she said with almost childlike simplicity, "Does it matter?"

I sidestepped and kept talking. "He was shaking you down. That much is clear. But it wasn't for money. It was something far more appealing than that. He was shak-

Continued on page 146

it's a Classic California Custom

a California Custom

HIS—A Rayon Feather Weave, Austinized, Washable, Sanforized*, fast Vat Dyes, California Saddle stitching on collar and pocket flaps, Special California colors in Rust, Tan, Blue, Green, Grey and Sandune. Retails about $8.95.

* Less than 1% residual shrinkage

HERS—A Silduka Rayon Crepe, Washable, with convertible collar, long sleeves with pointed French cuffs and flap pocket. Gold Rush Colors: Discovery Red, Sutter Brown, Nugget Gold, Sierra Green and White. Retails about $6.95.

Hendan shirts
at Better Stores naturally
BROWNSTEIN-LOUIS COMPANY • SINCE 1895 • LOS ANGELES 15

HERE'S A TIP FOR STOUT MEN . . .
Streamline with V-LINE

V-Line Suits bring your figure down, your personal "stock" up. You'll look like a million and feel that way too...because V-Line is designed exclusively to slenderize the stout figure. Look younger, dress smartly in a V-Line.

FREE ☛

This new booklet free. See how to whittle pounds off your appearance. Get the V-LINE VALET, a special hanger to keep your suits sag-free, wrinkle-free. Write today!

Look Your Best in Any Company

V-LINE CLOTHES COMPANY
SPECIALISTS IN SLENDERIZING STOUTS
BROAD & WALLACE STS., PHILA. 30, PA.

If your clothier does not have a V-Line for you, write direct for name of nearest store.

CELEBRATING A CENTURY OF DISTINGUISHED WATCHMAKING

Only one man in 100,000 can own an Omega

CENTENARY

the world's finest self-winding chronometer

Newest marvel of Omega watchmaking skill—the *Centenary*...significant symbol of Omega's first century of achievement. For the *Centenary* combines remarkable features of two world famous timepieces...the Omega Automatic, the thinnest highly precise self-winding wristwatch made today ...and the Omega Chronometer, whose amazing movement consistently since 1933 has held the world's highest awards for wristwatch accuracy! This movement now holds highest accuracy awards simultaneously at the British National and Geneva Observatories...and recently won highest honors at the 1948 Neuchâtel International Centenary Contest.

Little wonder that jewelers everywhere are acclaiming the *Centenary* the most exciting wristwatch available today!

There are just 750 of the Omega *Centenary* in the country...a watch destined to be prized by men who are leaders of our time.

As befits such a treasure, the Omega Centenary *has been wrought in 18K gold...case, dial, lapped numerals, hands —even the symbolic ornament buckling the strap is of 18K gold. Encased in a silver presentation box, itself a lasting possession. Complete, $450, Federal tax included.*

1848 Ω 1948

OFFICIAL, EXCLUSIVE TIMER OF THE 1948 OLYMPICS

OMEGA

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Cloak Across the Blood

Continued from page 145

ing you down for yourself, baby. And that's the most justifiable case of blackmail I've ever heard of. You ran out on him and he wanted you to come back and play house. And rightly so. You were his wife . . . I'm just guessing, but I think I'm close."

"And if you are?" she whispered.

"Nothing. To me it means nothing until the cops start asking me personal questions again. The only thing that bothers me is that you picked on me. It must have been something pretty strong to make you kill him and dump it in my lap."

"Stop it," she said. "I didn't dump it in your lap. You're in the clear. We're both in the clear. There's nothing to worry either of us now."

"I just met you today, Love. And I wasn't worried yesterday. But this kind of stuff had to finish up bad somewhere."

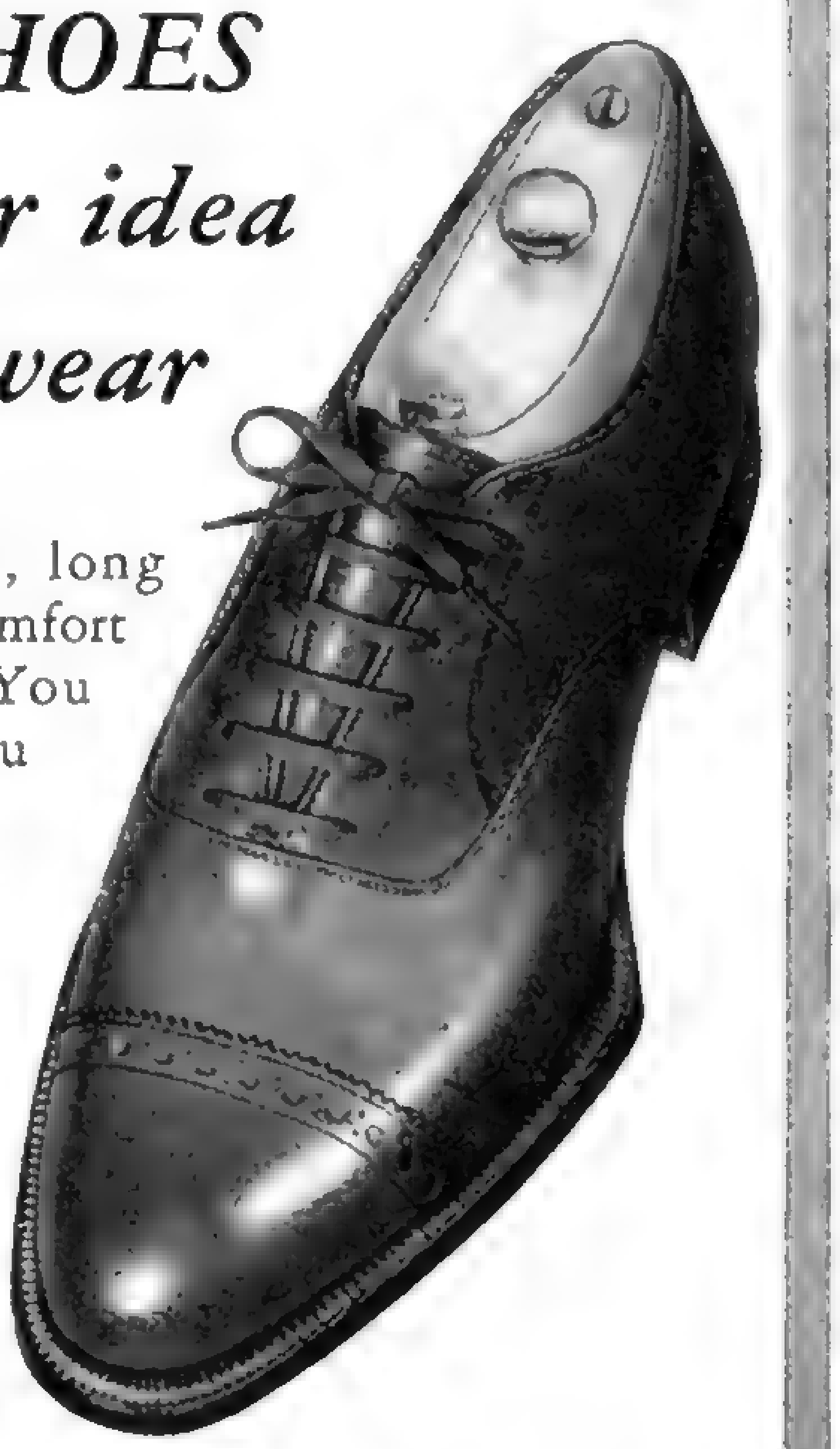
"Don't think about it now," she said. Her arms were knotted around my neck again, and I wasn't trying to untie them. I closed my eyes—and then I felt it. Only one arm was around my neck now and she was pressing something into my ribs with her free hand. "Leave town," she said. "Right away."

"And if I don't?"

She pressed harder. "I'll tell them I shot you in self-defense."

All the blood in my body dropped to someplace around my ankles, and the thrill bumps became small icebergs. I knew what was about to take place and I reacted to it—all in a fraction of a second. That's all it takes. I reached down fast and grabbed her wrist just as she squeezed the trigger. There was a loud snap-like sound and I felt something sharp and warm in my side just under the arm. I twisted her arm behind her and she gasped, falling in close to me under the pressure. We were on the sofa, and, as she struggled to break away, she kicked one of the cushions to the floor. I guess knitting hadn't been her chief form of exercise, as I could feel muscle where you couldn't see it. It paid off, too. Because suddenly I was holding nothing in the hand I had been painting her wrist black and blue with, and the inertia brought about by her quick break snapped my arm back like a let-go rubber band. My elbow sideswiped something on a table in back of the sofa. I knew what it was, because nothing else sounds the way a telephone does when it falls to the floor.

Blue girl had spun out of my arms with a guttural grunt that



QUALITY..LIKE CHARACTER..ENDURES

HANAN SHOES

live up to your idea of fine footwear

They give you the style, long wearability and refreshing comfort that completely satisfy. You walk in luxury when you wear HANAN SHOES.

This new, custom designed HANAN Hurdler with its crisply distinguished spade sole is equally smart in Breton Brown or Black Calf.

Write us for Hanan literature and the location of your retail headquarters.

HANAN *Shoes*

By HANAN AND SON, INC., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

almost fogged my brain with sweet-smelling jasmine and thoughts I'd have been better off without. She hit the floor and rolled like a star gym performer. I hit the floor as if I had never been in a gymnasium. I grabbed an ankle as she was standing up and pulled hard. It brought her down and we wound up like the main event on a wrestling card, our heads about a foot from the disarrayed telephone on the floor. She was on her back and I had her shoulders in check from a position alongside of her, so that she was free from the waist down. Her kimona was seeing little service as a result of our brief but smoldering encounter. The whole thing would have been lovely. But at some other time. At some other place. I looked down at her, our heavy breathing mingling like blasts of heated air. She was looking up at me and her lips were wet and her eyes were like two blue flames.

"That's what I get for playing knight-errant," I said unevenly. Then, "How does it go? And start from the beginning."

She answered as though I had asked the time. "Talland wanted me to come back to him. We were married. He had a murder charge hanging over my head. No need to go into it. It was an accident about three years ago. A man died . . . I had been drinking and I ran him down with my car and kept going."

"Manslaughter at worst," I said. "You were a sucker to go this far."

"I *did* throw you to the police. But I couldn't go through with it."

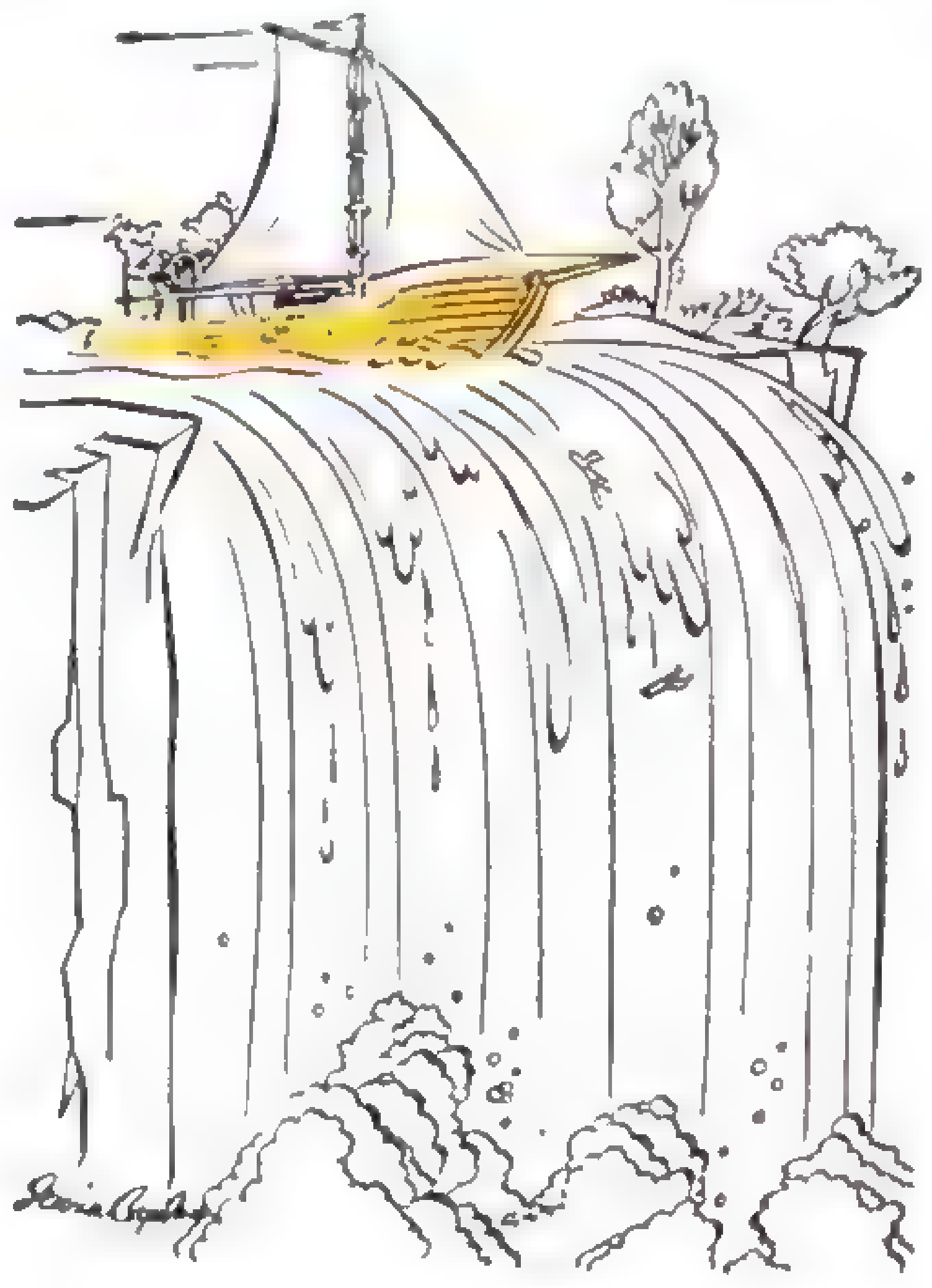
"You followed me," I said. "You killed him after you left me this afternoon. Then you followed me tonight. Is that it?"

She looked as though she wanted to turn back. But she said, "Yes." And then, "But I couldn't . . ." And she stopped.

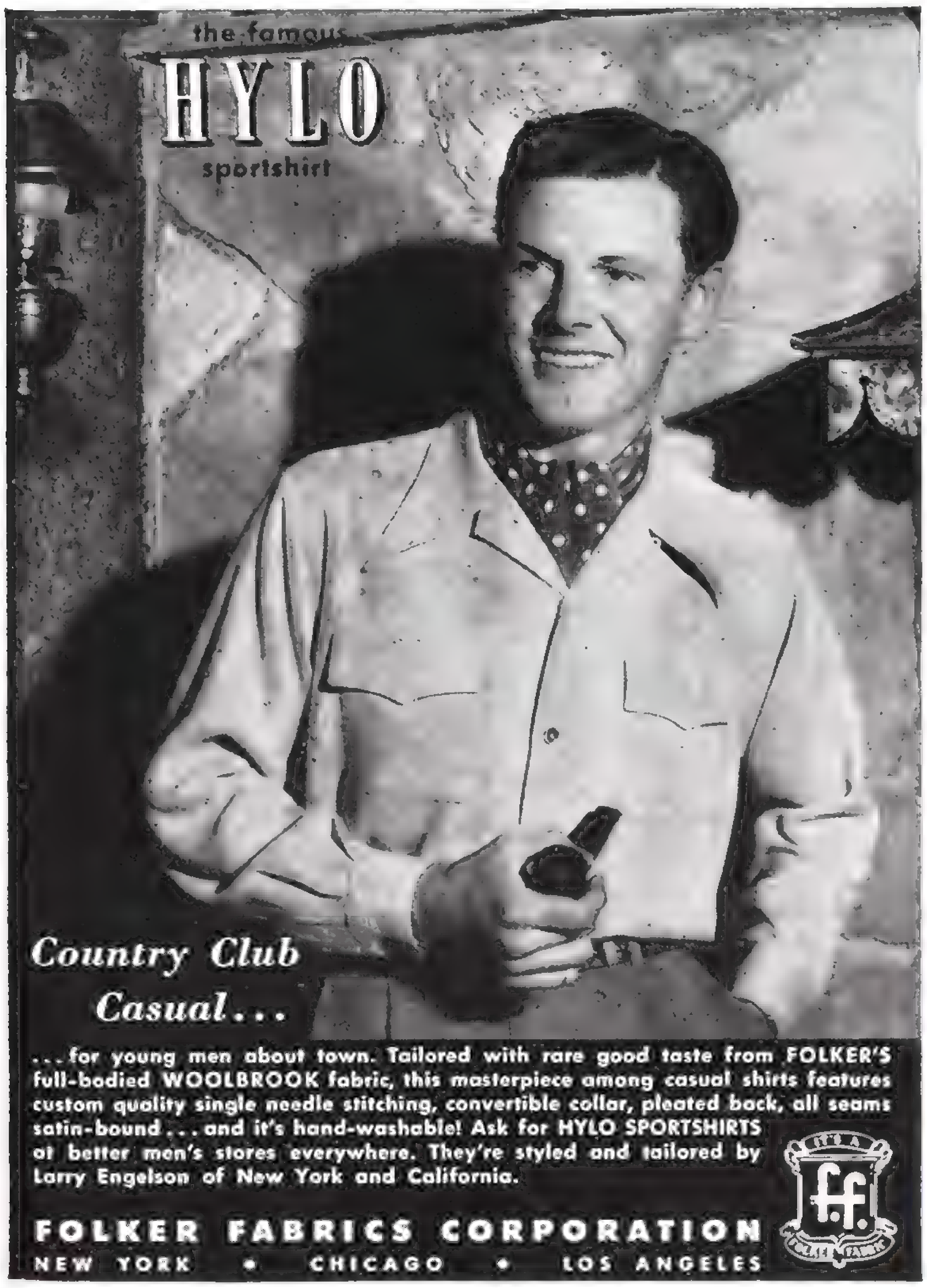
"I must have more appeal when I'm unconscious than at any other time."

"I'm sorry," she said softly.

Continued on page 148



"A map? Don't be silly I can sail these waters blindfolded"



the famous
HYLO
sportshirt

Country Club Casual . . .

. . . for young men about town. Tailored with rare good taste from FOLKER'S full-bodied WOOLBROOK fabric, this masterpiece among casual shirts features custom quality single needle stitching, convertible collar, pleated back, all seams satin-bound . . . and it's hand-washable! Ask for HYLO SPORTSHIRTS at better men's stores everywhere. They're styled and tailored by Larry Engelson of New York and California.

FOLKER FABRICS CORPORATION
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

Dress Up Your Watch
with a
FLEX-LET
Expansion Band

- Styled to Give Your Watch Dramatic New Beauty
- Almost Unbreakable
- Corrosion-Resistant
- Fits All Wrists
- Guaranteed One Year

#125 The Quartet
Sportsman's delight! Gleaming snake chain with expansion center. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, all colors. $12.95 tax incl.

#110 De Luxe
A classic! Simply beautiful and beautifully simple. All expansion. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, all colors. $11.50 tax incl.

#130 Standard
Style of proven popularity. Stainless steel, $6.50. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, pink or yellow. $8.95 tax incl.

#115 The Squire
End links of smart 'ripple' pattern. Expansion center. 1/20 12Kt. gold filled, all colors. $12.50 tax incl.

Here's how Tru-Rivet Construction* makes Flex-Let Bands almost unbreakable

Sturdy, floating rivet at center of each link.
Links shaped to protect working parts.
High pressure stainless steel springs.
Sturdy, floating rivets at ends of each link.

*Pat. No. 2,444,684

If your personal jeweler cannot supply you, write us for one who can.

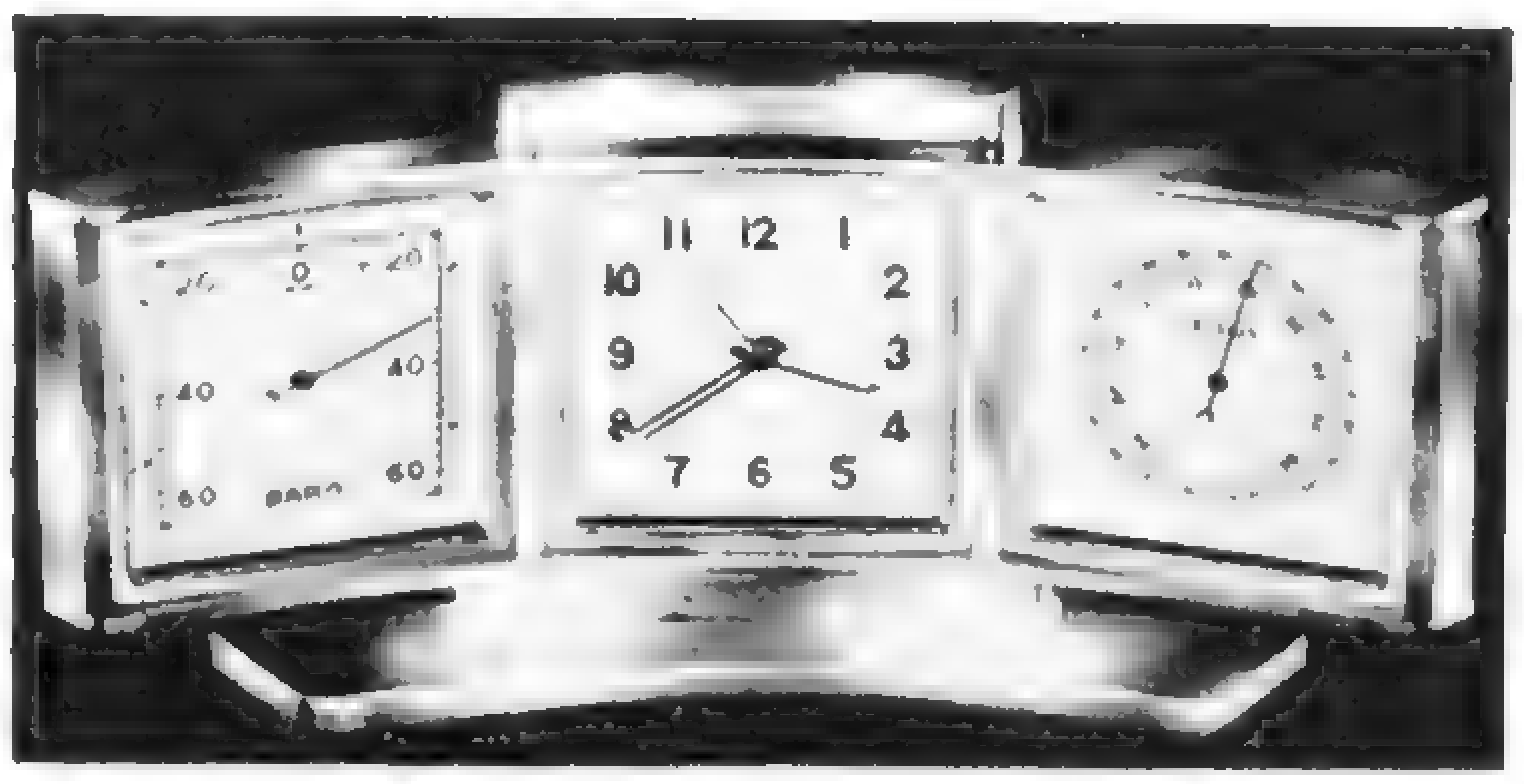
FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS
East Providence, R. I. • Canada: Arennes Inc., Montreal

Angelus new Detachable* ALARM Watch. 8-DAY, 15 jewels. Slides off easily for bedside use; slide it back and you have a handsome folding travel alarm. 3"x3". Gold-finish, applied numerals; radium dots and hands; about $69, tax included. Chrome-finish, radium numerals, about $58., tax included.

*Patented

#739/A

It's an Angelus... ...it's Exclusive



"ARC"—Angelus decorative 8-DAY, 15 jewels ALARM Watch. Also barometer, thermometer. Gold-finish, applied numerals, radium dots and hands. 7½"x3½". About $145., tax included. With automatic calendar about $175., tax included.

#446

Sold and serviced at leading jewelers in all countries.
For name of stores in your city write:

ANGELUS
Since 1891

Exclusive American Distributors:
MERCURY CLOCKS, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
CANADA: Paul Hofer Ltd., Montreal 132, St James St. West

Cloak Across the Blood

Continued from page 147

"Yeah, yeah. I know," I said, nasty as hell. "One of us is bleeding and it isn't you."

"All right," she sighed. "I'm the tramp of the world. With no alibis for it. I killed Talland and I was going to let you pay the bill. But I guess I wasn't a consistent enough tramp . . ." She faltered. "Or maybe some peach blossom got stuck in my throat—right in the hollow where it hurts. But that's the part we can leave out. The rest is all tramp. So why don't you call the cops?" Then her eyes closed, and her lashes, which were certainly no longer than your arm, suddenly had a glow of moisture. A small wet bead sifted through them from one eye and walked slowly to a point on her cheek where it decided to stop. It was a tear, but it could have been a raindrop. Then her eyes opened. And I was thinking how tough it would be to send a look like that to the gas chamber over anything as trifling as a murdered husband when the cold, impassive sound that a key makes in a lock put us right back in limbo.

It was a house dick.

Suddenly all the pieces fell together. This was all there would be. Because there was an unhinged house phone on the floor, looking naked and embarrassed. And we had played the whole thing to a switchboard downstairs. It was as good as a coast-to-coast hookup.

We didn't talk in front of the house guy. But it wouldn't have made any difference, now. I knew they had her, though I didn't feel good about it. And then, what seemed like nothing later, the cops came.

She looked at me in a way that could have easily melted a quartz deposit. I was hoping a jury would react the same way and maybe I wanted to tell her about it, but I couldn't find words to do so. She smiled faintly. "Don't wait for me," she said. Like she was reading my thoughts.

"Never can tell," I said quietly.

She shook her head. "It would still be too long." And then they took her downtown.

We left the High Towers, my flesh wound and I, and dug a near-by doctor out of a two a.m. slumber. While he practiced his trade on us, we meditated. And we had mild regrets about those blue eyes and the biteable lips and the cinnamon-colored slope. I lit a cigarette and could almost see her on the steps of the smoke as it curled itself toward the ceiling. She was wearing the stainless-steel bathing suit. Then I closed my eyes and she was gone. ###

Continued from page 70

BRIDLE
COWHIDE
for
the
BOLD LOOK.. ..by

TexTan

1" full-grain bridle cowhide, creased edge, $2.50

¾" full-grain bridle cowhide with mock stitch, $2.00

Belts with the dashing vigor of the wide open spaces . . . tailored man-style from the same cowhides that TexTan saddlemaker craftsmen use in making fine bridles There's a thrill in the feel of these genuine TexTan leathers.

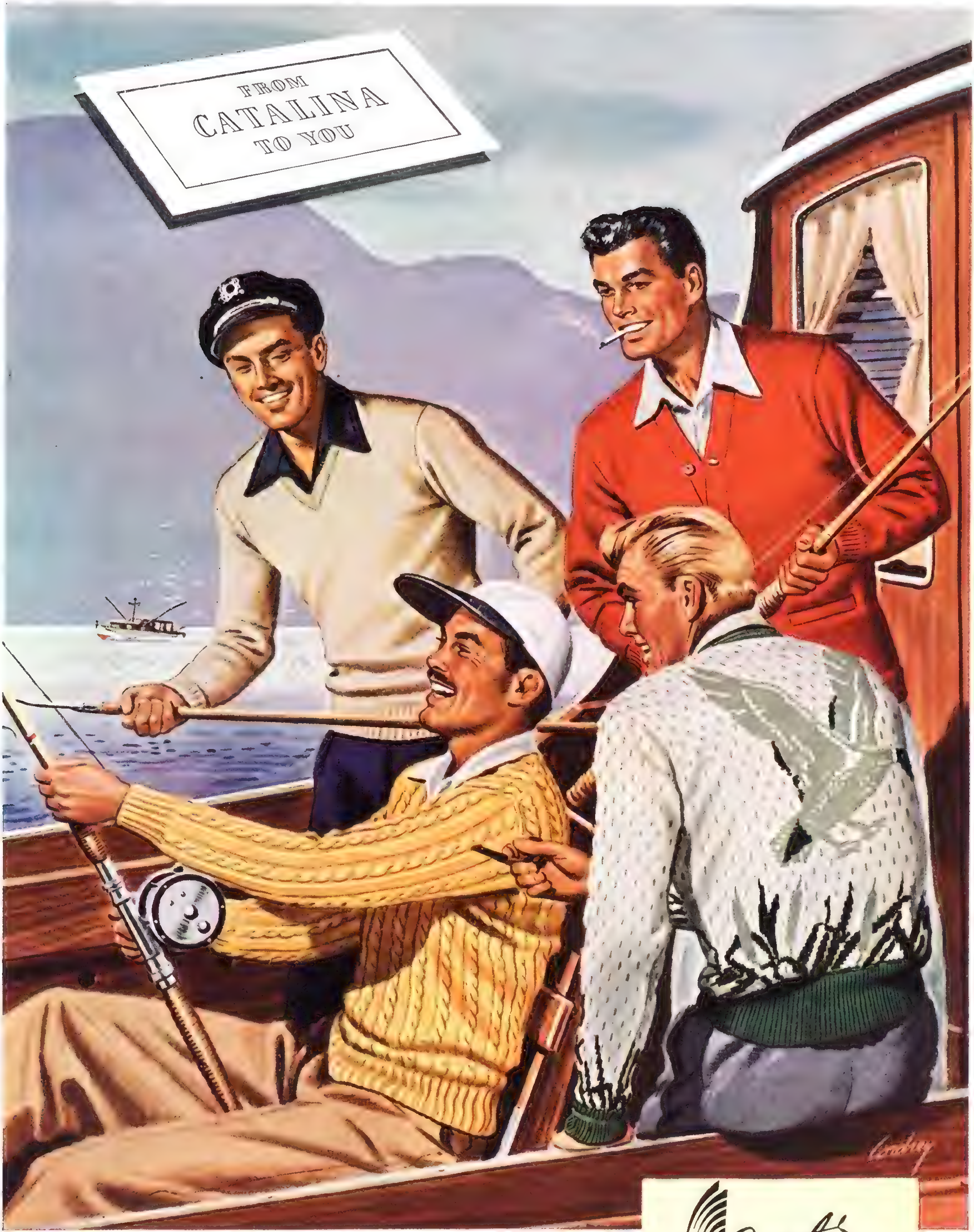
There's a proud, free sweep to the boldly moulded shapes . . . and a sense of masculine fitness to the simple yet distinctive buckles. These belts are designed for men whose style ideas can go at a gallop.

Featured belt is 1" wide—full-grain bridle leather with full-grain bridle lining and genuine saddle stitching. $3.50

GENUINE TexTan LEATHER

TexTan OF YOAKUM, YOAKUM, TEXAS

BELTS • BILLFOLDS • BOOTS • JEWELRY • GARTERS • SUSPENDERS



...for your California way of life!

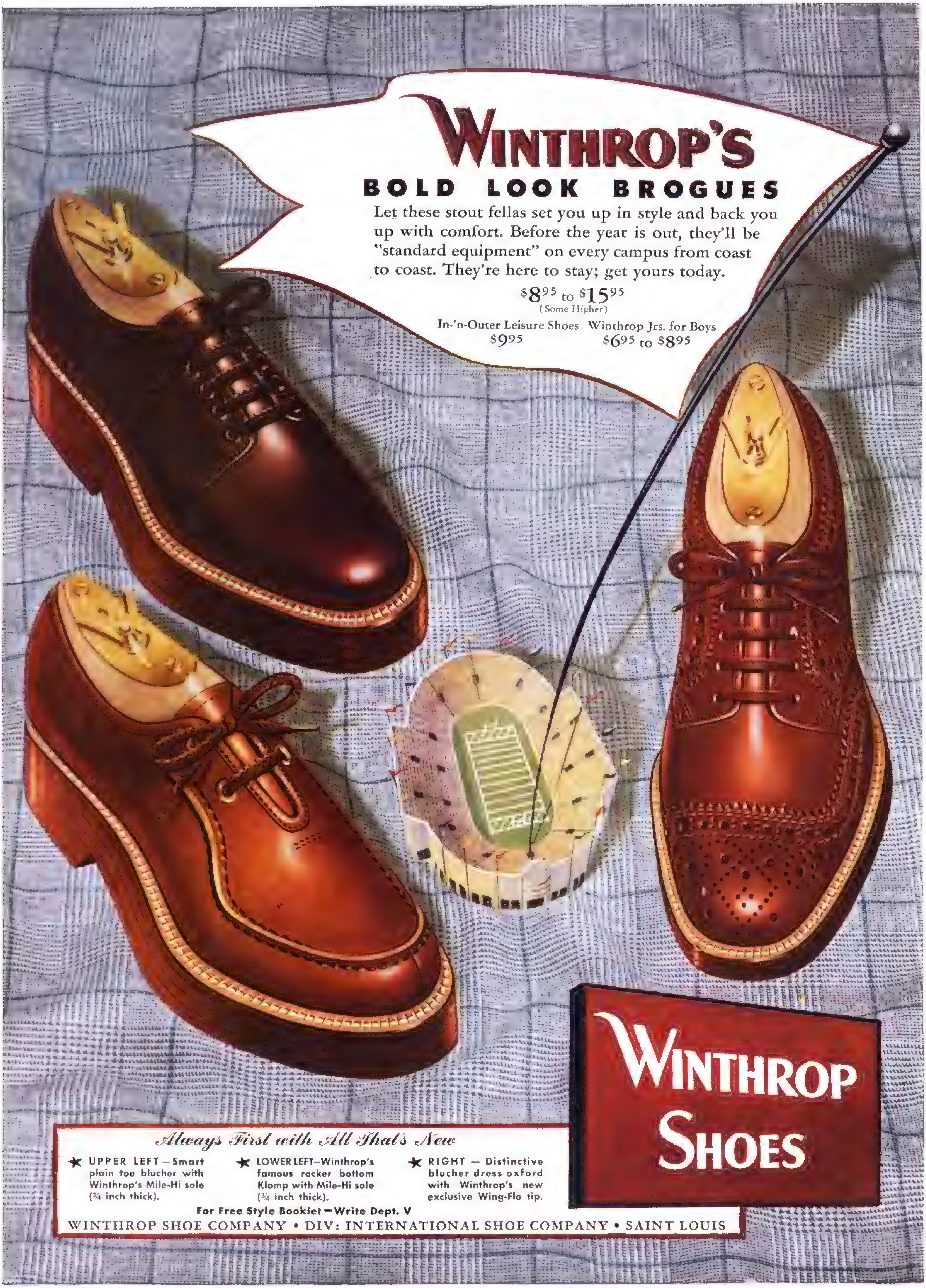
Left to right: Superb Cashmere Pullover, 18.00 • Cable-Stitched Pullover, 10.00
Flying Mallard Sweater, 10.00 • All America Coat Sweater, 10.00

For color folder showing other Catalina Sweaters, write Dept. 580, Catalina, Inc., 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, Calif.

Catalina
SWEATERS

a California Creator

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH



WINTHROP'S

BOLD LOOK BROGUES

Let these stout fellas set you up in style and back you up with comfort. Before the year is out, they'll be "standard equipment" on every campus from coast to coast. They're here to stay; get yours today.

8^{95} to 15^{95}
(Some Higher)

In-'n-Outer Leisure Shoes 9^{95}

Winthrop Jrs. for Boys 6^{95} to 8^{95}

Always First with All That's New

★ UPPER LEFT—Smart plain toe blucher with Winthrop's Mile-Hi sole (¾ inch thick).

★ LOWER LEFT—Winthrop's famous rocker bottom Klomp with Mile-Hi sole (¾ inch thick).

★ RIGHT — Distinctive blucher dress oxford with Winthrop's new exclusive Wing-Flo tip.

For Free Style Booklet—Write Dept. V

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

WINTHROP SHOES

Tony Zale: Working Man

Continued from page 56

with the disease of cowardice. It is a minor ailment in most of them, but it is there. They do not resign. They do not indicate by gesture they are harassed by fear. But they abandon their style and refuse to make any motion which exposes them to punishment. They are contented to go along with a precise caution and they are not concerned whether they win or lose as long as they are not hurt. This pacifism is incurable and every campaign is arranged to safeguard their being. The right-hand puncher puts his bang in escrow. It is used, not as a weapon, but as a pillow to conceal his chin. The boxer runs and hides. He does not stab with his jab, but paws with it and anxiety goads him into a contemptible ballet. They back up and they put the locks on in the clinches. They grab a man's elbows in panic and turn him so that they will be able to get out of range of his blows. They give up their competence and are only interested in preventing the other guy from punching, and this is called stinking a guy out. Some who never did it before in their lives will go southpaw in times of trouble and this is what the scholars of the ring interpret as the action of a cur. It makes the other guy look bad and the fight becomes uneventful. It sounds like the sensible plot of a wise man, but if he is a professional fighter he must be called a dog by the guys in his racket. Fighters who permit fear to turn them out of their natural style are as guilty as those who tell the referee they have enough. It is the way it is. Fighters must live by it. It doesn't apply to amateurs, but watching a green kid tin can isn't an exalting experience either.

Of all the fighters I have watched, Tony Zale is the guy who is the most faithful to these unreasonable demands. It is his philosophy that a fighter must go as far as his strength will take him and this is a journey he is prepared to make every time he goes into a ring. Zale has a terrible knowledge of what a fighter should be. You must live by the cruel laws of the ugliest of all sports or you are fleecing the people who pay to see you fight. When you sit and talk to him or when you watch him at his bloody trade you realize what the good ones must be. There have been champions who had more ability than Zale, but there was never one who had more dignity. It is impossible to declare him a champion with the awful skills of Stanley Ketchel, who must be regarded as the greatest middleweight of them all. But I will always re-

Continued on page 152

The "Great Dane" YEAR-ROUND Weatherproof Coat

Magnificently tailored of specially loomed worsted gabardine. Superior in water-repellency, durability and luxurious texture.

At Leading Men's Stores

Other famous "Dane Wear" Coats include:

"PEDIGREE" "MILITAIRE"
"CHALLENGER" "ARISTOCRAT"
"CHAMPION"

COSMOPOLITAN MFG. CO.
Cambridge 42, Mass.

©

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
—for over 150 years the
World's Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. There is a Harvey Sherry or Port for every taste and occasion. May we suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the world-famous Harvey wines that are listed below.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

Imported Harvey Wines

SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM. *The world's greatest Sherry. Choicest full pale Oloroso, rich and mellow. Definitely a luxury sherry.*

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK. *Another member of the illustrious "Bristol" family. A deep, golden Oloroso. Mellow. Medium richness.*

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY (Yellow Label): *A very superior pale, light Fino sherry. The finest-tasting premium dry Sherry in America.*

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO. *A pale, Amontillado dry sherry. Moderate cost. High quality. Ideal for daily enjoyment.*

HARVEY'S SHOOTING. *A medium-priced Oloroso sherry. Of the select golden type, full-bodied and medium rich.*

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP. *For general use at a moderate price. It is a golden Oloroso sherry of medium richness.*

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT. *A soft, fine, tawny wine that can be trusted to enhance anyone's reputation as a host.*

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT. *A fine, ruby Port whose quality has earned for it a high position among Port drinkers.*

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

Sipped
with delight
by seven generations
RÉMY MARTIN
COGNAC
since 1724
FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.E.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
COGNAC
RÉMY MARTIN
80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

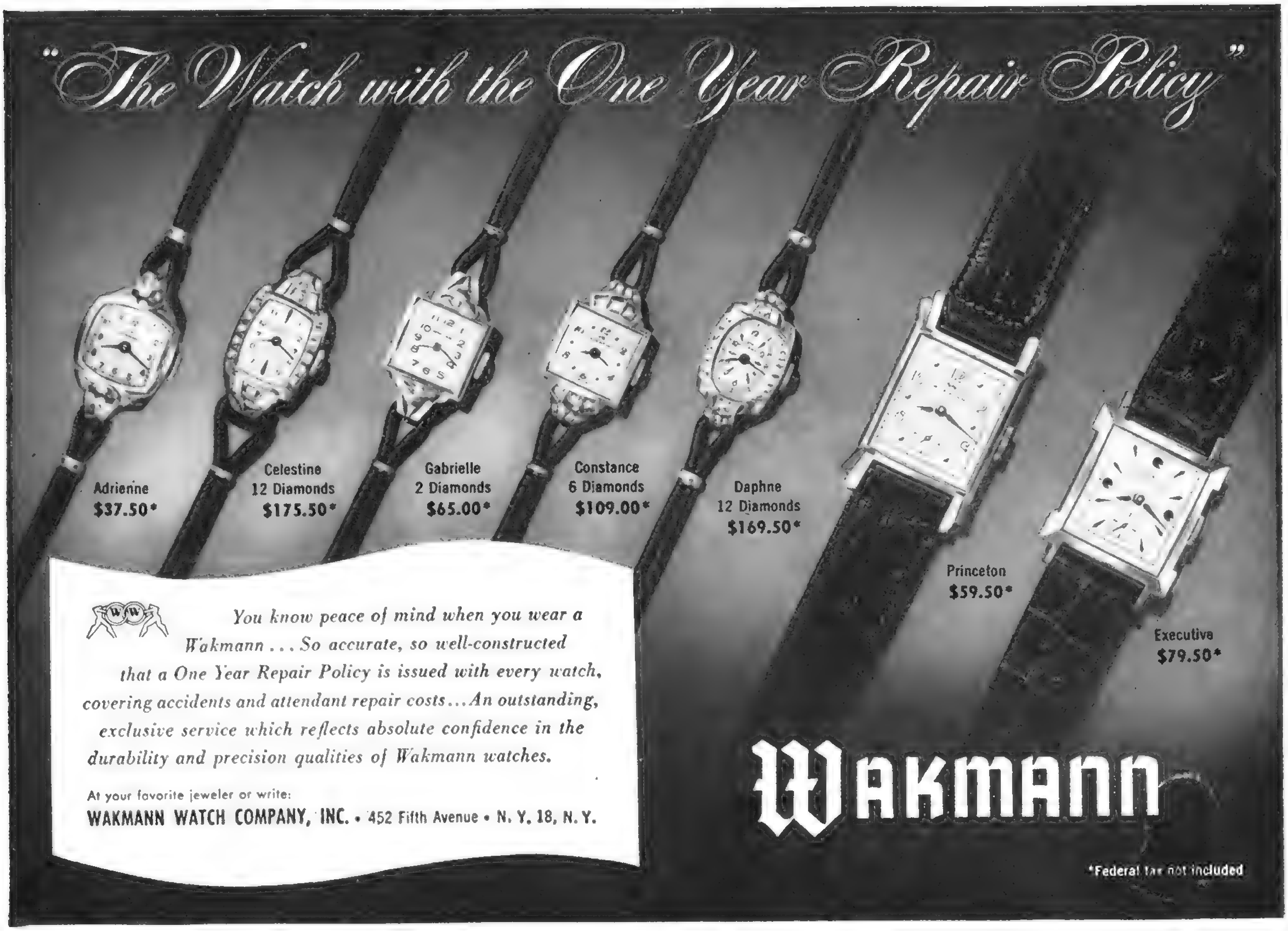
Tony Zale: Working Man

Continued from page 151

member Zale as the fighter with the most complete understanding of his profession, and the filth of it never mussed him up. It is not important what happened after his three fights with Rocky Graziano, and what went on before that is incidental, although his life outside of his profession made him what he is. What he did before he became a fighter shaped him into a man who has the poise of complete gameness which transcends the sport and should not have been wasted on it. The three fights with Rocky Graziano were the best fights I have ever seen and it does not matter that he was a champion before or how long after that he held the title. They were brief but violent encounters, but what Zale did makes him a champion who must be saluted as one of the few to be remembered as without a spiritual flaw.

They were fights which the reformers can use as a reason why the racket should be run out of the arenas and ball parks and made as illegal as the peddling of cocaine. They were great fights because Zale is a man consecrated to the brutal ideals of his calling and such purity must be appreciated even when the cause is without value and a selfish crusade done for money. Such a fight enthusiast as John McNulty, the short-story writer, was revolted by what he saw and the next day in his newspaper column declared that his enjoyment of fights was spoiled. But if there must be a prize fighter it should be Tony Zale, even though he frightens you with his ring concentration.

Zale's is not a flashy gameness. It is not blemished by bragging. It is the valor of the working man doing a dangerous job. It gives him the majesty of working men everywhere who take chances because such jobs pay them more than other employment where no harm is involved. It is a savagery which is not connected with anger and this should make it unclean and repellent. Such pompously calm brutality would disfigure another fighter because Zale's dedication gives him the rigid isolation identified with men who despise society. But there are decent reasons why this man accepts his right to be a champion even when he does not have the title. This is a man who possesses a talent for aggression, but uses it only to make a living. He knows the way the world is. There are few men who do, but it is a cynicism which has not debased him. Inflicting injury on another man is a skill they will reward with money and the flattery that follows the recognition of such a



"The Watch with the One Year Repair Policy"
Adrienne $37.50*
Celestine 12 Diamonds $175.50*
Gabrielle 2 Diamonds $65.00*
Constance 6 Diamonds $109.00*
Daphne 12 Diamonds $169.50*
Princeton $59.50*
Executive $79.50*
You know peace of mind when you wear a Wakmann . . . So accurate, so well-constructed that a One Year Repair Policy is issued with every watch, covering accidents and attendant repair costs . . . An outstanding, exclusive service which reflects absolute confidence in the durability and precision qualities of Wakmann watches.
At your favorite jeweler or write:
WAKMANN WATCH COMPANY, INC. • 452 Fifth Avenue • N. Y. 18, N. Y.
WAKMANN
*Federal tax not included

gift has not impressed him. Because he knows exactly what he is doing and why, what he does has not mangled his character. He takes whatever happens in the course of a fight and realizes that you can only minimize your own agony by beating the other man. As he works on his opponent his violence has the skilled worker's devotion to the requirements of a complicated craft which he suspects is close to the realm of art.

Loneliness frequently endows a man with an accidental splendor of character. The lonesome man is usually inarticulate and this establishes a bogus mystery and complicates all those who seek to find his value. Such guys taunt you with their aloofness and betray you into elaborate and erroneous suppositions. Zale is not one of these. He is a man who can explain what he is. But he is careful in forums concerning himself. On a humid day before the first fight with Graziano I sat with him on the porch of an old house near the village of Pompton Lakes where he trained. I had never met him before and all I knew about him was down in the record books, but I had the word of two of his opponents that he was a guy you couldn't discourage. They had both beaten him, but they were eager to explain what a truly game guy he was.

"He hits you in the belly," Billy Soose said after their fight, "and it's like someone stuck a hot poker in you and left it there."

Billy Conn, who was a heavyweight, said there was no way you could make him back up.

"He hit me a rap in the body," Conn said. "I said the hell with this. I struck him and moved. But he chased me all night."

I told Zale this when I met him.

"I was disappointed when I fought Conn," Zale said. "He beat me, but he proved he was not the fighter he was supposed to be. The guy wouldn't come to me. I had to go after him. I didn't think he was that kind of a fighter."

The majority of fighters must

Continued on page 154

"Ice must have formed on her broom!"

$8.50 to $9.50
MOST STYLES

CADILLAC
"Custom Cushion"
Style 3134. Smart blucher with buoyant "Custom Cushion" insole.

The next thing to walking on air!
THE CADILLAC
Custom Cushion
...at the popular price you like to pay

Cadillac's "Custom Cushion" provides a special insole made of buoyant cork and rubber—next thing to walking on air! Fashioned of rich, mellow leathers by skilled craftsmen, you're assured of *smarter, finer shoes that wear longer.* So, for complete satisfaction at a moderate price see your Cadillac dealer and try the "Custom Cushion."

K B S SHOE CO., DIV. GENERAL SHOE CORP., NASHVILLE, TENN.

CADILLAC
Shoes for Men

Winter's Waterloo

A salute to the SNO FO Stormcoat . . . champion of warmth . . . victor over *every* kind of winter weather . . defender of style and quality. Handsomely designed, superbly warm . . . of all-wool gabardine with half-belt or full-belt, full alpaca lining and mouton collar. There's nothing else *quite* like it . . . the Original SNO FO Stormcoat.

To Jsuris
THE ORIGINAL
Sno Fo
STORMCOAT
by EXCEL

At better stores everywhere, or write
Excel Garment Manufacturing Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Tony Zale: Working Man

Continued from page 153

justify every defeat and they do this to prevent the disapproval of the spectators and the matchmakers who decide the amount of their pay. They search desperately for excuses and use them to influence public opinion. But Zale demands an alibi for his own private use. It is impossible for him to concede that another man can lick him without other allies than strength or skill. It is necessary for him to find reasons which will not damage the esteem in which he holds himself. He is a man proud of what he is and what his body can do. He moves with a stiff-boned grace. He walks the way he believes a champion should. It is as though he rehearsed this pose many times. When you see him, briskly erect, mildly swaggering, the way a garrison soldier marches in formation, it becomes a feat of control. At first I thought it gave him a quality of slyness, as all tricks do. I don't pretend I know him well, but I have been around him a lot. He is a difficult man to interview, being polite and austere and very miserly with his conversation. But what small knowledge I have of his character convinces me that this is a man who has developed an authentic character the way the average man might get himself a sun tan. It is part of him as a man's skin is, no matter what the sun does to it. In Zale is the old respect men once had for champions in this country. It is a clear idea of what a champion should be, and not a bad one. It might be wrong in other fighters. But Zale is entitled to this estimation of himself because all those who know him or have seen him fight agree with it. He uses enough modesty to prevent it from becoming a braggart's deformed mirage.

I asked him that first day I met him why he was a prize fighter.

"The fellow who was hungry once realizes what it was," Zale said. "He don't want to go back to it."

"What don't you want to go back to?" I said.

"The steel mills," Zale said.

"Was it tough?" I said.

"Did you ever snipe cinders?" Zale wanted to know.

"No," I said.

Zale said, "It's very bad. You don't make much."

"Is it tougher than the fight racket?" I asked.

"You get more out of fighting," Zale said. "When a guy don't want to go back to a certain thing, that's what makes him fight. You fight to keep away from being hungry. But some get there fast and easy and they think it's always going to be that way.

Suave is the word for the

"ELEGANTE"

Jacket in Suede

RAY MILLAND
STARRING IN
"SEALED VERDICT"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

A GENUINE
CALIFORNIAN
TRADE MARK REGIS.
DESIGNED & TAILORED BY
CALIFORNIA SPORTWEAR CO.
— LOS ANGELES —

Lounging grandly at ease in a genuine CALIFORNIAN "Elegante" in suede gives any man that "pleased" look! Tailored by master craftsmen from imported zephyr-weight suede, this leisure jacket is the pride of the famous makers of genuine CALIFORNIAN leather sportswear. It's generously long, the front and back shirred; belt swagger tied. The patch pockets are man-sized, it's luxuriously lined, and the shoulders are custom padded. Colors, Flagstone and Chamois. Sizes 34 to 46.

Write for the name of the retail store in your city.

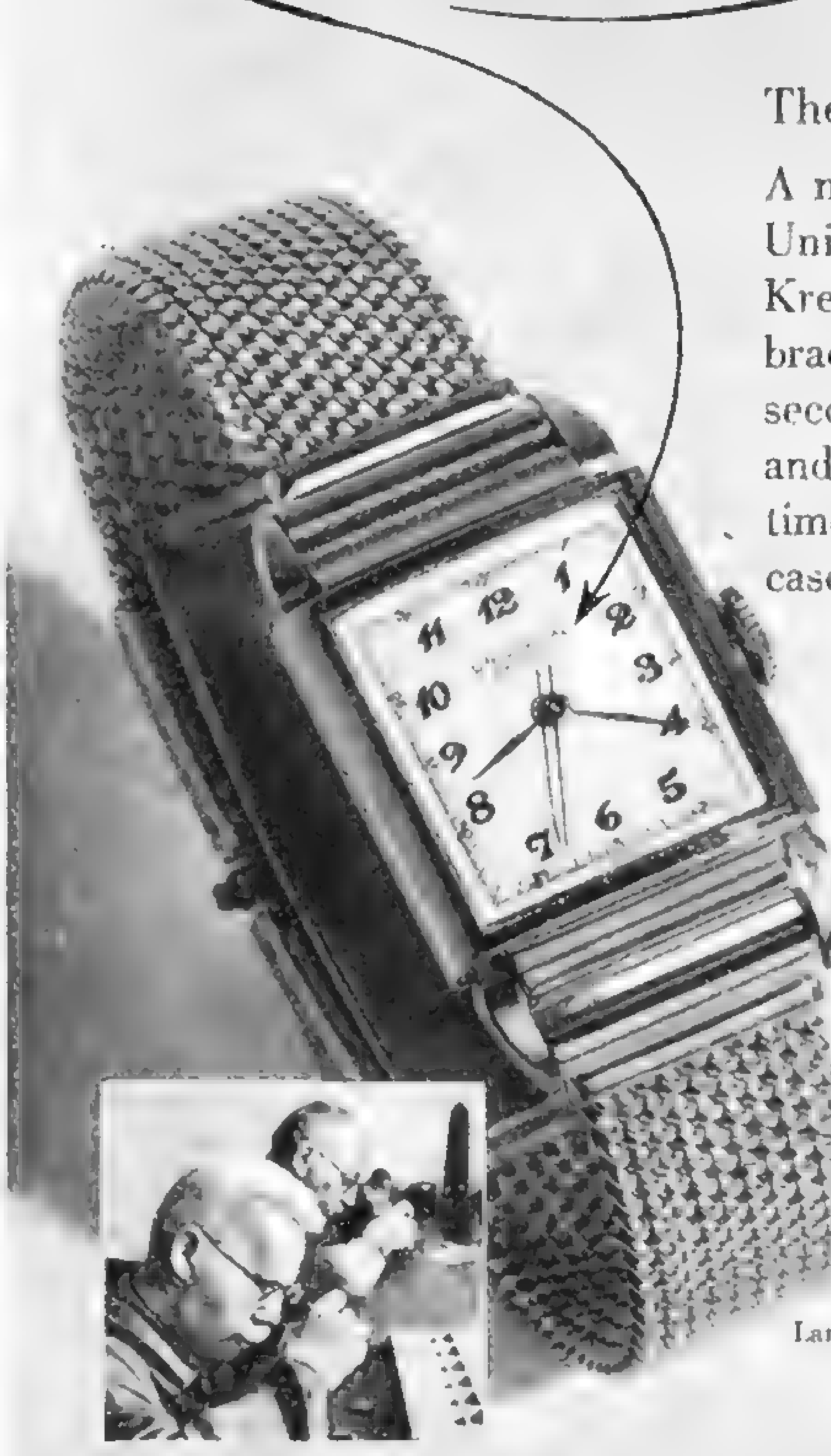
CALIFORNIA SPORTWEAR COMPANY
America's largest creators of fine Leather Sportswear for Men, Women and Children
1024 SOUTH MAPLE AVENUE • LOS ANGELES 15, CALIF.

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
Established 1894

The MIDWAY

A new watch made by Universal Genève matched to Kreisler's "Golden Mesh" bracelet . . . with direct sweep second hand. Midway in size and price—excellent in timekeeping. In gold filled case—$48, *Federal Tax Incl.*

At Leading Jewelers



Good Watchmaking

Write for Booklet
THE HENRI STERN WATCH AGENCY, INC., 587 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

© 1948

Soon as they think that, they find themselves going in the opposite direction."

"You quit fighting once," I reminded him.

"I went back to the mill."

"Why?"

"Mismanagement," Zale said. "What's the use of fighting if you don't get anything out of it? After a few fights they put me in with Kid Leonard, a pretty good fighter in those days. I got beat in ten rounds and I didn't get nothing. So I went back to Gary. But I knew I was going to get away from the mill. I knew I was a fighter. I kept in shape. I worked out fairly regular. Sniping cinders keeps you in shape, too. The job hardens you up. But too much of it will bring a man down. It's no good if you got to do it all your life. What do you get out of it? It just brings you down and you're liable to be looking for a meal. You get money out of fighting."

They made Graziano a big favorite the first time. They said Zale was done and his long hitch in the Navy had destroyed him. They remembered he never had an easy fight and he went down when they nailed him right. Graziano was a puncher. He didn't know much, but he took a punch well and he was young and strong and his right hand was wild but powerful. Graziano was down in the first round, but he survived it and it did not seem to sap his strength or rob him of his senses. Going into the sixth round, Zale appeared to be used up and finished. He was the prisoner of a dream created by Graziano's right hands. He moved jerkily and there was no indication that he could get through the round. It seemed hard for him to set his arms into the fighting pose. But, out of this aching twilight, he punched to the belly and then to the head and Graziano was down. Ruby Goldstein, the referee, counted ten and as he reached the final number Graziano jumped up and insisted he wanted to fight. I went to Graziano's dressing room first. He was alert and unmarked and gabby with the conversation of the perplexed. After I had left he talked to Al Buck, one of the best of the boxing journalists.

"He will knock me out again," Graziano said to the astonished reporter who knew Graziano as a guy with a reputation for recklessness in the ring.

Over in the locker room where they dressed Zale, he was sitting on a chair with his right hand in a pail of ice. He seemed like a man who dozed in the sun and wished to perpetuate a languor and thought that conversation would disturb his comfort. We asked him questions and he smiled serenely, ignoring their meaning, giving the same answer to all of them.

"Clean living . . . clean living," he said over and over again, smil-

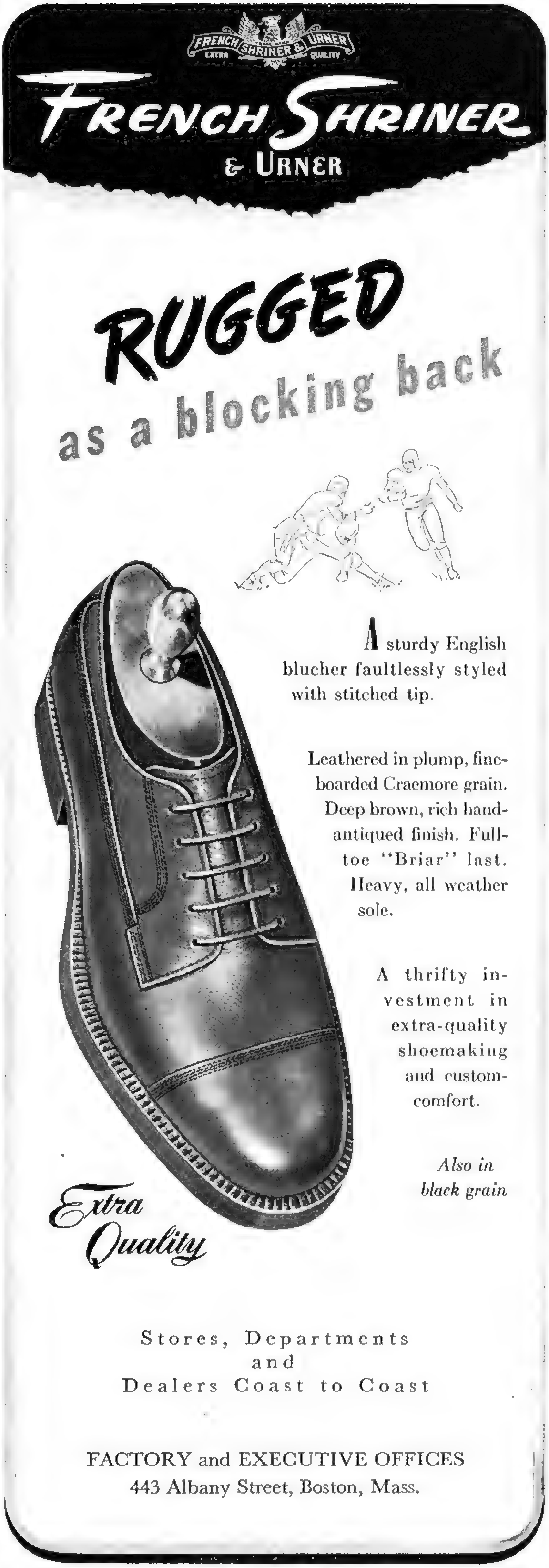
Continued on page 156

certificate of pedigree
HARRIS TWEED
Hand Woven Harris Tweed
The Harris Tweed Symbol is the sign by which you may know the family history of a world famous fabric.

Spun from virgin Scottish Wool, dyed, finished and *hand-woven* by Crofters in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides. This, and this alone, is . . .

Look for the mark on the cloth
Look for the label on the garment

ISSUED BY THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.



French Shriner & Urner Extra Quality
FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
RUGGED as a blocking back
Extra Quality
A sturdy English blucher faultlessly styled with stitched tip.

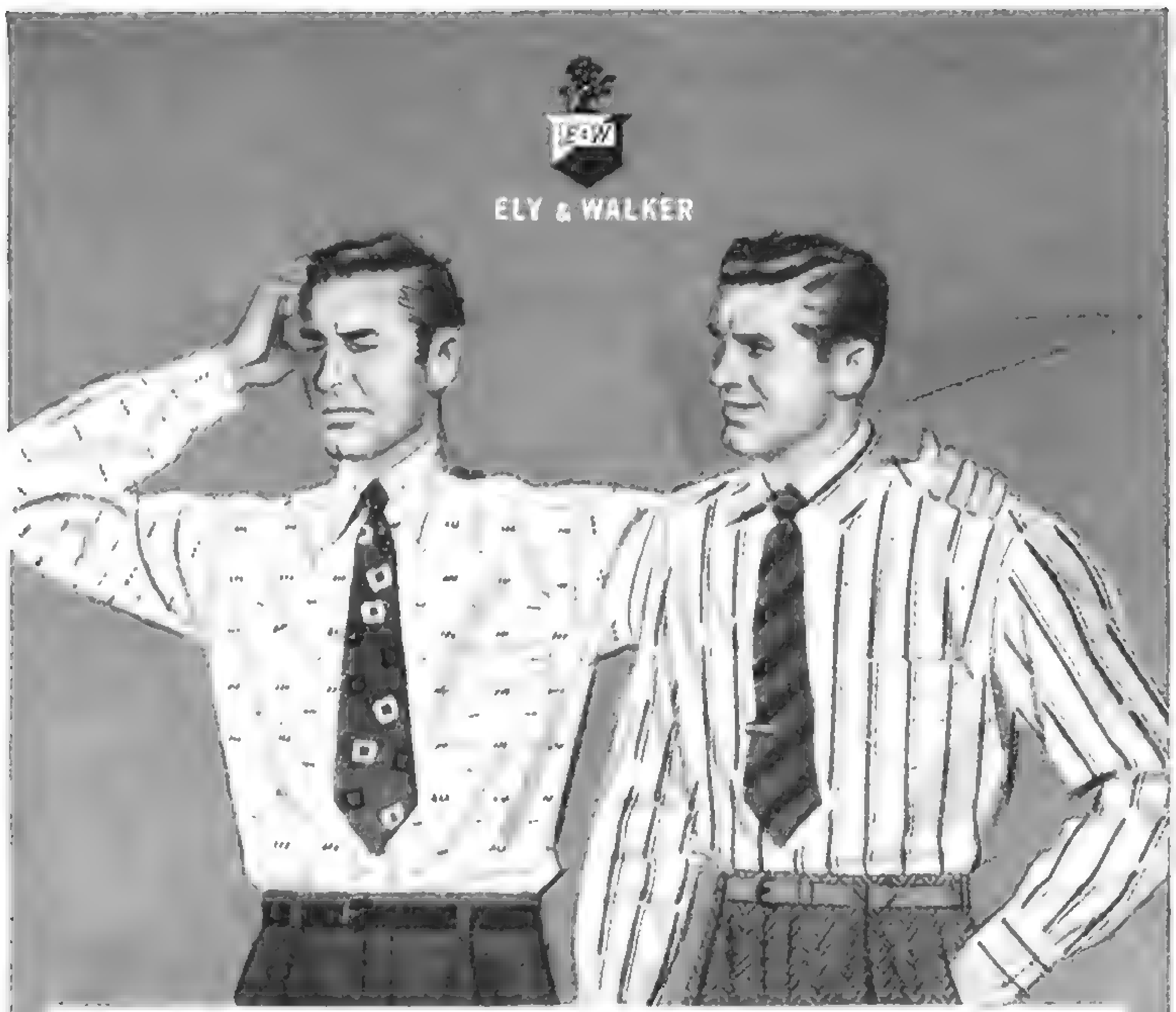
Leathered in plump, fine-boarded Craemore grain. Deep brown, rich hand-antiqued finish. Full-toe "Briar" last. Heavy, all weather sole.

A thrifty investment in extra-quality shoemaking and custom-comfort.

Also in black grain

Stores, Departments
and
Dealers Coast to Coast

FACTORY and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
443 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.

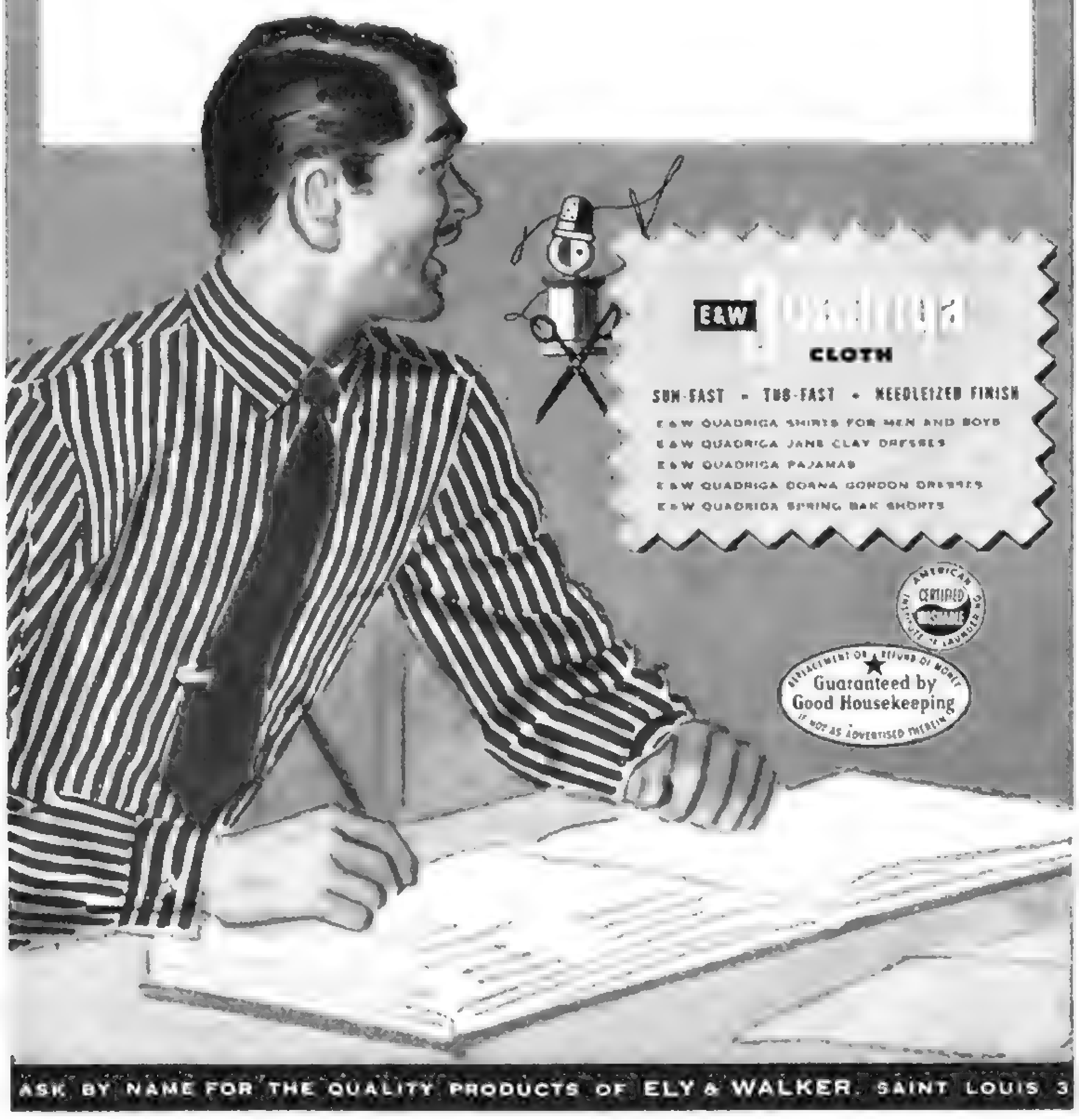

E&W
ELY & WALKER

E&W Quadriga CLOTH

Men's Shirts

head the class in style✓ quality✓ value✓

Start refreshed . . . back on the job, or back on campus . . . with a batch of new smartly styled Quadriga Shirts to give you that "RIGHT out of Esquire look". RIGHT with wide-spread, long or short collars. With bold stripes, rugged slub effects and figure designs that please. RIGHT cut for comfort and daylong freshness. RIGHT for the tub, certified washable by American Institute of Laundering. RIGHT for your pocket: E & W Quadriga Shirts are "your money's worth" from the world's largest dry goods manufacturers, converters and distributors.


E&W Quadriga
CLOTH
SUN-FAST • TUB-FAST • NEEDLEIZED FINISH
E&W QUADRIGA SHIRTS FOR MEN AND BOYS
E&W QUADRIGA JANE CLAY DRESSES
E&W QUADRIGA PAJAMAS
E&W QUADRIGA DORNA GORDON DRESSES
E&W QUADRIGA SPRING BAK SHORTS
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
CERTIFIED WASHABLE
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ASK BY NAME FOR THE QUALITY PRODUCTS OF ELY & WALKER, SAINT LOUIS 3

Tony Zale: Working Man

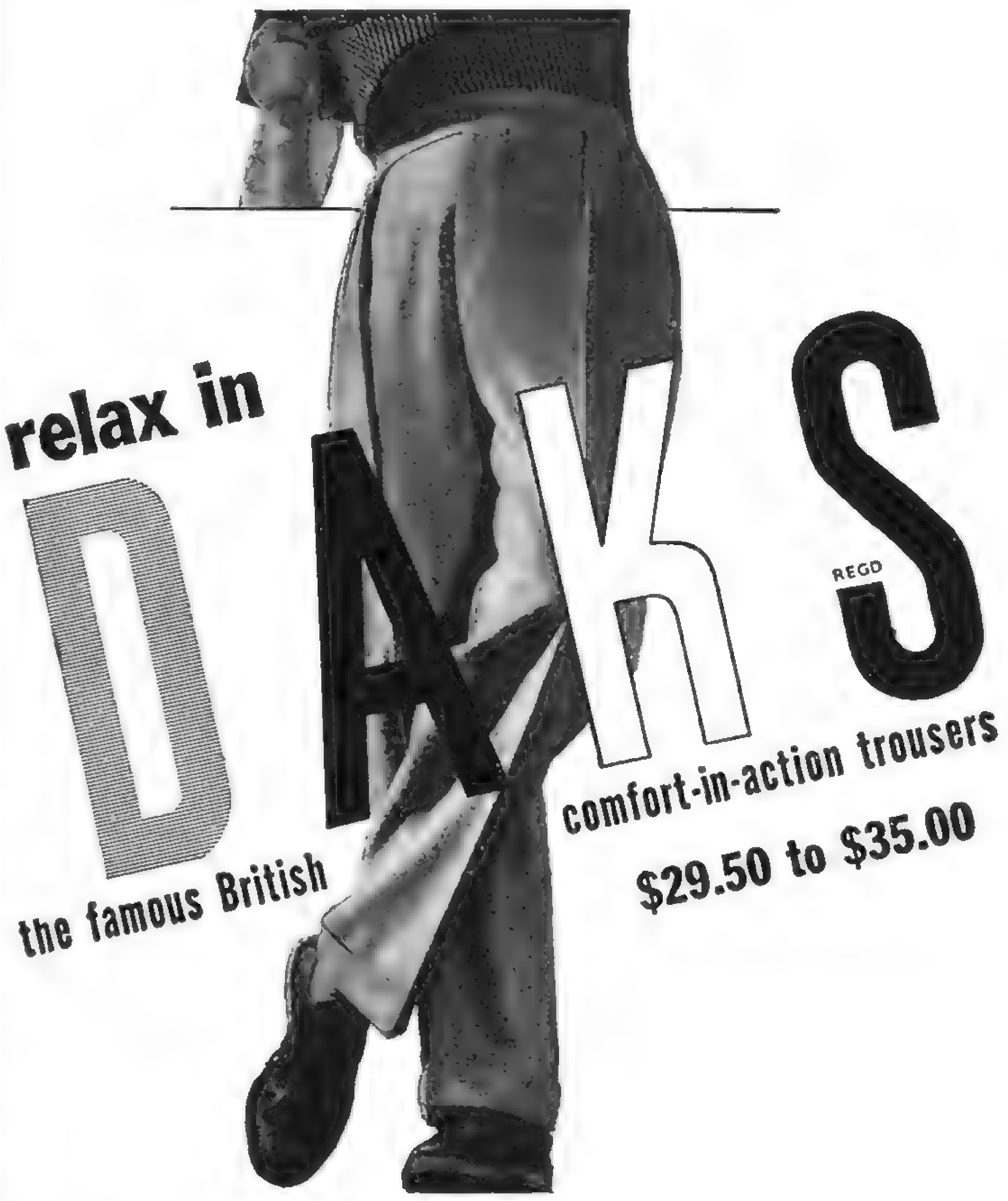
Continued from page 155

ing as though this had a private meaning of great significance.

Finally a reporter said, "This guy's knocked out." It took three handlers to get him to the shower. They held him under a long time.

Graziano had knocked him out, but his body still obeyed the instructions of his mind and he had refused to fall down. He had punched because that is what a fighter is supposed to do. That is what they pay you for. It did not occur to Zale that this was unusual. You are sent in there to fight and that is what you do as long as you can, no matter what happens to you. You don't decide whether you fall down. You don't depend on flight if you are a puncher. You do exactly what Zale did, but there aren't many of them who figure it that way. It is part of the job, the licking, just as the big payday is. Zale is prepared to take both if he has to.

The second fight was held in Chicago because Graziano's license was revoked in New York when he refused to identify a gambler who had offered him a bribe to go into the water. It was fought indoors on a hot summer night and no cooling device was employed. A guy with a thermometer in the working-press section claimed it was 100. It must have been more than that under the lights of the ring and the smell of the crowd was enough to turn your stomach. It was Zale's fight for four rounds and he closed Graziano's eye and ripped it and the blood covered them both. Graziano was in torment from a body beating and his mouth opened after punches as though he were about to vomit. But in the fourth round Zale suddenly stopped and in the sixth round the referee, Johnny Behr, ended it and Graziano was middleweight champion of the world. Zale was bent over the ropes, a posture which suggested that his bones had melted in the unnatural heat. Graziano was still punching at him and it was the opinion of many that Zale would have been dangerously injured if it had gone any further. But such a finish displeased him. He protested because, according to the principles by which he lives, a champion should lose his title on his back. He was on his feet and the referee should have permitted him to lose honorably. It violated his creed that a man must go as far as he can and he did not accept this distance as the whole way. Again his pride goaded him into finding a reason why he was beaten by a man he had once knocked out. The heat was his explanation this time. The atmosphere had


relax in
DAKS
REGD
the famous British
comfort-in-action trousers
$29.50 to $35.00

Daks set a new standard of cut and comfort. They're self-supporting, shirt-controlling, and leave the body perfectly free. In fine English fabrics.

For nearest store, write — Dept. E2
Simpson Imports, Inc., 9 E. 38 St., New York 16

deprived him of his championship, not Graziano. The weather prostrated him, not the punches. It made sense to him but not to many others.

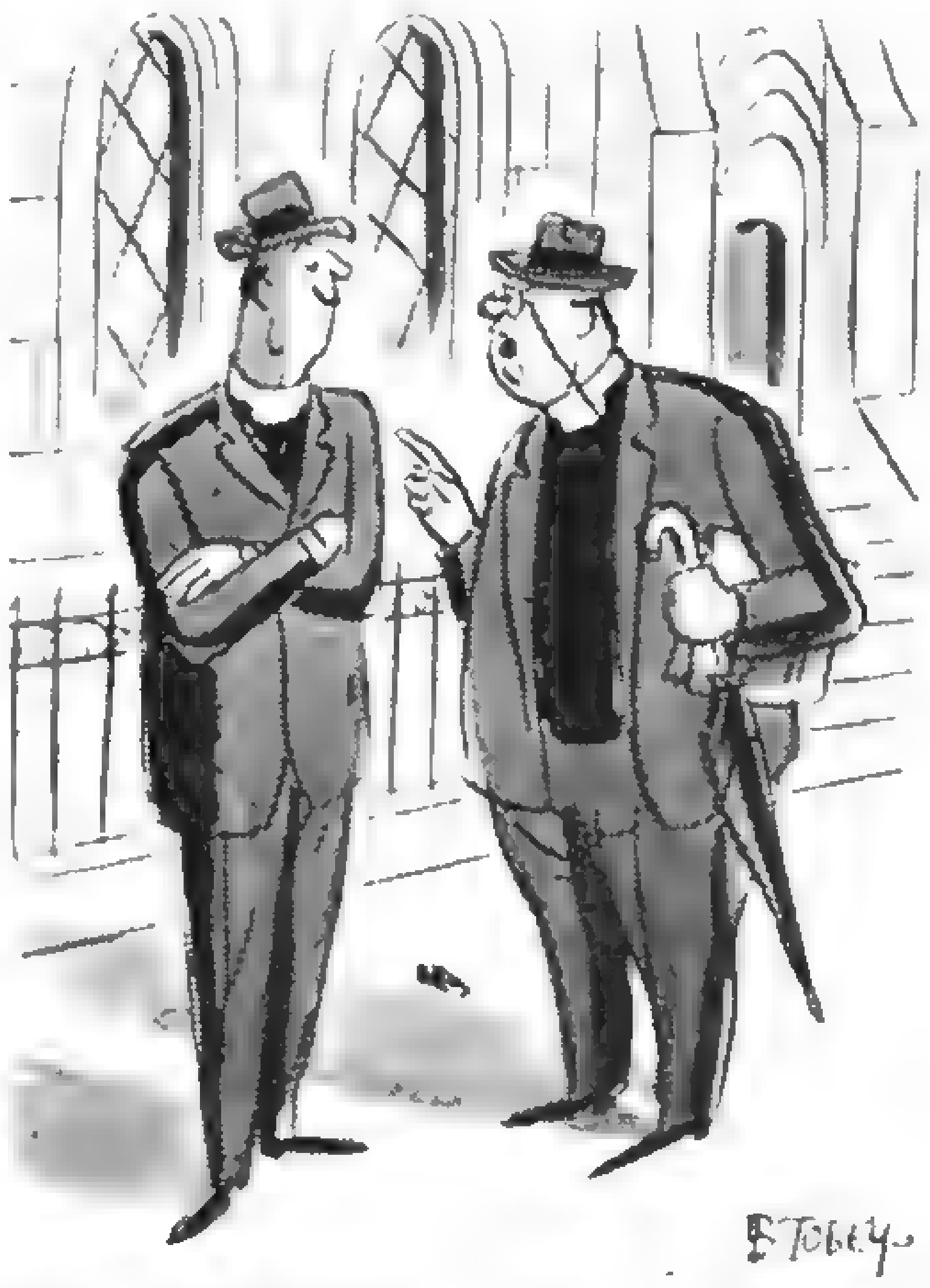
They dug into Graziano's Army record and found he had been dishonorably discharged and for this he was barred in Illinois and any other place capable of supporting a championship fight. But they straightened him out in Washington, D. C., and all he took for his end was a dollar. He gave the rest to charity. He boxed Sonny Horne and won the decision in a one-sided fight. I told Zale that Graziano appeared to be sluggish and bewildered and did not look as good as he should.

"If you were in there with him Monday you would have stiffened him," I said.

"Monday or any other day," Zale said. "What difference would it make? The heat beat me the last time."

They fought the third one in the Newark ball park. Graziano approached the calamity with the casualness of a man who has a few rounds to squander. It was obvious that he planned to hang around until Zale collapsed under the burden of his thirty-four years. But that night Zale refused to accept the penalty of pugilistic senility. Graziano put his left hand straight out and then jumped after it. It was a jab that had its origin in the ballet. He was rewarded for this clumsy impersonation of cleverness with left hooks and right crosses which landed either on the jaw or the intestines. Graziano made motions with his hands which suggested that his skin had suddenly become tight on the bones of his shoulder. But before he could remedy this with calisthenics, Zale hit him with a right to the jaw. It made him back up into the ropes and then he was hit in the belly and on the chin with swift hooks. He went down, was up at three. There was a cut on the left side of his forehead, like

Continued on page 158



"Granted you have a better choir, but we have a better basketball team"

After coffee... a

Bénédictine

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

D.O.M

LIQUOR
D O M
BENEDICTINE

A GRACIOUS CUSTOM FOUR CENTURIES OLD

Since 1510, "after coffee, a Bénédictine" has been a ritual as gracious and unchanging as Bénédictine itself. For since its creation in Fécamp, France, there has been but *one* and *only one* Bénédictine . . . a subtle, golden elixir still made in the old abbey, according to the original, secret formula ... again available in America.

Largest selling imported liqueur in America.

Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc. Importers since 1877

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
New York • Sole U.S. Agents
86 Proof

For men of action*
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
LENTHERIC
MEN'S TOILET WATER
LENTHERIC

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Classic decanter of Lenthéric's Men's Toilet Water; $5.00 and de luxe, wood-capped decanter of tingling After Shave Lotion; $2.50 and $4.00; in flacons, $1.00 and $2.50.

All prices, plus tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1948, Lenthéric, Inc.

It's a
FREEMAN
Shoe

Superb shell Cordovan in a classic interpretation by
America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes.
Freeman Shoes, at fine stores coast to coast, $9.95 to $19.95.
Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis., Chicago, New York.

It's a FREEMAN Shoe
THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

Tony Zale: Working Man

Continued from page 157

an Indian caste mark made by a cross-eyed tattooer. Zale did not become desperate with eagerness and beat up Graziano with the confidence of a guy who has taken dead aim on his mark. He damaged Graziano with a methodical consistency. But deep in the second Graziano awakened and began to make a fight. Graziano achieved a temporary fury. He hissed and snarled with a rage which did not impress Zale, but some of the punches did. There were times when Zale's legs shuddered and his head wobbled and his sallow face was sunken and the bones seemed about to break through the taut skin. During the intermission between the rounds, Art Winch, in Zale's corner, looked over at Graziano.

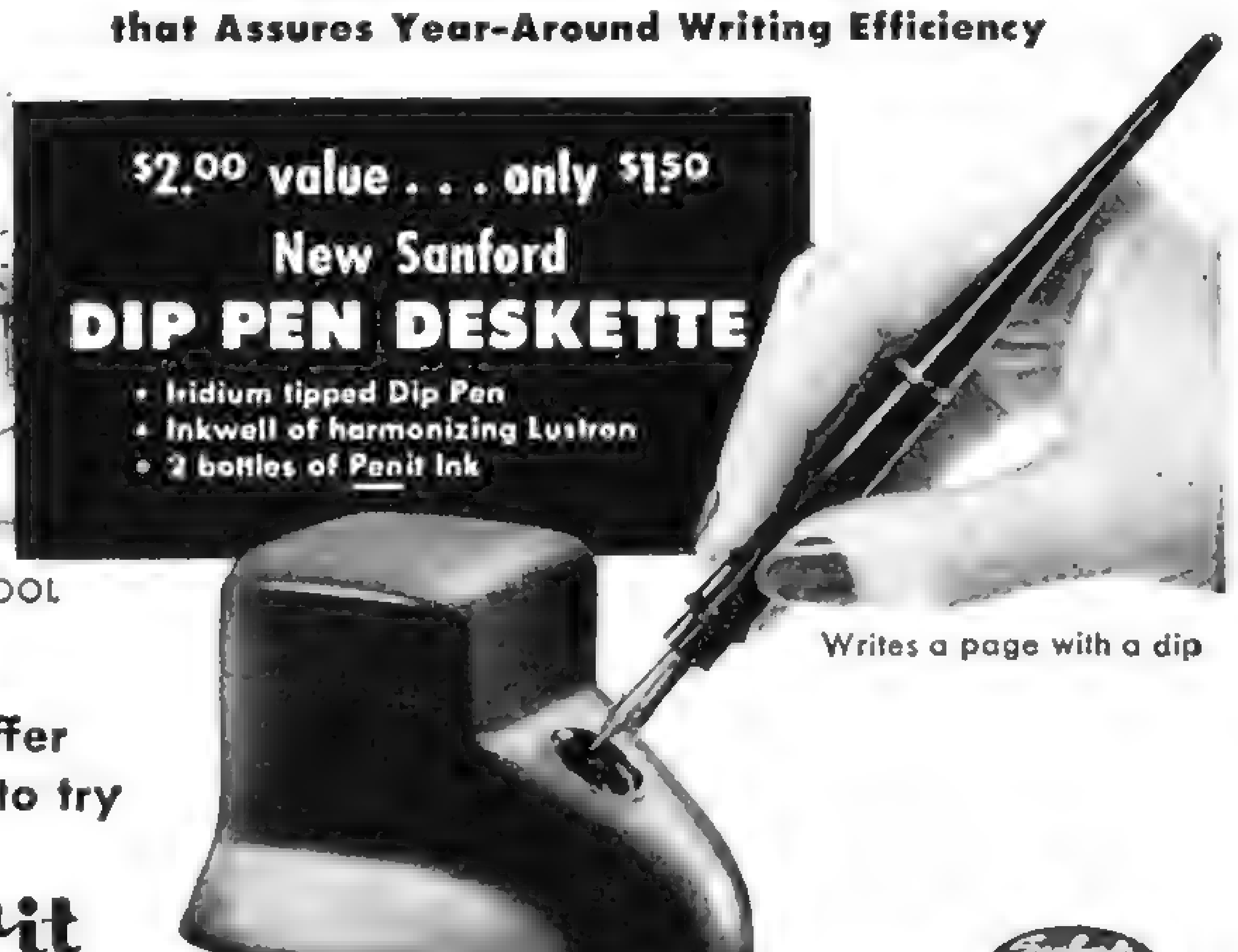
"If you hurt him, finish him," Winch said. "He's all in."

The hook made Graziano sink into a squat with his left arm bent over the middle rope as though it were a flabby crutch. But he struggled and regained a trembling erectness and another left hook knocked him down. He crawled over on his belly, moving slowly, rolled over and was up at seven. He began to slide down as though he believed someone had pushed a chair into the ring for him to sit on. There was a second of indecision. He cowered there for a moment, but decided to fight. His punches were protective measures and Zale took his pats. Graziano was spent and stooped forward in a round-shouldered posture of helplessness. Zale hit him with the left hook and Graziano went over backwards. His head made the sound an auctioneer's mallet makes on a solid block of wood when the deal is closed. They came out of the corner and picked him up and put the green-edged white bathrobe over his shoulders. The green letters on the back which spelled out: "Rocky Graziano, middleweight champion of the world." Only the name was correct.

Guys like me will write a lot about Tony Zale in the years to come. We will depend on memory and we will exaggerate what he was, because that is the way guys are when they get older. It doesn't matter how many guys he licked or how many of them licked him. If you saw him the three times he fought Graziano you know this was a champion and he should be entitled to be called this, no matter what becomes of it. Graziano said it best and he told it to me and to everyone who asked him about it after the second fight. "There's only one way you can lick Zale," Graziano said. "You got to kill him." #

Continued from page 56

For Christmas Giving . . . a Dip Pen that Assures Year-Around Writing Efficiency



$2.00 value . . . only $1.50
New Sanford
DIP PEN DESKETTE
- Iridium tipped Dip Pen
- Inkwell of harmonizing Lustron
- 2 bottles of Penit Ink

FOR HOME...OR SCHOOL

Writes a page with a dip

Bargain offer to induce you to try
NEW Penit
in INK WELL BOTTLE

New 10c size that holds all the ink you can keep fresh

Now you can start new with more efficient writing "tools" at a bargain price. We offer the beautiful new $2.00 Sanford Deskette at only $1.50 to induce you to try another Sanford development in writing efficiency—the 100,000-word Ink-Well Bottle. It's the new 10c size that holds ALL THE INK YOU CAN KEEP FRESH.

The Sanford Deskette is designed to start instantly no matter how infrequently used. For home use it saves the "scratch, scratch" with a dry pen point.

This pen is scientifically balanced and has genuiue Iridium tip. The Deskette is streamlined for grace and stability... molded of durable, rich walnut-mahogany Lustron. It holds the new *Penit* Ink-Well bottle bottom up.

Penit Ink writes instantly even after prolonged exposure of the pen. It writes continuously without flooding because it is especially processed to give controlled flow.

Accept bargain price on Sanford Deskette today. Get it for home or school. And get several sets for Christmas giving—in its attractive package, it's a welcome gift. At your retailer's.

9 Delicious Colors
- BLUE-BLACK
- WASHABLE BLUE
- ROYAL BLUE
- BLACK
- GREEN
- BROWN
- CARDINAL RED
- DUBONNET
- VIOLET

SANFORD INK COMPANY • Home Office: BELLWOOD, ILL. • New York Office: 500 5th AVE.

Ask for the Sanford Deskette

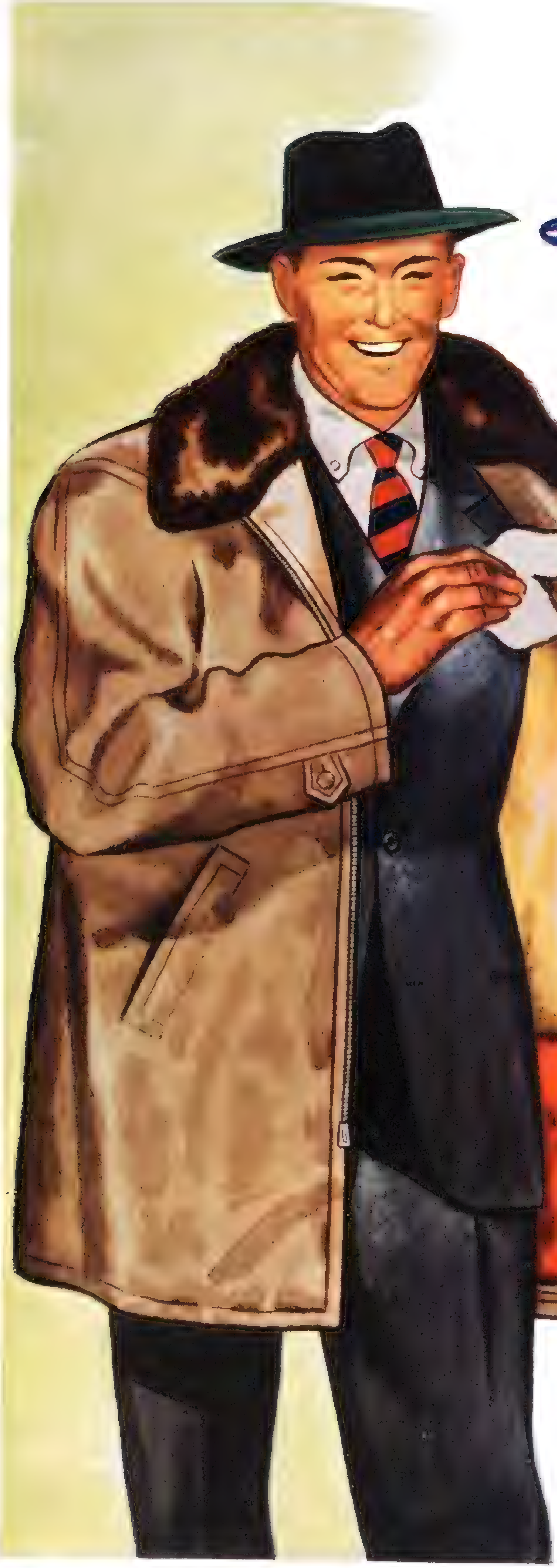
Warm-Up To Winter

You'll take to winter weather...warmed by Weldon's Ski-Mo pajamas. Slip them on and marvel how they checkmate chills. Feast your eyes on their ski suit styling... so good looking, you'll sport them for smart loungewear. Sleep in Ski-Mos, and you'll never settle for anything less than Weldon's skill... tailoring the fleecy fabric into an easy fit...hugging your wrists and ankles with knitted storm guards. Made with the famed breathe-with-you Lastex Waistband Wonderbelt, of course. In solid colors or two-tone combinations. Men's sizes in blue, tan, green, grey and wine, $3.95. Junior sizes, $2.95, Prep sizes, $3.50, in red, blue and maize.

At fine stores everywhere, or write for nearest dealer. Weldon Pajamas, 1270 Broadway, N. Y. 1

SKI-MO PAJAMAS by

WELDON

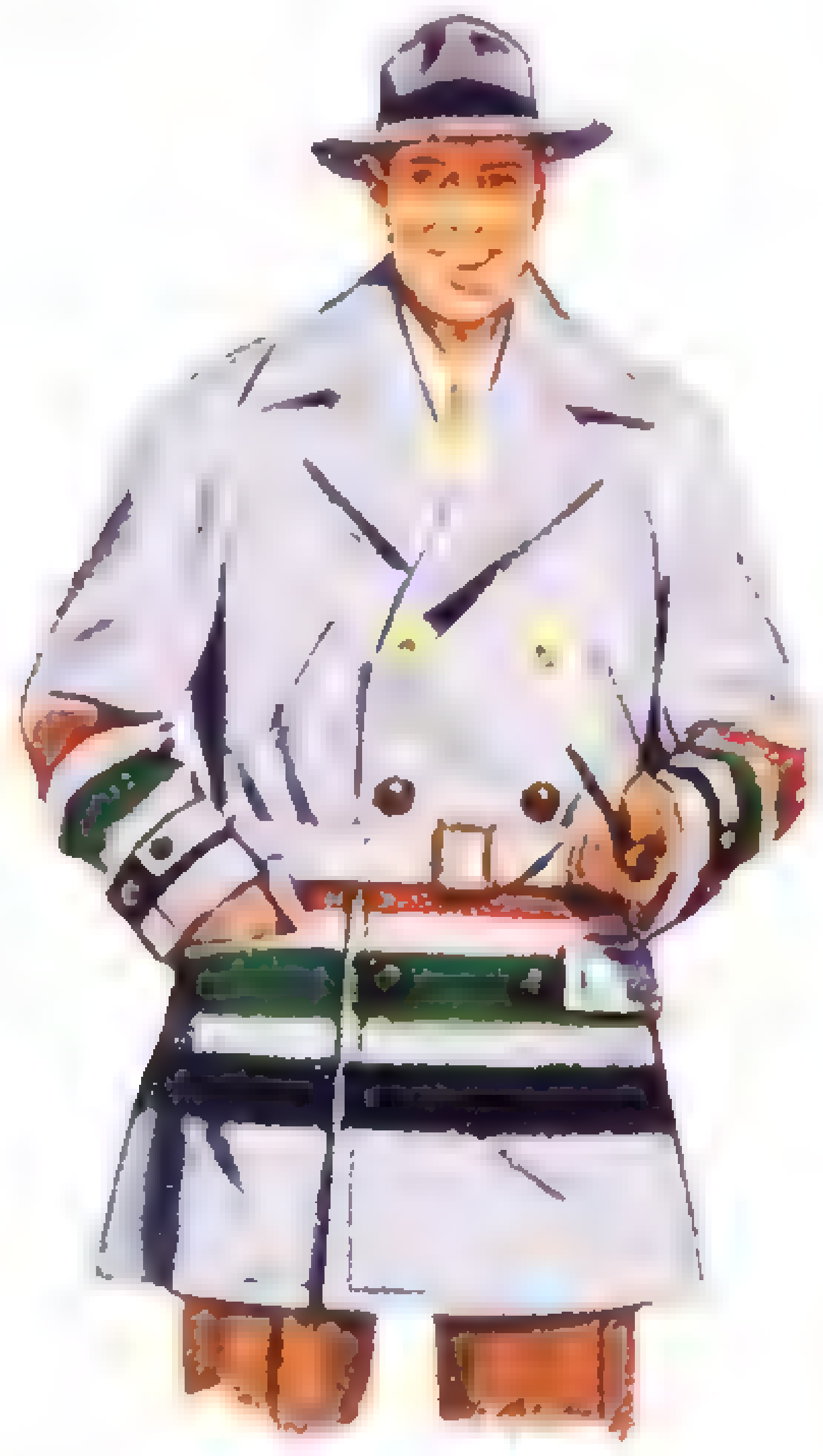


this winter, as always
Lakeland
SPORTSWEAR
...protects you handsomely

American men have come to count on the quality, comfort, and styling of Lakeland Sportswear. We're pretty jealous of that reputation; and this season we add to it with coats and jackets designed for your pride and pleasure. See them now. Or write for the name of your dealer.

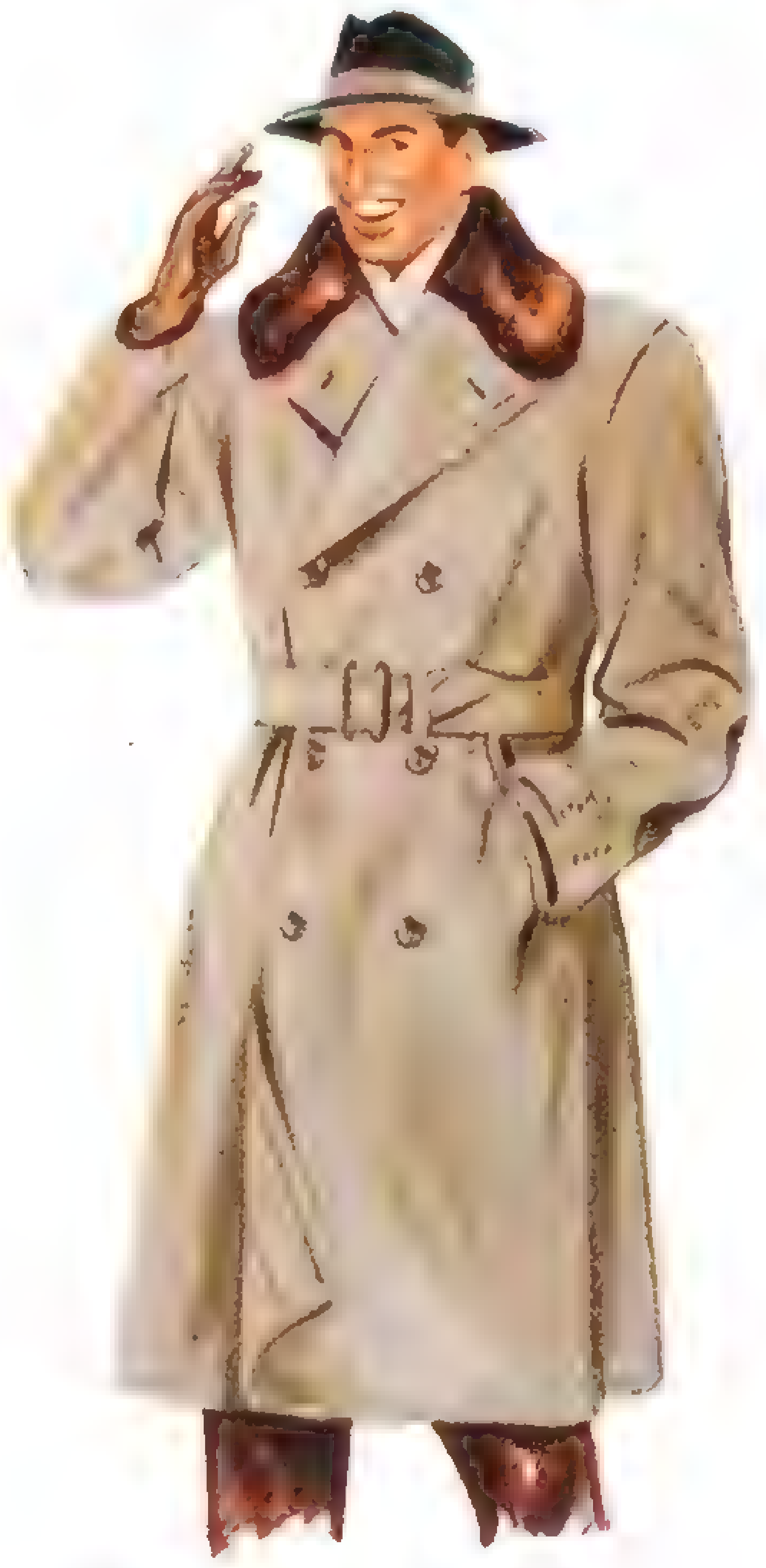
Lakeland Mfg. Co., Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Watch for "Lakeland Week" in your city.



Olympic

Another Lakeland "exclusive"! Striking Olympic Stripes in a pure wool polo coat. Full rayon lining. Full belt, leather buttons. White or Gray, with stripes. In men's sizes at about $35.00.



North Bay

Wintry weather becomes a minor matter when you're safe inside this husky coat. Famous Piedmont gabardine, Cravenetted to shed rain and snow. Big mouton collar, snow white lamb lining, bright red wool bottom. Men's sizes are about $40; boys' about $35.

Zero Bay

A big, burly ulster, built for warm protection and masculine distinction. All-wool worsted covert with mouton collar and 100% Alpaca pile lining. In men's sizes at about $75. The "Badger," in same style, is made of worsted Cravenetted gabardine.

Styled in Wisconsin — the Nation's Playground

How To Live in the Country

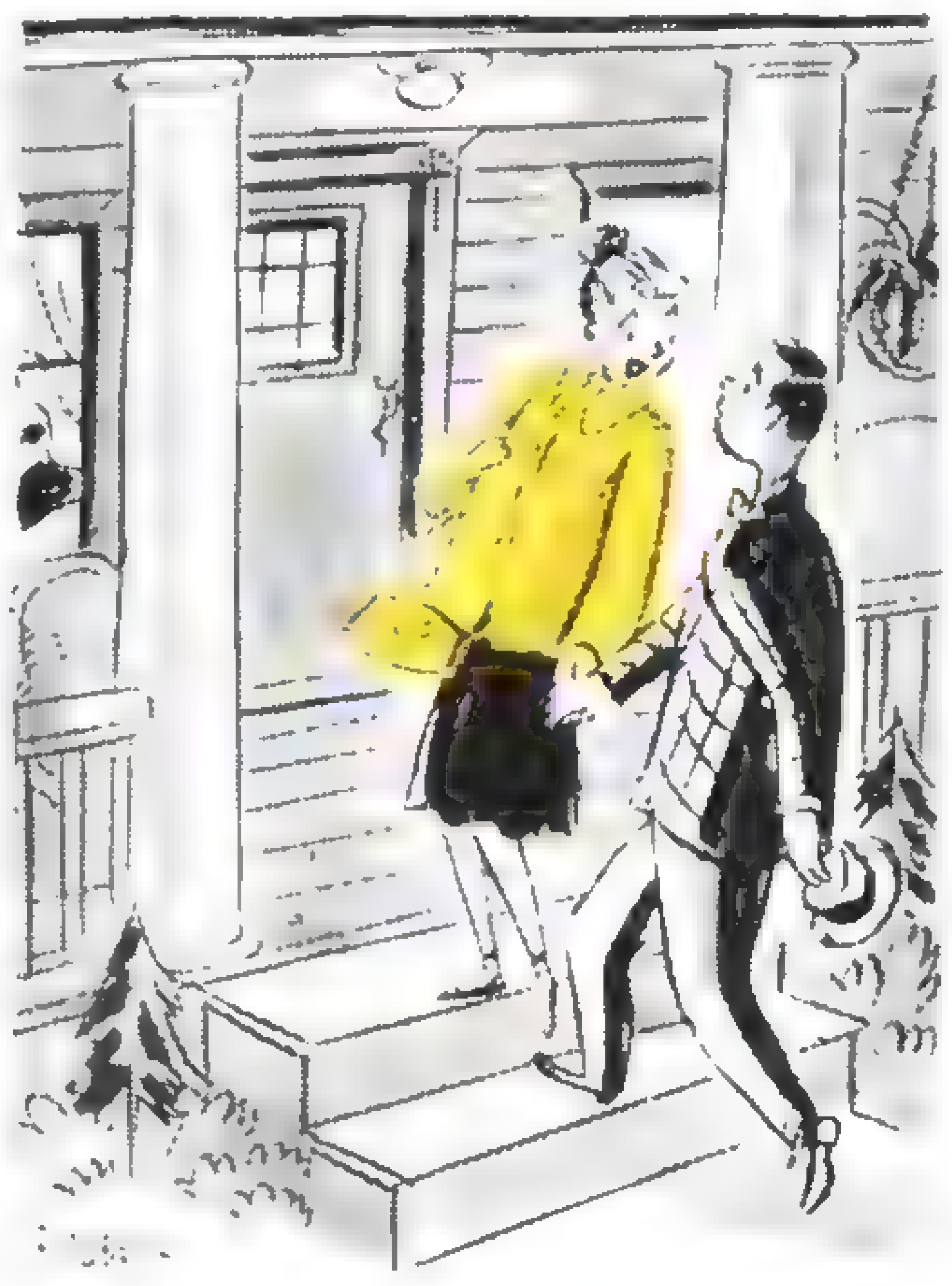
Continued from page 63

you've pulled weeds for an hour is a fine thing. The sheer delight of putting away your lawn mower or of pitching the spading fork back under the porch is a thrill that your city man can never know. And then there's the honest exhaustion that steals o'er you of evenings. You'll find that it's difficult to be physically exhausted and mentally unserene at the same time.

The pity of it all is that living in the country *could* be delightful. I know how it should be done, and someday, if strength comes, I may put my program into practice. It's amazingly simple in principle, and it brings me to the constructive part of this article.

First, I'm going to let my lawn, hedges, trees, shrubs, rose garden, perennials, annuals, bulbs, roots, shoots, and flowers of every description whatsoever go to hell. Then, all tin cans, cartons, wastepaper, boxes, crates, ashes, and empty bottles will be thrown into the yard, starting from the back door and working around to left and right toward the front. I'm going to get a pair of Toggenburg goats and have a shed built for them to stand on; and, for myself, I'm going to get an old auto seat to sit on and a barrel-stave hammock to lie in. If, from my place of ease, I still don't like the effect—feeling, perhaps, that the décor is too stiff or needs breaking up—I'll add some broken-down farm machinery and turn its decoration over to a few white hens.

A fellow down the road from me has a place like that, and I tell you it's a pleasant sight and a heartening one to see him relaxing in his yard after a tough day in town. It just goes to show what a man can accomplish with a piece of property if he has strength of character. Naturally, this neighbor is single. #



"They'll probably want to know something about the movie—did you notice it?"

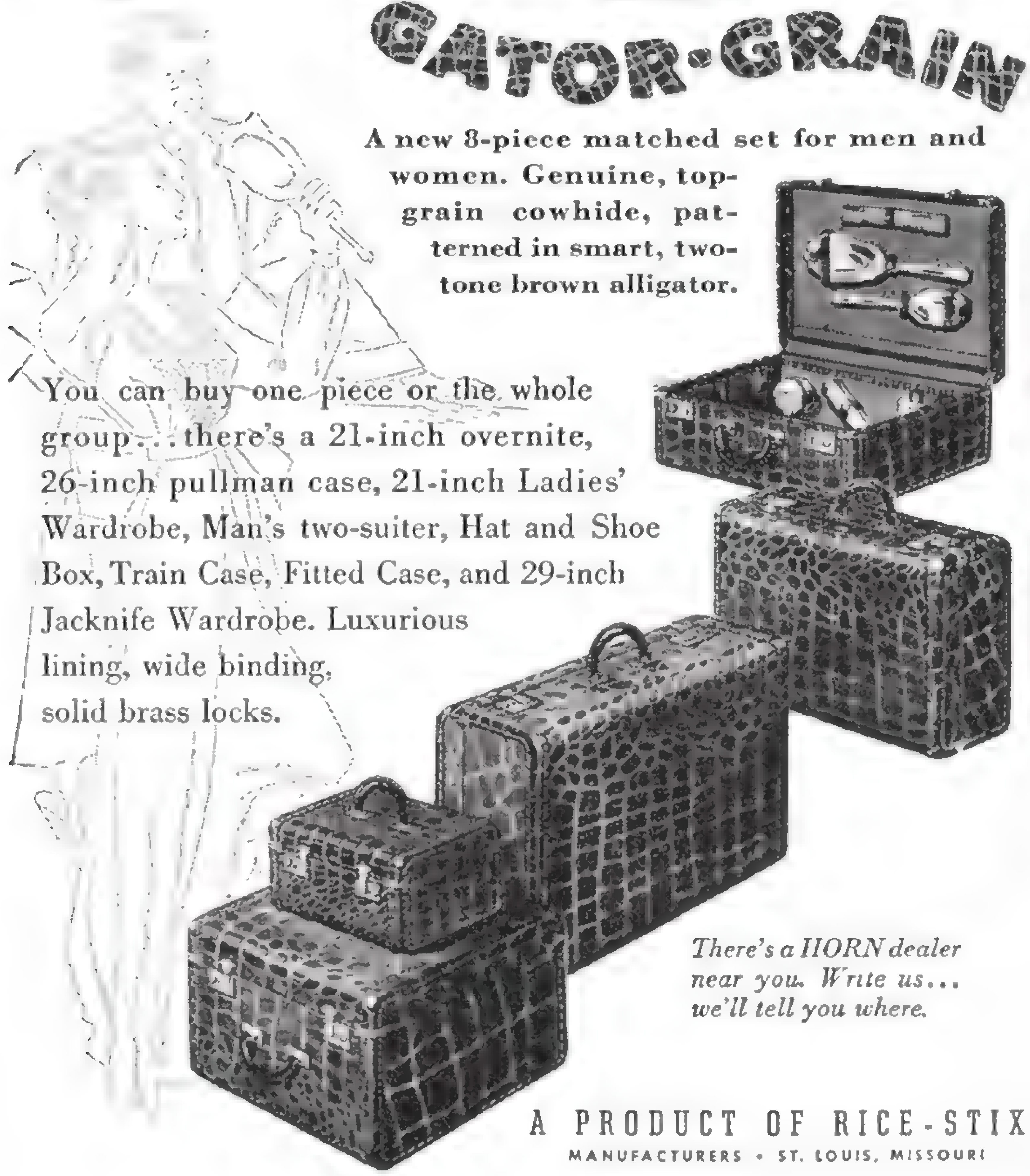
INTRODUCING

Horn LUGGAGE

'GATOR-GRAIN

A new 8-piece matched set for men and women. Genuine, top-grain cowhide, patterned in smart, two-tone brown alligator.

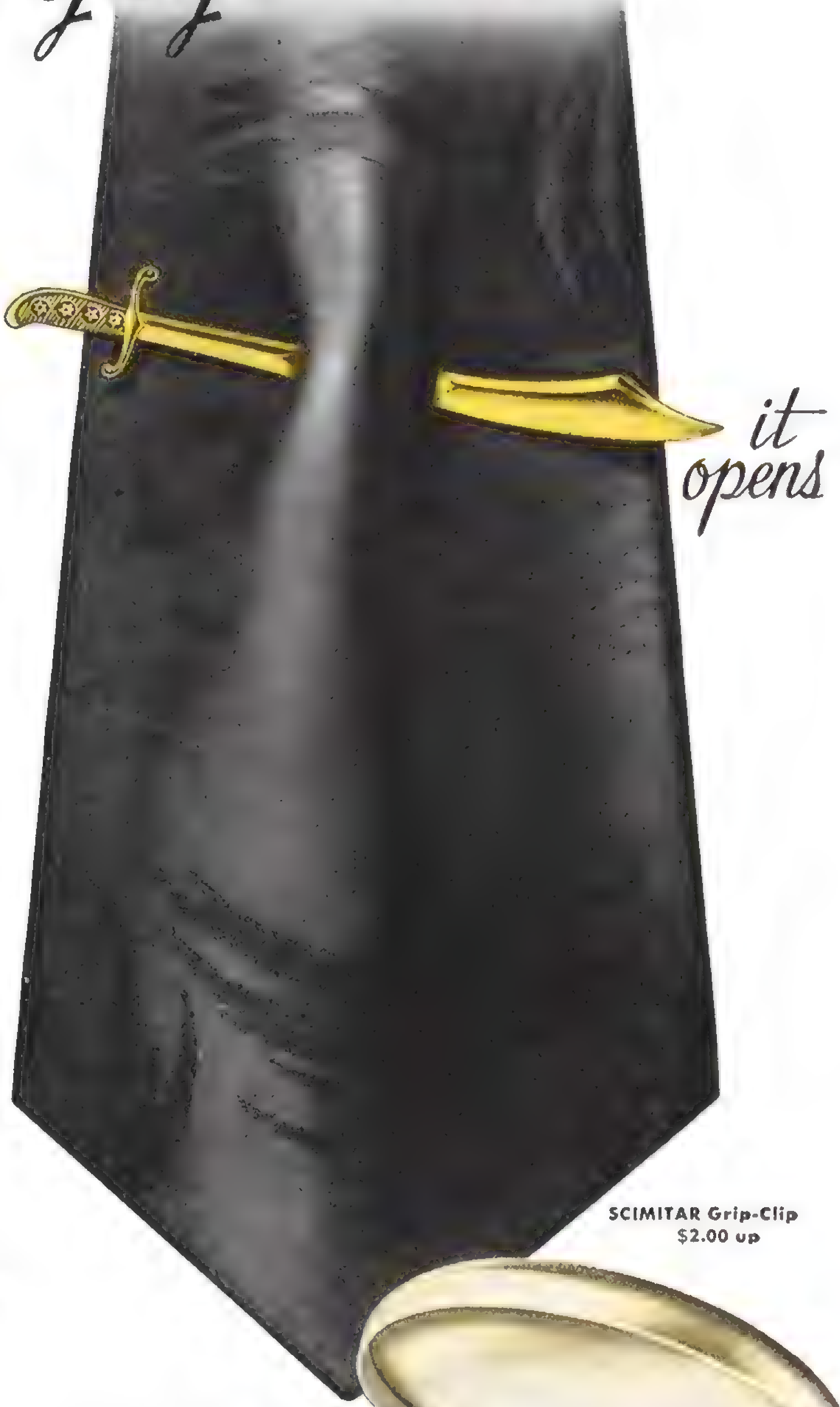
You can buy one piece or the whole group . . . there's a 21-inch overnite, 26-inch pullman case, 21-inch Ladies' Wardrobe, Man's two-suiter, Hat and Shoe Box, Train Case, Fitted Case, and 29-inch Jacknife Wardrobe. Luxurious lining, wide binding, solid brass locks.



There's a HORN dealer near you. Write us . . . we'll tell you where.

A PRODUCT OF RICE-STIX
MANUFACTURERS • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

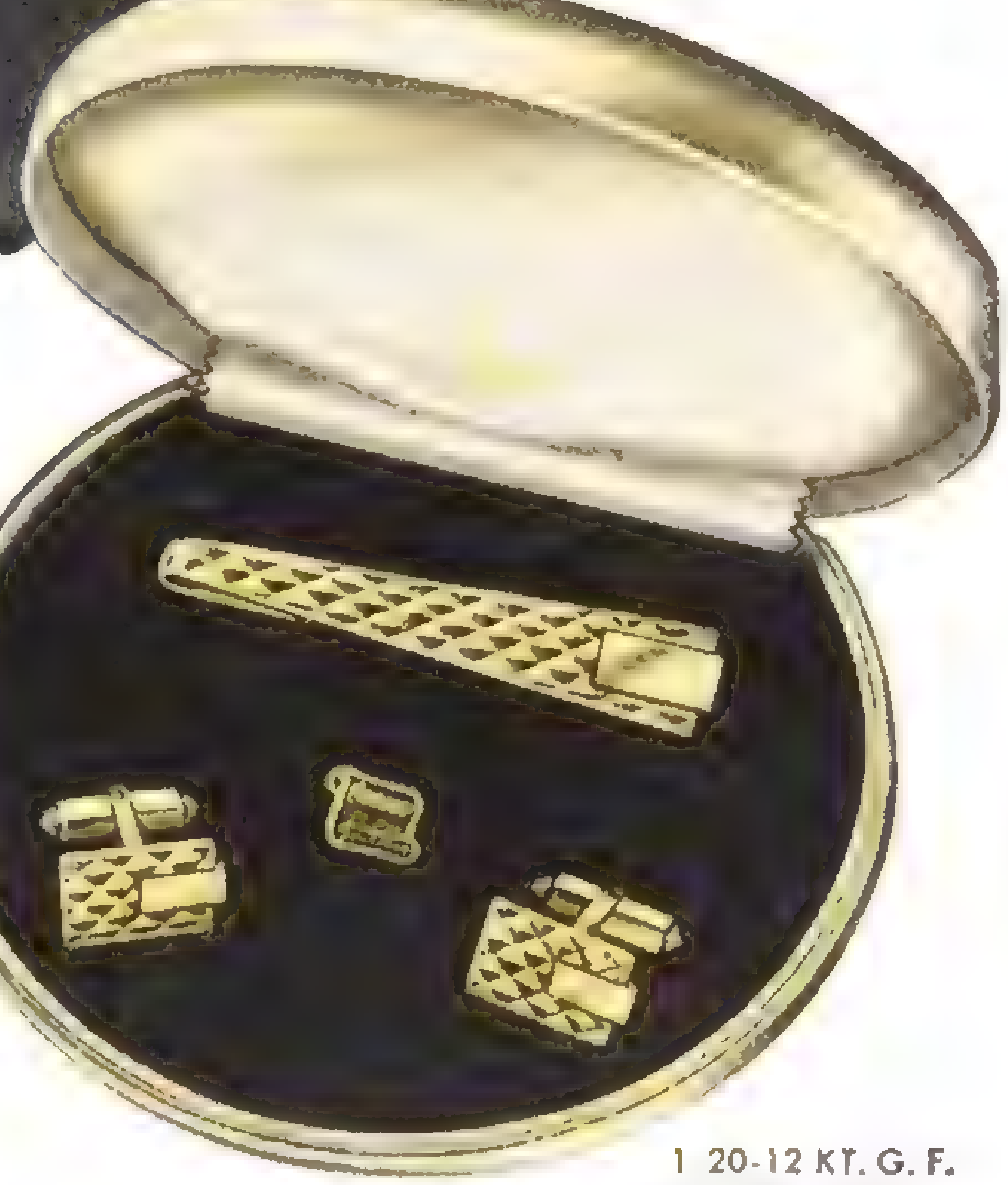
Gay Blade!



SCIMITAR Grip-Clip
$2.00 up

. . . And only Anson Grip-Clips open — stay open while arranging tie—snap closed to hold tie securely.

Nationally admired . . . nationally sold . . . original styling and handsomely boxed . . . ANSON'S THE ANSWER for masculine gift-giving.



1 20-12 KT. G. F.
Tie slide with matching links
$10.00

Anson
A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S JEWELRY

© ANSON INCORPORATED. PROVIDENCE, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

Michigan's Sherlock Holmes

Continued from page 83

called into court to testify—only to be balked again and again by shrewd maneuverings of attorneys.

"That's when I began to think about studying law," he says. It was during the depression that he found time to get his law diploma.

Meanwhile the State Police appointed him official consultant. When his investigations began to interfere with his practice, he decided to devote himself wholly to legal-medical investigations.

He went from coast to coast, studying detection methods; he went to Europe, studied Scotland Yard, the police of Paris and Vienna. Returning to America, he lectured at police schools and conventions, wrote articles for police journals and a book on homicide detection, which is now the Bible of many police departments.

Snyder doesn't claim to be the father of any modern detection methods. "Everything previously published on the subject," he says, "has been written by doctors for doctors, by lawyers for lawyers, by criminologists for criminologists. I merely translated what a great many people know into language everybody can understand."

Among innovations he sponsored in America was the dermalnitrate test to determine if a person has fired a pistol in the preceding twenty-four hours. "This had turned up in Cuba, then Mexico City," he says. "I merely got it a good hearing in the United States."

In a demonstration of the test, five men were sent to a pistol range. One fired a gun, then vigorously scrubbed his hands with soap and water. On their return, Snyder poured hot paraffin over each man's hands, imbedded cotton in it, let it cool, peeled it off. When he dropped acid on the five pairs of paraffin prints, only one showed the blue-black evidence that tiny chunks of unburned powder were buried in the pores.

Courts in most states will not yet accept the result of this test as evidence, but it does help policemen by eliminating many a suspect.

Moulage came into general use through Snyder's efforts. This substance, which was first utilized in France, is used in making casts of tire tracks, wounds, and even masks of unidentified dead. Such masks have led to solution of murder cases, through belated identification, long after the victim has been buried.

Today every Michigan state trooper and many city patrol cars carry little instruments which measure the amount of alcohol a suspected drunken driver may have in his system. The trooper

You never guess wrong on the weather in a CRESTKNIT

THE TOPCOAT WITH "COMFORT CONTROL"*

Invest in Crestknit with Comfort Control.* It works full time for you. It's light when it's cool... warm when it's cold... wrinkle resistant too. The perfect year-round coat. Handsomely tailored in exclusive Cheviot weaves. At better men's stores everywhere. For name of nearest dealer, write:

THE GREENSPOON CO. • Dept E • ST. LOUIS 3, MO. ©1948

only $42^{50}

WARM WHEN IT SNOWS • LIGHTWEIGHT IN FAIR WEATHER • REFUSES TO WRINKLE • LAUGHS AT WIND
CRESTKNIT
the topcoat
with
COMFORT-CONTROL

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CRESTKNIT EXCLUSIVE COMFORT-CONTROL* FEATURES

REFUSES TO WRINKLE
LAUGHS AT WIND
LIGHTWEIGHT IN FAIR WEATHER
DRY WHEN IT RAINS
WARM WHEN IT SNOWS

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY

Sturdy casuals that look right with your tweeds, your camel's hair topcoat...right to wear to the office, and go on to the games, country week-ends, motor trips. Shown: genuine Deerskin Slipon. Ginger or Roan, hand-sewn in black. $8.50

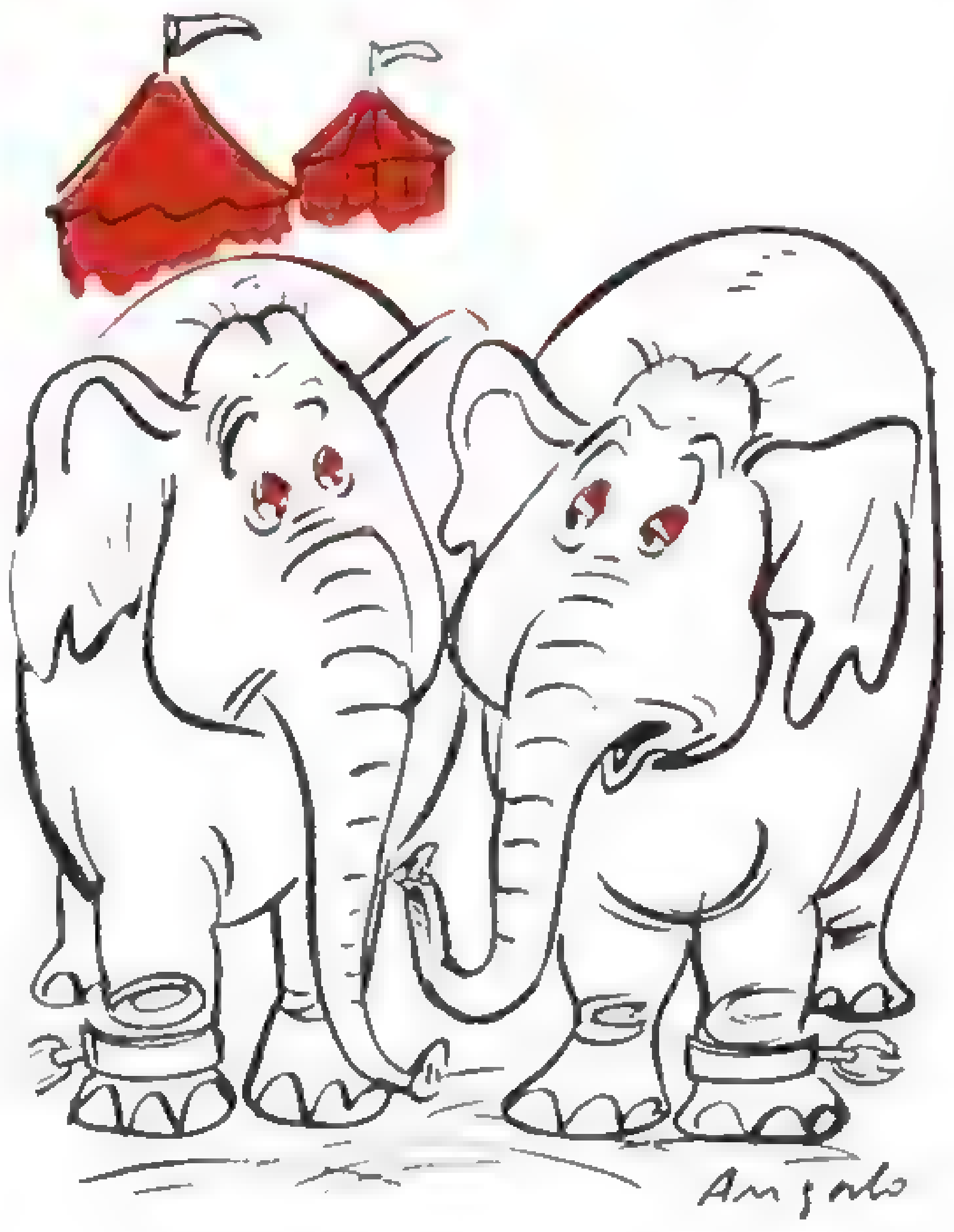
OCCASION-DESIGNED Four "occasion-designed" groups: Town & Country, Executive, Cold Weather, Formal. At fine stores.

hansen gloves

hands the suspect a small rubber balloon, asks him to blow it up. The man's breath retained in the balloon, analyzed chemically, tells the whole story. Snyder did not invent this telltale device, but until he put his medical and legal knowledge to work on it, no court in the state would accept it as evidence. He reduced the explanation of its infallibility from medical terms to language a layman could understand, then translated it into legal terminology and took it into court. Only then did the state supreme court give the device its blessing.

This medical detective is impatient with the fiction writer's theory that there is no such thing as the perfect crime. Occasionally he bumps into homicides many years old which had never been suspected and these lead him to believe that thousands of others have been committed and have passed unnoticed.

A year ago he found such a case. An Italian fruit vender had "committed suicide" twelve years before by cutting his own throat after setting fire to his little shop. His partner, who had left the shop only a few minutes before discovery of the fire, urged thorough police investigation. A brief examination by the coroner resulted in a verdict of suicide.



"I understand the price of peanuts has gone up"

Last year police investigating an arson racket picked up the partner and other associates of the long-dead man. From snatches of talk among members of the gang, officials discovered that shortly before the fire twelve years earlier, the dead man and his partner had quarreled. And there was something about the partner wielding a ball-peen hammer.

Dr. Snyder listened to the thin chain of unconvincing gossip, decided finally, "Well, I guess we've got to dig up Tony."

The subsequent autopsy revealed the perfect imprint of a ball-peen hammer on the back of the skull. The blow undoubtedly had been fatal. The cut throat and the fire had been window dressing. Confronted with this

Continued on page 164

NOILLY PRAT
DRY
FRENCH VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
MUNSON G. SHAW
NEW YORK

THE WINE TASTER—*from an old print*

Blending and tasting are just as important in the production of NOILLY PRAT today as they were 148 years ago when this famous French dry vermouth was first introduced.

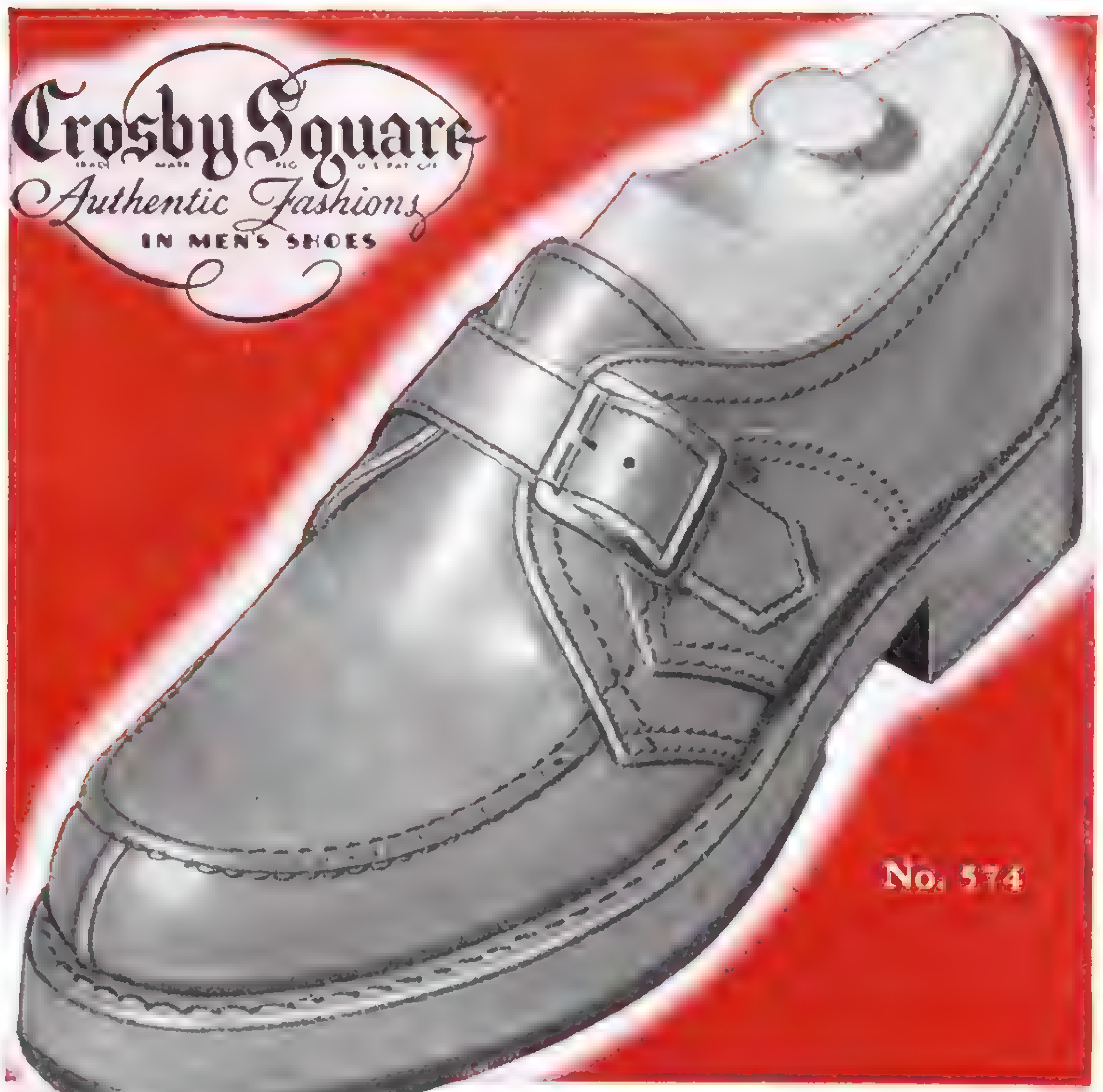
NOILLY PRAT can't be hurried. Time, skill and experience are its essential ingredients. That is why it is so smooth, so mellow, so marvelous.

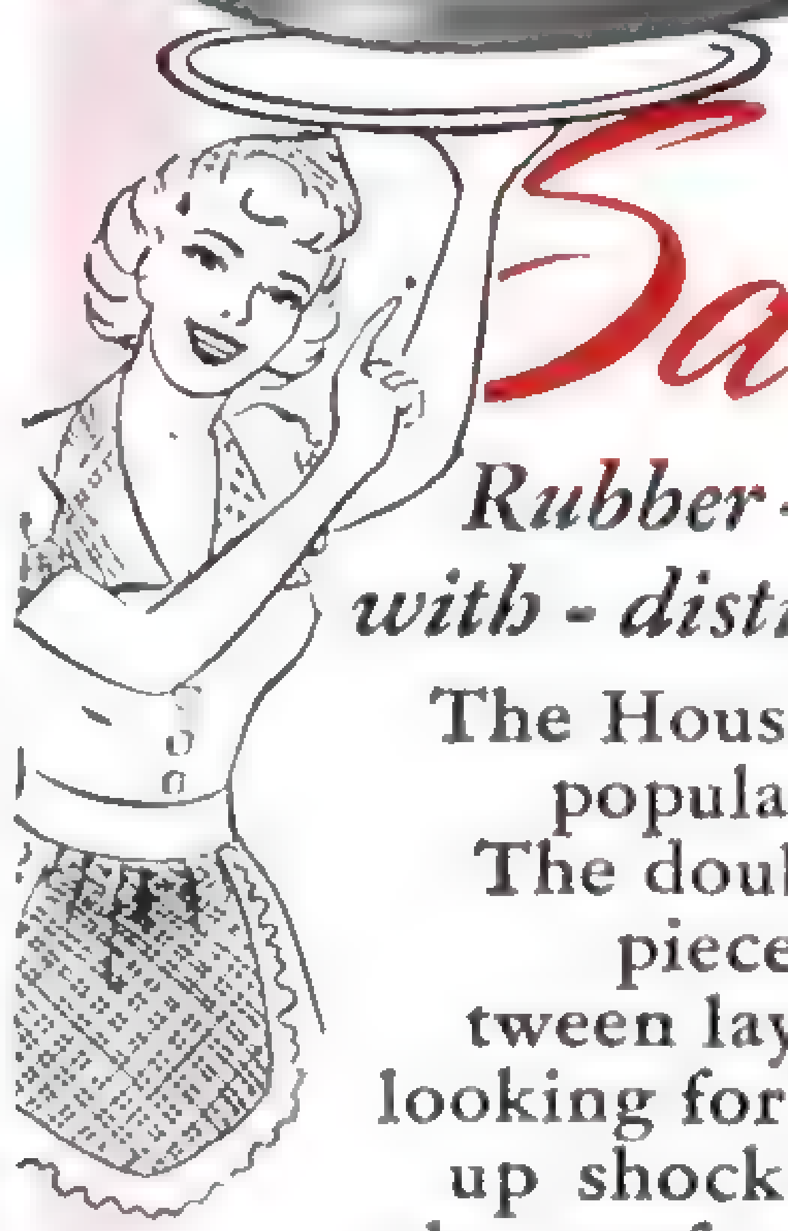
For better Martinis, for better Manhattans, for cooling NOILLY-CASSIS, ask your dealer for

NOILLY PRAT

Dry French Vermouth

SOLE U. S. AGENTS
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC.
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

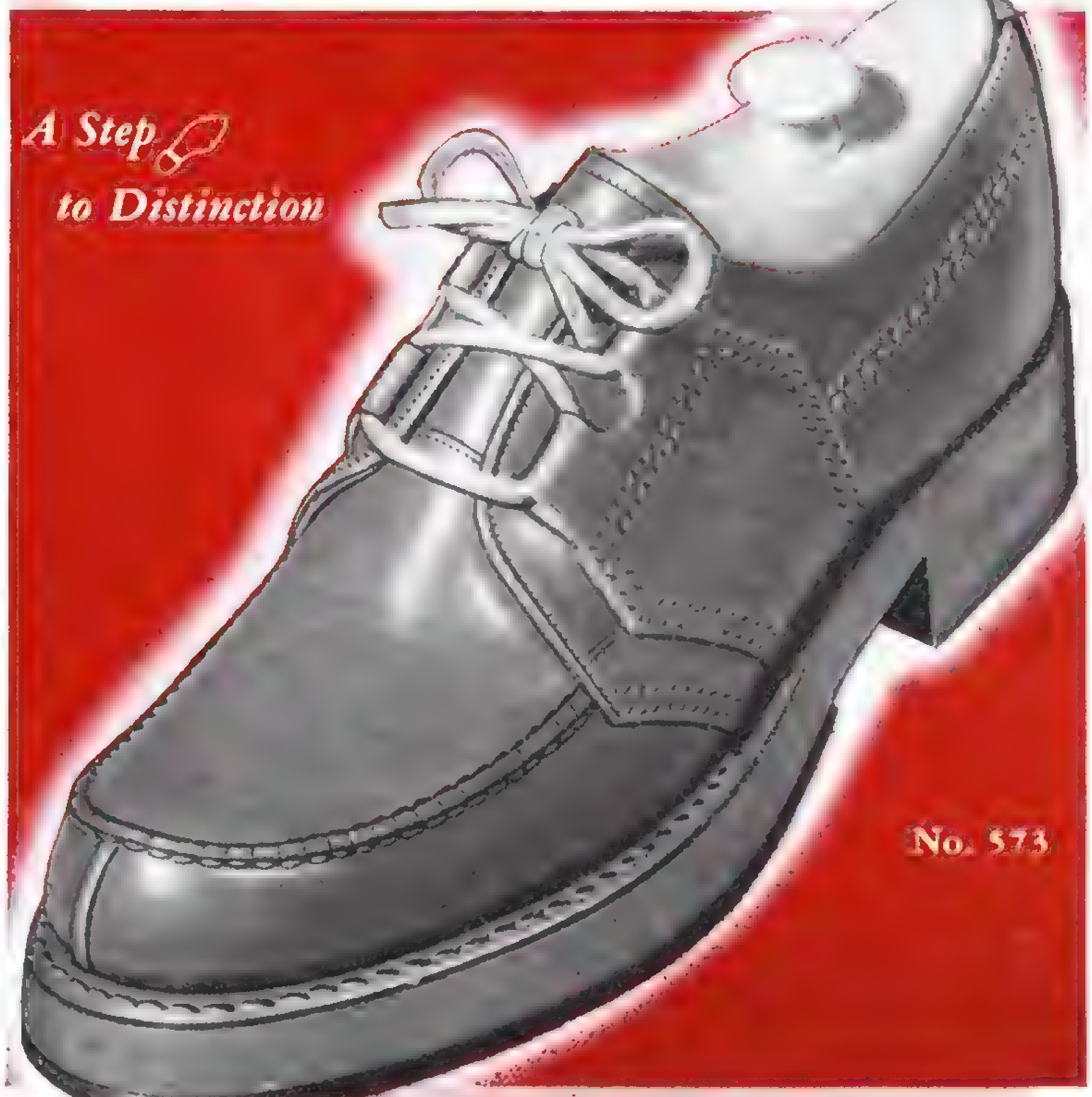




Sandwich Sole

Rubber-on-leather gives you comfort-with-distinction in these new Fall shoes

The House of Crosby Square serves up a popular item on the season's fashion menu. The double-decker sole is formed of a thick piece of springy rubber, sandwiched between layers of leather.....If it's comfort you're looking for, this is your dish. The rubber soaks up shocks and shuts out dampness. And there's plenty of toe-room in the handsome moccasin-style uppers......Look over the sandwich soles featured now by your Crosby Square dealer. *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin*



Authentic Fashion grade at popular prices. Pre-Flex and Airfilm Shoes, somewhat higher.

gladiator*
all leather
cases
for men!
S DRESNER
ORIGINAL LUGGAGE
512 S. PEORIA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES GENUINE S. DRESNER LUGGAGE
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
* T. M. Reg.

Michigan's Sherlock Holmes

Continued from page 163

evidence, the partner confessed.

"But that was only one case," Snyder points out. "Think of the thousands we don't suspect."

Many policemen are openly hostile to this doctor's refusal to "go along" on a case they believe they have solved, without doing his own investigation.

"He just doesn't give a darn about getting a conviction," one officer said. "He takes nothing for granted. He's just as likely to spoil a case after you've got it worked up by proving that the party you've got your hands on can't be guilty."

This happened last May when a twenty-year-old was arrested for first-degree murder. The victim, shot with a small rifle, was the youth's sweetheart. The paraffin test came out positive on *both* the boy's hands and on the right hand of the dead girl. The arresting sheriff charged first-degree murder.

"Hold on!" Snyder cautioned. "This test isn't proof. A positive reaction doesn't prove that a man did fire a gun. A negative reaction does prove that he didn't. He might have got nitrate into his skin some other way—changing the oil in his car, for instance."

The sheriff was adamant. But the defense asked Snyder to look into the case. He subsequently proved that the girl had committed suicide. "One trouble with law enforcement today," Snyder says, "is that many policemen, once they get their hands on a suspect, think about nothing but a conviction. The result is there are occasional miscarriages of justice."

"Pardon me, could you direct us to the Statue of Liberty?"

Snyder doesn't waste much time reading whodunits. He gets phoned puzzles involving life and death at all hours.

"Say, Doc," a voice says, "this is Chief of Police Jones. We've got a little murder here . . ."

Snyder packs his bag and is on his way. #

Continued from page 83

For those who
appreciate
fine quality
MEN'S JEWELRY
by Forstner
Look for this trade mark
R.M.F.

Key Chains in a variety of styles in Sterling Silver-Rhodium Finish and 1/20 12 Kt. Gold Filled. Also 10 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold. Attractively boxed. Priced from $7.50. Fed. tax extra. KOMFIT watch band is available in Stainless Steel, Gold Filled qualities, 10 Kt. Gold-Stainless Steel lined, and all 14 Kt. Gold. Priced from $6.00. At better stores everywhere.

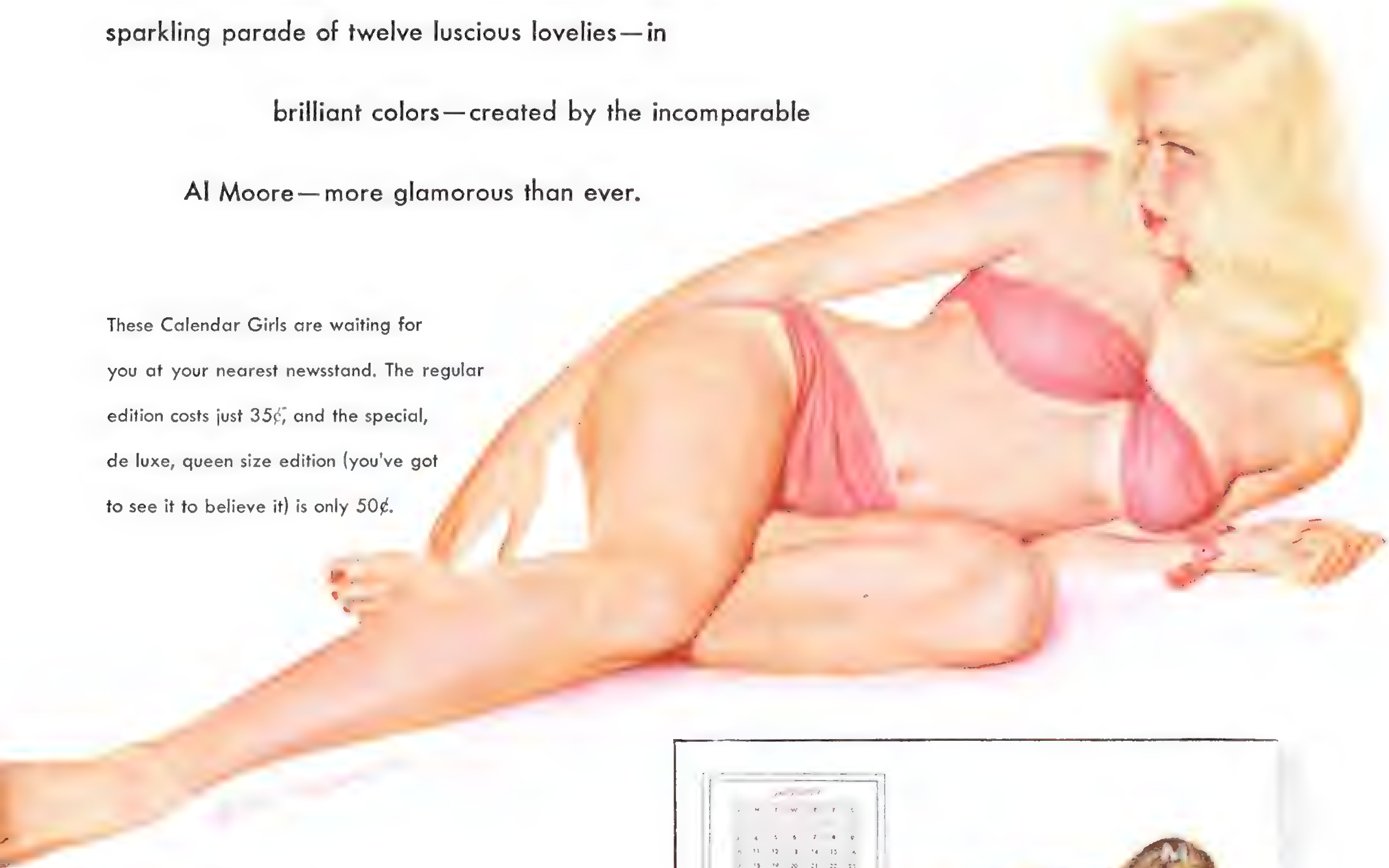
Styles also available
with patented
Snap-Lock key ring.
Snap any key on or off.

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, IRVINGTON 11, NEW JERSEY

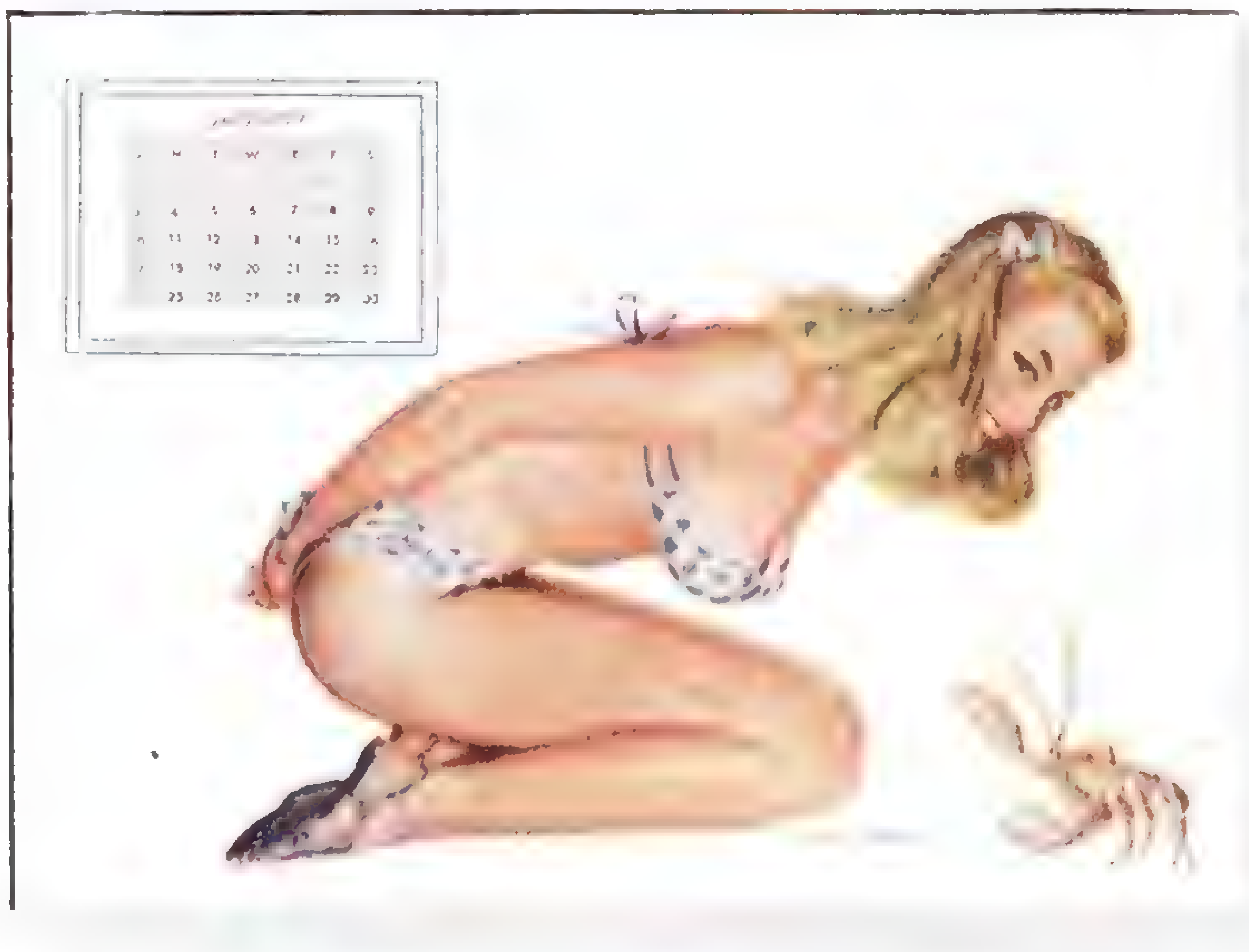
* Uncovered at Last

SHE'S THE COVER GIRL OF THE NEW 1949 ESQUIRE CALENDAR

And she's only the beginning—the first of a sparkling parade of twelve luscious lovelies—in brilliant colors—created by the incomparable Al Moore—more glamorous than ever.



These Calendar Girls are waiting for you at your nearest newsstand. The regular edition costs just 35¢, and the special, de luxe, queen size edition (you've got to see it to believe it) is only 50¢.



***Who am I?** (September Esquire)

I'm sleek and I'm glossy, I'm colorful, too,
I catch both your eye and your mind.
I fit in your home and your office as well,
And I keep you from falling behind.

***What's my name?** (October Esquire)

You'll want me with you every day,
And what I tell you, goes.
I've beauty and utility
From tip down to my toes.

TO RECALL NIGHTS OF TROPIC SPLENDOR

ESQUIRE'S NEW JUNGLE GIRLS EXTEND

An Invitation for Tonight

Yes, for tonight and every night, Esquire's new Jungle Girls—the torrid, tantalizing Tiger Girl and the pulchritudinous, pulsating Panther Girl—extend an invitation for full ripe pleasure—the same exciting pleasure offered by those other jungle beauties, the famed Zebra Girl and Leopard Girl.

For your pleasure's sake, just hold the Jungle Queens in your hand. Their cellulose-coated, two-ply stock and their glowing colors give you that easy-to-play-with touch. Dirt resistant, a damp cloth restores their jungle freshness. These four Esquire Jungle cards are ideal as a gift for yourself or for a valued friend.

ONE DECK: $1.25 **TWO DECKS: $2.00**

Just send in this coupon today . . . (U. S. orders only)

Esquire Inc., Box 1719, Chicago, Illinois

Here is my check, cash, or money order for $____________.

Please send me:

SINGLE DECKS

☐ Decks of Tiger Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck.

☐ Decks of Panther Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

☐ Decks of Zebra Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck.

☐ Decks of Leopard Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck.

SETS

☐ Pairs of the original Jungle Girl Cards; Leopard Girl and Zebra Girl at $2.00 per pair.

☐ Pairs of the new Jungle Girl Cards; Tiger Girl and Panther Girl at $2.00 per pair.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City & State ____________________

ATTENTION, BUSINESSMEN: Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards with imprinted containers make wonderful advertising specialties. For detailed information, please address inquiries on your business letterhead to: Esquire Calendar Division, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

A Heart Condition

Continued from page 54

and Mrs. Engelsen apparently didn't want to talk so I didn't. That's one thing you've got to watch when you get my age—you are liable to go running off at the mouth in a great way. I sat there, soaking in the sun and wondering about that look I'd seen on the girl's face. Because it wasn't any look for that child to be having. But, I said to myself, it's none of my business. And it wasn't—for about ten minutes.

Then the canoe tipped over.

I heard a shout and squinted over, and there they were, in the center of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from us, and the canoe riding belly-up.

Mrs. Engelsen jumped up and began calling, "Jennifer! Jennifer! Hold on! Hold on tight!" Then she was moaning to herself, "Oh, my baby! She'll drown."

I saw Fred Engelsen trying to pull himself out of the water and right the canoe but he couldn't make it. He had too much fat on him for that trick. The girl was holding on to the end.

I ran down and got into my little "bug" and luck was with me—I got the outboard going with the second rip of the cord and away I went. When I got close I cut the motor and I could hear Fred cussing the kid for being so clumsy and upsetting them.

I helped them both in and I was making the canoe fast so we could tow it back when I heard a couple of sharp cracks behind me. I turned and saw the red welts his hand had left on her cheek. She didn't cry; she didn't do anything but look straight ahead of her all the way back. But her stepfather seemed to be in sudden good spirits again.

It wasn't until we were safe ashore that he went into his heart business. Grace Engelsen whipped off the jacket that went with her playsuit to put around Jennifer's shoulders. That was when I saw the bruises on Grace's shoulders. They were the contusions that Fred's big fingers would make. Jennifer saw them too, and froze at the sight of them. And then Fred sank down in the deck chair.

"Oh. Lemme sit down. Oh. Got it that time." He beat his chest a couple of times with his fist. "Oh. Can't breathe. Sick. Sicker'n a dog." He shut his eyes and began to pant. I took his wrist. His pulse was up around ninety, steady as a rock. Then he remembered that I was a doctor. He shook his head and smiled up at me. "Got to be careful, they tell me. Feel better now. Just a twinge. Comes and goes."

Grace hustled them both into the house to change into dry

Continued on page 168

MENDEL
Luggage

NEW!
"STYLES OF TOMORROW"
IN
MENDEL LUGGAGE

Not just *new* . . . but *distinctively new* . . . is the best way to describe these unusual Mendel Luggage styles. New designs . . . new coverings . . . new, modern color effects . . . created by Mendel for your traveling pleasure. And, of course, the exclusive, famous Mendel Shock-Pruf Edge. At better shops and luggage departments everywhere. Mendel-Drucker, Inc., Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

SHOCK-PRUF EDGE

"YES SIR, THIS IS THE IMPORTANT 4/5ths* OF YOUR DRINK,"

* It's a fact . . . 4/5ths of the average highball is mixer. So don't spoil it with an ordinary club soda. Insist on Canada Dry. Here's why:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation*—means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula*—makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing*—assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality*—uniform the world over.

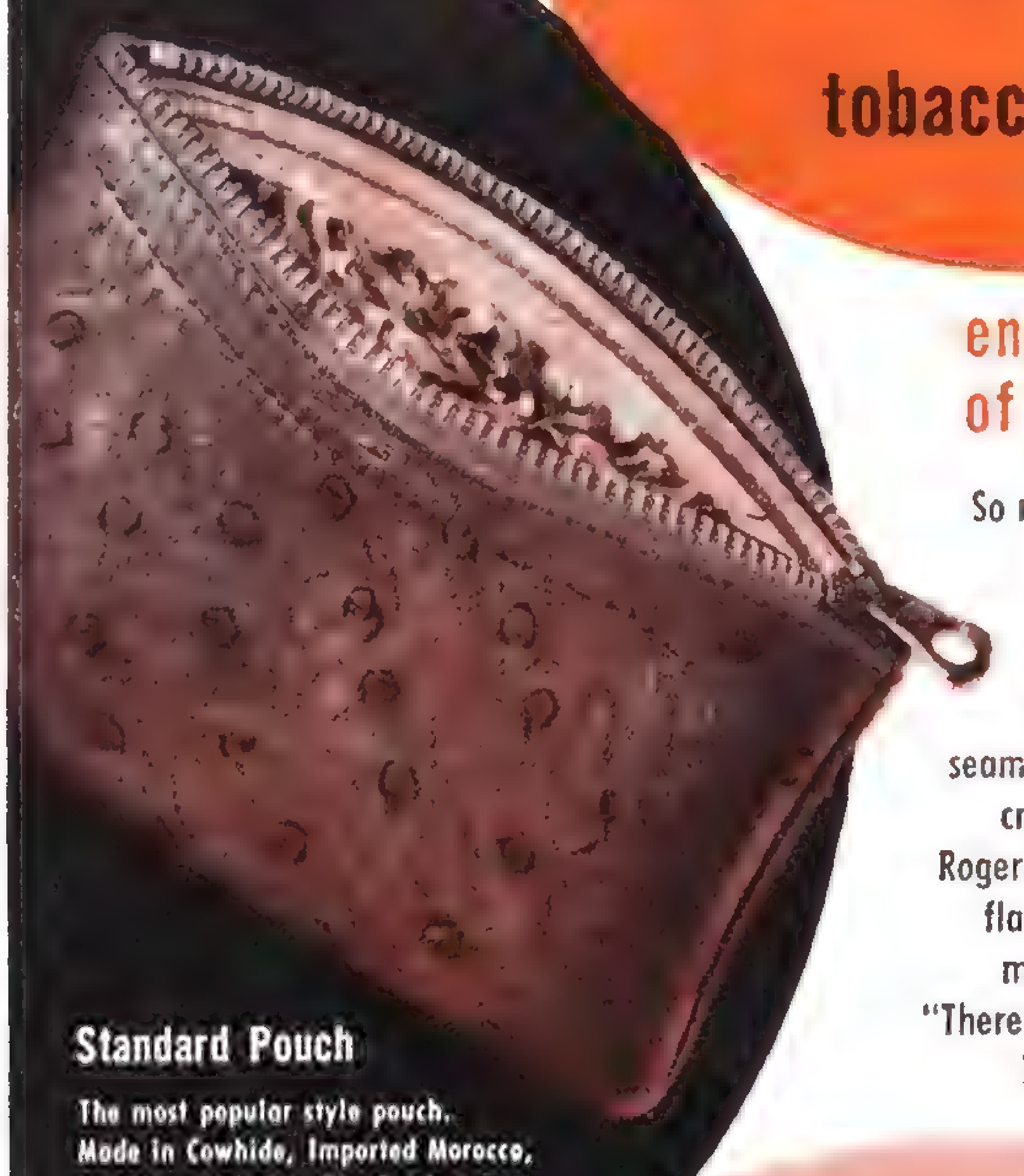
THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRINK
WORLD FAMOUS
CANADA DRY WATER
World's Most Popular Club Soda
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER

BIG BOTTLE 15¢ Plus deposit
(in most areas)

Rogers Air-tite*
the finest in
tobacco pouches

enjoy a pouchful
of fresh tobacco

So many men prefer Rogers Air-tite* that it has become the largest-selling tobacco pouch made. Special moulded, seamless rubber inner pouch, created and patented† by Rogers, protects freshness and flavor. Exquisitely made in many styles and leathers. "There's joy in a pouch when it bears the name Rogers."

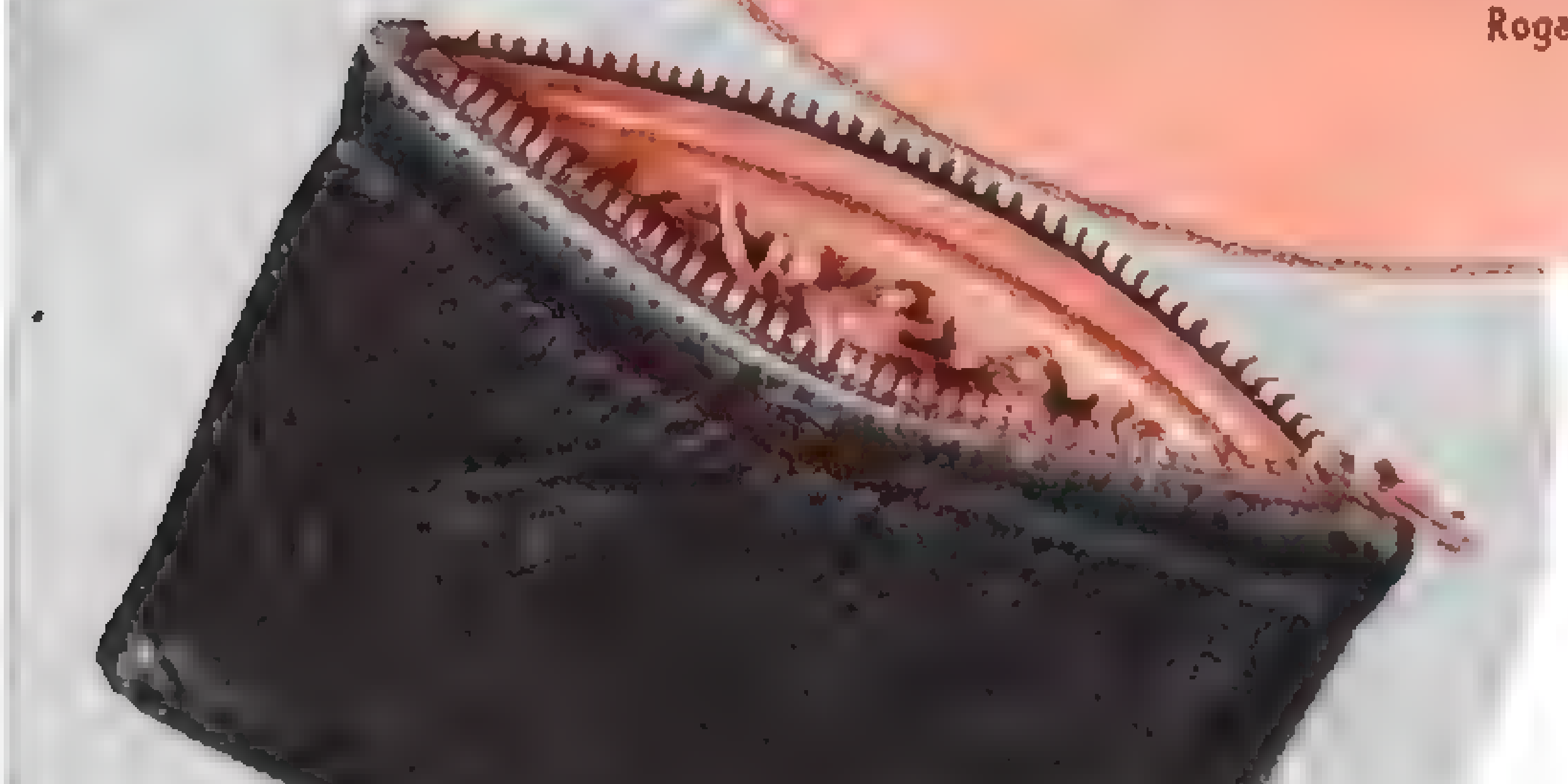


Standard Pouch

The most popular style pouch. Made in Cowhide, Imported Morocco, Pigskin and other fine leathers, $1.50 to $15, depending on choice of leather. Illustrated: Australian Ostrich — $10.

Combination Pouch

Carries pipe and tobacco snugly. Handsomely made in Sealskin, Kidskin, Lizard Calfskin, etc., from $2.50 to $20.00, depending on leather chosen. Pouch shown: Alligator Calfskin, $5.00. Rogers Rarity Pipe, $5.00.



Daily Pouch

Compact—holds one-day supply of tobacco. In Calfskin, Capeskin, Goatskin, and other fine leathers, $1.50 to $15, depending on leather chosen. We illustrate a crushed Lambskin pouch at $2.50.

At finer shops everywhere

Rogers imports, inc., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
manufacturers and importers of the finest smokers' accessories
EXCLUSIVE U. S. DISTRIBUTOR, PETERSON'S PIPES, DUBLIN, LONDON
Rogers Air-tite Pouches in Canada—G. T. Lanning Ltd., Toronto
*"Air-Tite" IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF ROGERS IMPORTS, INC. †U. S. PAT. NO. 1,801,192 CAN. PAT. NO. 374,167

A Heart Condition

Continued from page 167

clothes. She didn't say anything in front of me, but from my porch later I heard them quarreling. I judged it was about his slapping the girl. I could hear Grace whispering and Fred rumbling, both trying to keep it soft so I wouldn't hear them. Jennifer, I judged, was in her room.

Now, they had asked me to dinner that night and I've often wondered since what would have happened if I'd refused. I'm a pretty good camp cook, but home cooking is home cooking and I got kind of spoiled all the years my wife was living. I went over.

Mrs. Engelsen turned out a mighty fine pot roast. And she'd made a deep-dish apple pie. But I didn't quite finish mine. There was too much in the air. The Bible says, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," and I could have seconded the motion right then and there. Because, sitting there trying to make talk, I could *feel* that girl hating him.

If you've ever stuck your hand all of a sudden into a box of kittens presided over by an old mother cat and had her look up at you just before she went into action with the claws, you'll know just the expression that girl had on her face. You see, it was like she was the mother and Grace Engelsen was her child.

Fred had fixed us drinks before supper, and when he didn't know I was looking he'd sneaked a long one out of the bottle for himself. Well, after the girls had cleared the dishes away, he got himself a tumbler and set the bottle down beside his chair out on the porch. He kept offering me a refill and I kept saying no, but this didn't stop him from putting it away.

He was a hearty sort of cuss and he knew more off-color stories than you could shake a stick at. I don't mind a good story now and then but the girls were right out there in the kitchen and his voice carried. I reckon it could carry all the way down to Bright's Cove. Suddenly his voice changed tone. It got sly and greasy. He leaned toward me. "Doc—you know that young fellow, works in Melton's garage at the Cove?"

"You mean Eddie Burgstresser," I said.

"Yep. Yep, that's the one. Now, Doc, he's my idea of a real fine, upstanding, athletic type of boy. He's just the type to get the women folks silly about him. You know what I mean, Doc? You know what I mean?"

I didn't have to turn around to know that Mrs. Engelsen had come out of the kitchen and that this last was for her benefit. His

---

MEN WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR CLOTHES..PREFER
Silvertex
PREFERRED
Clothes
TAILORED OF
Royal Spruce Cloth
BY MONTROSE
ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST WORSTED MILLS

SILVERTEX
PREFERRED CLOTHES

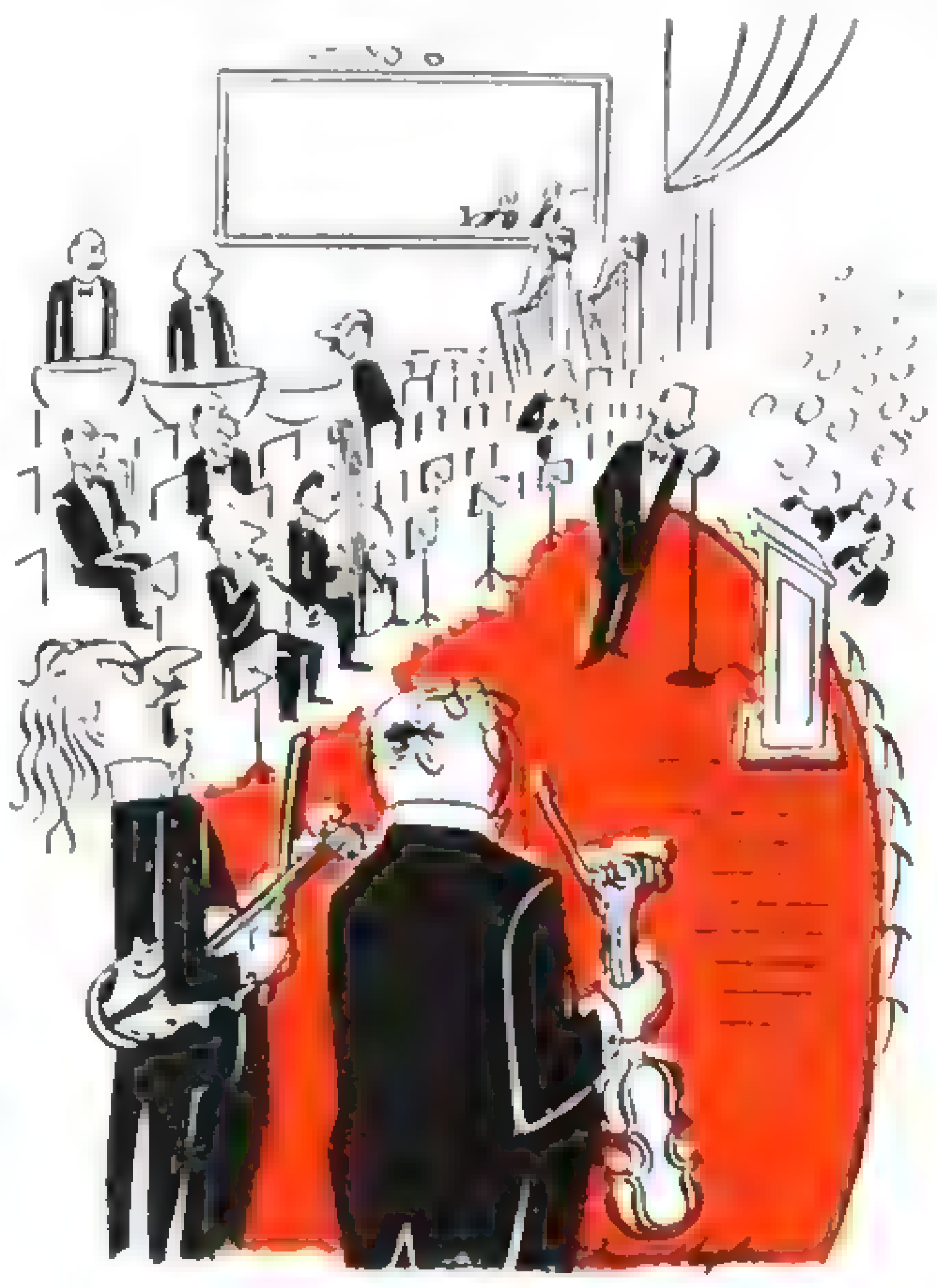
SILVERTEX CLOTHES have that distinguished custom-tailored look, achieved through 22 hand operations in the meticulous tailoring. Developed of Royal Spruce 2 ply worsteds in exclusive patterns, featured by stores from coast to coast, at . . $60

THE SILVERTEX COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA 2, PA.

voice got louder and thicker the more he drank. "They tell me, Doc," he went on, "that this here fine, upstanding young fellow—looks like a football player, don't he? Or an iceman? I think he looks more like an iceman. Well, they tell me that he was seen sneaking out of one of the cottages round about one morning when the poor, hard-working husband was away. It was a cottage a couple of miles from here—around where *we* used to live before we took this place."

Grace had joined us and was sitting looking out over the lake. And there I was, right in the middle. There was this fellow, looking more and more like a prize hog at a fair with every drink he took, accusing his wife in front of me of carrying on with Ed Burgstresser. And Engelsen was doing it in such a way that I couldn't have stopped him even if I'd been young and his size.

"Never can tell what you'll find in a place like this," he went on. "Never can tell, eh, Doc?"



"I still can't get used to being called 'Frostoria Toothpaste Symphony Orchestra'"

"No," I said, just to answer him somehow. "Guess you can't."

"Why, you know . . ." He leaned over and laid one sweaty hand like a mop on my arm. "They tell me that up at Hemlock Inn they've got a waitress that's a mighty interesting girl. Great *personality*. Get it? Of course this is just what the lawyer fellows call 'information and belief.' " And he laughed again.

Finally he got tired of deviling his wife and decided he was going fishing. The sun had set, and across the lake lights had started to wink on. It should have been soft and friendly and lovely sitting there on the porch on the summer night, but it wasn't.

The girl, Jennifer, had gone off and sat by herself down on our little dock. Now she came back and was going into the house without noticing him. He reached out and grabbed her. "C'mere, sweetheart. C'mere and sit on your old daddy's lap. Bein' a stepdaddy has a lot of advan-

Continued on page 170

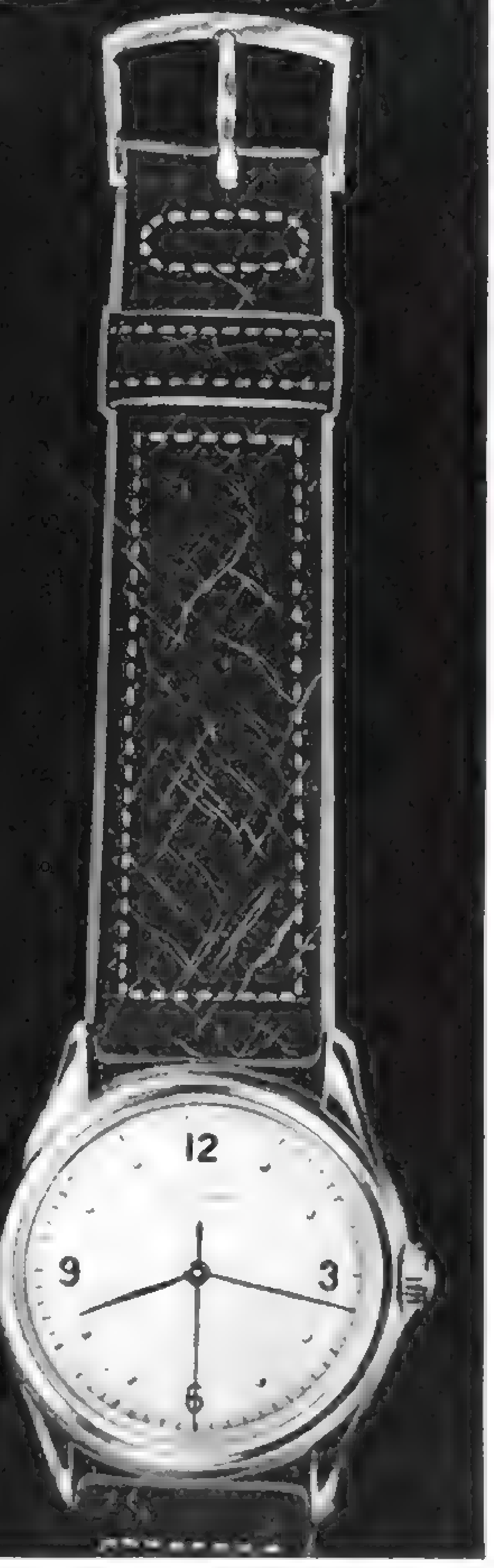
concord
Watches

. . . so much depends on Good Timing

. . . And your concord watch is accurate . . . completely reliable.
Made in Switzerland . . .
Recommended by America's Leading Jewelers.
A 17 jewel, water-resistant, strap watch in 14K yellow gold.
Priced from $120.
Also available in stainless steel.

. . . CELEBRATING 40 YEARS OF ACCURATE TIMING

Illustrated folder available. Concord Watch Co
10 W. 47th St., New York 19, N.Y.



Romantic Regals

Romance Satins $2.50

Regal Ties

$1. to $5. at Better Stores – or write to..
FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., Mfrs., ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK OFFICE, 385 FIFTH AVE.

PURITAN
"Bold Look"
SWEATERS

Puritan
Heavy ski-weight
BOLDMOOR
Puritan
Medium weight
KEYSTONE
sleeves or sleeveless

Inspired by Esquire and strikingly interpreted by Puritan, these "Bold Look" sweaters offer a really new approach in sweater styling. To suit the taste of every rugged individual—they come in six exciting color combinations. If your dealer is out of Puritan "Bold Look" sweaters, write us direct.

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc.
Empire State Bldg., New York 1

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR
SWEATERS • SPORT SHIRTS • WEATHERPROOF JACKETS • BEACHWEAR

A Heart Condition

Continued from page 169

tages, doesn't it, Doc? Eh?"

Without a word, she spun away from him and I saw the white marks his fingers left on her forearm turn angry red. She turned quickly and went back down the front steps and out of sight. I thought she was going back to the dock, but she came up in a minute and steered her way around him and went inside.

Fred got up, weaving a little, and picked up his fishing rod. He told his wife not to misbehave with old doc. I could have given him a push down those steep stairs with a right good will. But somebody had been ahead of me. I heard a rattle and then a yell and a crash, and when I ran over, Fred Engelsen was sprawled at the foot of the stairs. It was pretty dark and I called out to him to find out if he was hurt.

"Reckon I ain't, Doc. But it ain't the fault of whatever fool left that broom laying crosswise the steps. Well, I'm going fishing."

He stamped off and got in his canoe and pushed off in the gathering dark. That broom hadn't been there when we came up earlier. It didn't even belong anywhere near by. But if Fred hadn't been drunk and relaxed, a fall down a flight of steps like that might have broken his neck.

I had it pretty well figured by this time that Jennifer had upset the canoe on purpose, hoping that Fred would try to swim ashore and that the swim would be too much for him. And the same way, later, with the broom and the fall. She really believed he had a dangerous cardiac condition.

Well, I was in a spot, let me tell you. Here was this child trying to kill a man. Fifteen is a dangerous age. After we're grown up, we get used to compromising and letting common sense and practicality tell us what to do and when to hold back. But for a kid of fifteen all these ideas such as Honor and Loyalty and Courage really mean something. The kid sees them all in bright colors—they're not the faded rags of ideas most of us keep stuffed in our hip pockets as we get old.

Well, here was this girl fixing to kill a man. And I couldn't do anything about it. Because if I came out flat-footed and told her to stop trying to kill her stepfather, and then it just happened that she wasn't trying to kill him after all . . . well, I gave it up. I just sat there, talking to Mrs. Engelsen.

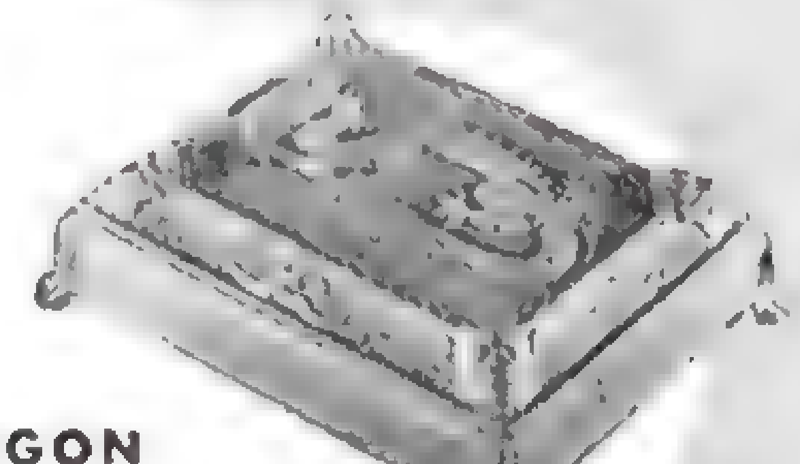
Jennifer came out after a while and she was too quiet.

I thought I knew what was going on in the child's head. She sat on the arm of her mother's

GIFT INSPIRATION
NEWEST NOTE IN
Distinctive Hospitality

Whether you deal them yourself or use them as a gift, these Cruver Vinylite Plastic playing cards will outlast 150 decks of ordinary cards! They're *washable*—grease and soil clean off instantly!
With Cruver cards, you'll *always* have a "fresh deck" to play. Liquids have no effect on these beauties—and they're chip-proof and fray-proof, too! Get them today at drug, gift, stationery and department stores.

STREAMLINE
Popular set with marble gray cover and black base. Recently reduced to only $5.95 per set.



DRAGON
Bold, eye-catching design in heavy plastic box—jade green, ebony black, or ivory. Two decks $6.95

MONOGRAM
Newest Cruver set. Your initials in gold on every card, "to order" from your dealer. Two decks in swank, gold-trimmed alligator leatherette box, $10.00.

VERONA
Single deck in attractive black or marble gray plastic box.
Pinochle deck $3.50
Bridge deck $3.25

Cruver *Personalized* VINYLITE PLASTIC PLAYING CARDS
"A Luxury Compliment to Your Guests"

chair, and once she leaned over and laid her cheek on Grace Engelsen's hair so gentle that the mother never noticed it. Or anyhow, she never let on. I think she noticed it, though, because her voice got lower and her eyes, if I could have seen them in the dark, would have been wide and bright.

Finally Jennifer said, "I'm going to make some coffee. When he gets back he'll want some."

Her mother said it was a good idea.

I didn't think it was such a good idea. And I began to think of some excuse that would get me out into the kitchen, but somehow I couldn't think of one and before I knew it here come Fred Engelsen back again. He had three perch and a sunny, all pretty good size. He put them in the icebox on the back porch, and then he said, "Sure smells good. By rights I oughtn't never to touch it. The medicos tell me that caffeine is bad for the old pump. But I been drinking a couple of quarts of java a day all my life. Can't stop now. Someday I'll just go out like a candle."

Jennifer brought in a tray with the cups. There were three in front and one in the back, near her. She gave one cup to her mother and one to me and set one down on the floor near the swing where she'd been sitting. Then she started for Fred with the last cup. Her hands were shaking so that the coffee slopped into the saucer.

"I put sugar in yours, *Daddy*," she said, with that funny, too-innocent tone of a kid who is trying to get away with something. Some kids are natural-born liars but this wasn't one of them. Her mother was probably too nervous and upset to catch all this. But out in the kitchen I had noticed something earlier that day—there was a can of sugar-and-arsenic syrup for ants.

Fred reached out for that coffee, and I looked up and saw Jennifer's face in the light from the living room. There was that smile again. The smile of murder.

I upset my cup of coffee.

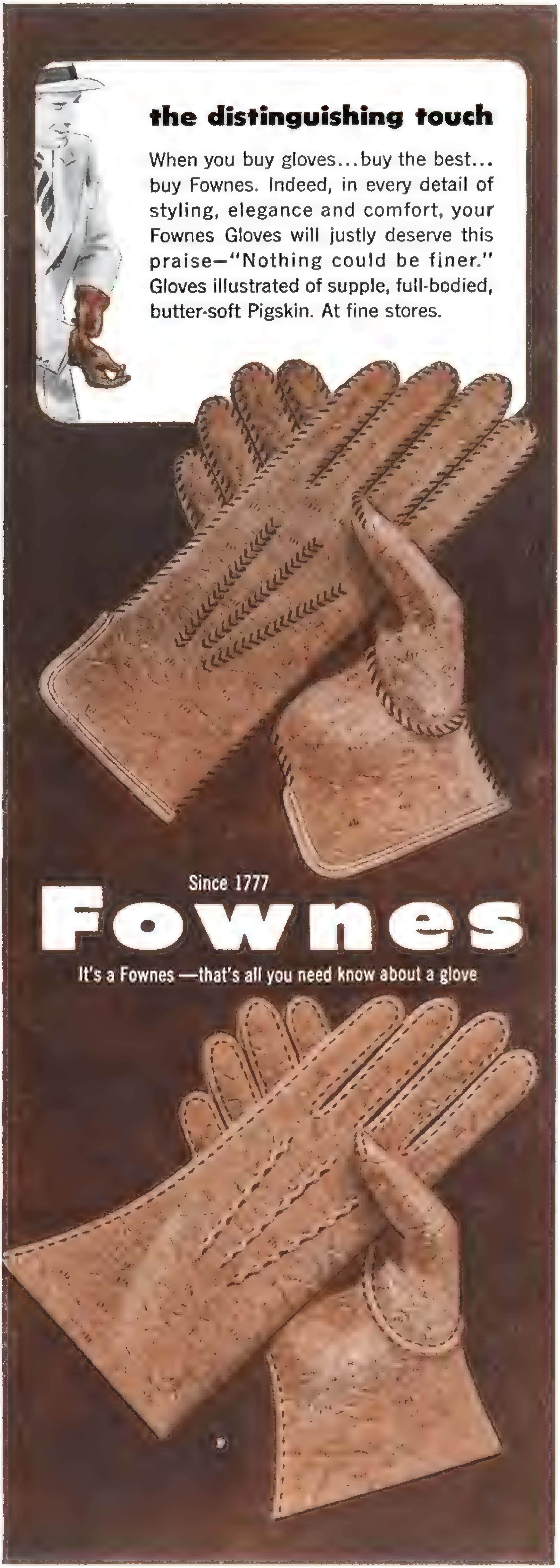
Fred let out a bellow that was meant for a laugh, and when he had got done haw-hawing he said, "Here, Doc, take mine." He handed me his cup.

The girl stood there with her arms hanging like ropes at her sides. Her eyes were so wide you could see the whites all around the iris. She was biting her lip with her little white teeth. She was one desperate kid.

I handed her the cup. "Put another spoonful of sugar in it for me, Miss Jennifer," I said. And she managed to hold on to the saucer long enough to get it into the house.

That was that. When she brought it out again, even the cup and saucer were a different

Continued on page 172



the distinguishing touch

When you buy gloves...buy the best...buy Fownes. Indeed, in every detail of styling, elegance and comfort, your Fownes Gloves will justly deserve this praise—"Nothing could be finer." Gloves illustrated of supple, full-bodied, butter-soft Pigskin. At fine stores.

Since 1777

Fownes

It's a Fownes—that's all you need know about a glove

ETONIC

for America's best-fitted men

"DOUBLE WEATHER-SEALED"!*

3666

. . . **SO WATER STAYS OUT!** America's only "Double Weather-Sealed"* styles, with cushioning rubber midsoles, and leather soles and sole seams waterproof-vulcanized so feet stay dry without rubbers. Only Etonic makes them . . . in 18 different First-in-Fit Styles! *Pat. Pend.

ETONIC BOOTMAKERS SINCE 1876

First in Fit SHOES

Made in the Bootshop of Charles A. Eaton, Brockton, Mass. • *Fine Bootmakers Since 1876*

Informal C-O-M-F-O-R-T in Formal Wear

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

AMERICA'S FIRST NAME IN FORMAL WEAR

Pick the girl and the place—then, for formal smartness plus a world of comfort, choose "The 400"—aristocrat of AFTER SIX evening wear! You'll marvel at the light weight of the Midnite-Blue Tropical fabric, perfect for wear the year 'round. The flattering satin-faced shawl collar (also in peak lapel styles) will add to your height and slim your hips. No wonder it's fast becoming America's most popular tux! AFTER SIX formal wear . . . at better men's shops.

Write for free AFTER SIX Formal Wear Dress Chart "E"

S. RUDOFKER'S SONS, INC. 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

A Heart Condition

Continued from page 171

pattern. I could see right then and there that this kid was heading for trouble. If she would overlook a thing like that, she'd never be able to cover up if the police really began nosing around into Fred Engelsen's death. Not that she'd want to. She would tell them she killed him, straight off. And she'd tell them why. I didn't think she would give up the idea, either. For that night, yes. But the night wasn't over yet.

I was just about ready to pay my respects and get along over and to bed when Fred started bellowing that the party was laying an egg. Nothing would do but he must go down to Bright's Cove and get another bottle.

He had a time getting the car backed around and started, and then he drove over a lilac bush on the way out.

We sat on the porch and waited. Finally Jennifer said something I couldn't catch, and her mother said, "Now is a good time, dear. You can play some of them before he gets back."

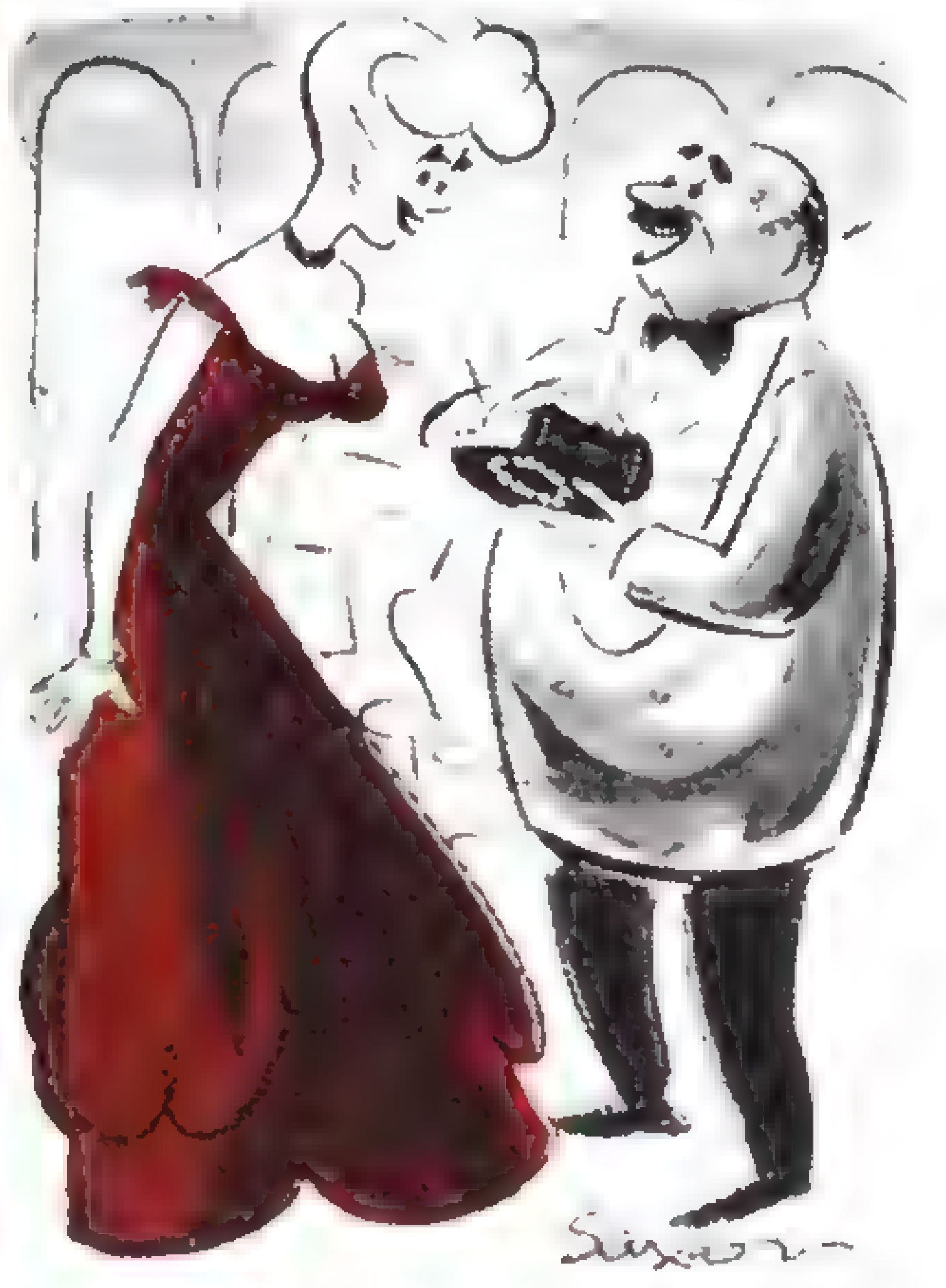
The girl went inside.

"She's crazy about Western songs ever since last summer when we were out at a dude ranch. Fred can't stand them, though. You don't mind if she plays some of her records, do you?"

I told her I liked them myself, especially *Home on the Range*.

So we had some music. And with that fellow gone, the lake was almost like it had been other summers. The wind was warm that night and the stars were out by the million. While Jennifer was changing records, I heard a screech owl call from back in the woods and I mentioned it to Mrs. Engelsen. She said she'd heard the sound before but never knew what it was. "It's lovely to have someone around who knows about nature," she said. "You'll have to teach me more about the birds."

Jennifer was quiet in the living room and I got up and went in, letting on I was looking for matches. The child was sitting on the floor with a record album in her lap, looking straight ahead of her.



"I'm afraid you'll think I'm just a sentimental old fool"

Useful Gifts for Friends and Customers

6 Knives in Walnut Case
$11.95

Super Sharp Simmons Steak Knives For Individual Use!

Finest Swedish steel, double-hollow-ground, stainless finish blades. They really cut . . . actually make steaks taste better than ever. They're ideal gifts for gentlemen!

5 Knives in Oak Holder
$6.95*

New Sharper Cutlery In Oak Holder; Appeals To Both Man and Wife!

These super sharp knives cut smoother, thinner slices with less effort. They'll hold their amazing, keen cutting edge long after ordinary knives are dull. They're welcome gifts in any household!

In Attractive Gift Box
$2.00

Smorgasbord Knife Delights Both Epicure and Gourmet

With just the lightest sawing motion Simmons Smorgasbord Knife helps cut thinner, smoother, daintier slices for party dishes.

*Also available in white Lustrex handles at slightly higher price.

SIMMONS Super Sharp KNIVES

If your Favorite Store can't supply you — write
SIMMONS SLICING KNIFE CO.
Merchandise Mart • Chicago 54

It's Fashion News!

Style Boards
at over 100 Colleges
and Universities have
approved Albert Richard
Sportswear!

See Albert Richard Sportswear at your local store. Check for yourself the smart styling and many other features—rich leathers, luxurious fabrics, exclusive Action-Fit* for greater comfort, flattering lines of fine tailoring! And whether you live in North Dakota or South Carolina there's a correct Albert Richard coat or jacket for your outdoor pleasure. For super-warmth on cold days—quilted Spun Sun* (Fiberglas*) linings. Write for your dealer's name.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Illustrated The Northland Made of a genuine 3½ point Hudson's Bay blanket. It needs no lining. Price for men about $35.00—for boys, with removable hood, about $35.00

Albert Richard
SPORTSWEAR
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • MITTENS
DIVISION OF FRIED. OSTERMANN COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 4, WISCONSIN

She looked like any other tired kid—only I knew what had tired her out. I got down like I was looking through the records and I whispered to her, "Don't try it again, Jennifer. It isn't worth it."

She was startled at this. How would a kid know that an old-timer like me could read her face? She shook her head.

"If your mother can't bring herself to leave him, it isn't up to you," I told her, still whispering. "No matter what he is, he's a living human. And you've got no call to keep him from living his span out. You've got a whole lifetime ahead of you, Jennifer. And you couldn't go through it with something like this on your conscience, working on you night and day."

Outside, I could hear a car coming from away down the lake shore. Mrs. Engelsen called from the porch, "Play that piece they were always singing at the ranch last summer, Jennifer."

The girl moved as if she were dead tired and ready to drop. She found a record and put it on and turned up the volume a little. I'll never forget that piece as long as I live. It was a pretty one, called *Lone Drifting Riders*. I've heard it on the radio many times since then.

It was still playing when Fred Engelsen came in.

I had gone back to my chair on the porch. I heard the car on the road out back and then the screen door slam. Looking through the porch window, I saw him come into the living room. He set down a paper bag with the bottle in it and stood there, looking at the phonograph as if it was a rattlesnake and the song was the dry, deadly sound of the rattle. Jennifer jumped up when she saw his face and ran into her bedroom.

Walking slow and putting his feet down careful, Engelsen crossed over to the phonograph and clicked it off. He took the record off, balanced it on his hand for a second and then slung it across the room into the fireplace where it smashed. He said in a hoarse whisper, "Grace, Grace. Come on out of your hole, mousie. Come on out."

In the light from the porch window, I could see Grace Engelsen's hands clenched tight.

"Grace! Has that old fool gone? Come in here."

She said, "Fred, please."

He said, "Where do you want it—in here, or out there where your precious neighbors can hear it?"

She said, "Fred . . . no, no, Fred."

He said, "Just sitting alone in the dark with your memories, eh, Grace? Thinking dude-ranch thoughts all by your lonesome. Still thinking of that fellow with the red hair and the tomcat eyes, eh, Grace?"

She said nothing. Then he broke. He gave a strangled noise and picked up the phonograph. He staggered across the room with it and heaved it against the

Continued on page 174

"know me by my Monogram tie"

Monograms
by
RAXON
$2 ea.

Each monogram tie is a masterpiece of individual design. Choose yours with your first or last initial as you prefer . . . no waiting, the initials are part of the integral design. In dominating shades of red, blue and brown. Superbly tailored; perfect for gifts or personal use.

RAXON
FABRICS CORP.

Mail This Coupon Today!
RAXON • 114 East 32nd St., New York , N. Y.
Gentlemen:
☐ I should like to know the name of the nearest store featuring Monogram Ties.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY.............................. ZONE............... STATE.....................

You've never *seen* a shape like this because there's never *been* a shape like this! It's the brand new

BIG DIPPER

by

FOR SOLID COMFORT LHS PIPES

in

CERTIFIED PUREX

aged imported briar

$3.50*

Pipe No. 75
Plain and antique finish

Solid rubber saddle bit
PUREX double safety lock
detachable piston-type cleaner
flat base—won't tip—choice imported briar

The classic Oom Paul shape has been redesigned and modernized with non-tip flat base by LHS craftsmen... a triumph of the pipemaker's art.

*Also comes in LHS Sterncrest Sterling $5.00

Write for your copy of "Pipes—for a world of Pleasure"—FREE

L & H STERN, INC.
Dept. E-11, 65 Pearl Street, Brooklyn 1, New York

A Heart Condition

Continued from page 173

stone mantelpiece. It crashed and dropped to the floor. He picked it up and heaved it again. His face was purple and his mouth hung open, his chin glistening. He stooped down, with his breath coming from his clenched teeth, and reached for the wrecked cabinet. Then he stopped, down on one knee. He tugged at his scarf, which was tucked into the shirt, and dragged it out inch by inch and dropped it. Then he said hoarsely, "Grace . . ."

She ran in then and stood beside him. She said, "Lie down Fred. Lie down. Please lie down."

His mouth was working as if he was trying to say something. Then he grabbed her by the wrist and hauled her down to her knees beside him.

I ran through the house and out the back door and tore over to my place. I always keep my bag right by the back door. I grabbed it and hurried over.

He was still beet-red and his chest was heaving. Grace had managed to break loose and was holding her wrist and looking to see if I was coming back.

It only took a minute to get out my syringe and fit a sterile needle on it. The stethoscope told me what I had expected—he had worked himself into such a rage that his heart really was kicking up a little. Digitalis was indicated, and not too much of that.

I broke open an ampule, filled the syringe, and gave it to him in the soft, flabby tissue of his arm. He grinned once and said, "Thanks, Doc." I said nothing. I helped Mrs. Engelsen carry him into the bedroom. We took his shoes off and put a blanket over him.

Back in the living room Grace Engelsen looked at me, and then she said, "Is it bad? Tell me the truth."

"Yes," I told her. "It may be bad."

We heard a sound from the bedroom, and there he was in the doorway. He said one word, "Grace!" and then fell to his knees and heaved over on his face. I turned him over and got the stethoscope on him again, and I heard his heart rumble and falter, pick up, and then quit.

I nodded to his wife and stood up and led her into Jennifer's room and closed the door. Then I took the empty ampule and the hypodermic out to the front steps and threw them as far as I could into the lake. Because that ampule's label didn't say *digitalis.* It said *adrenalin.*

I wasn't expecting any trouble over it. Everybody he knew had been told about his "heart condition." And our county coroner and I have gone fishing together for twenty years. I made out the death certificate and took care of the funeral.

Grace Engelsen took it in good shape but the girl went to pieces, and I wasn't surprised. I kept

Heavenly Satins*

BY PULITZER

—heaviest quality pure silk at pre-war price

Two-fifty each

Rich colors, fresh, new ideas blended in made-to-be-admired silk satins as only Ben Pulitzer can style them. At all fine stores or send money direct for delivery through nearest dealer.

HEAVENLY
ALL SILK SATIN
BEN PULITZER Creation

Ben Pulitzer
1270 BROADWAY, N. Y. 1

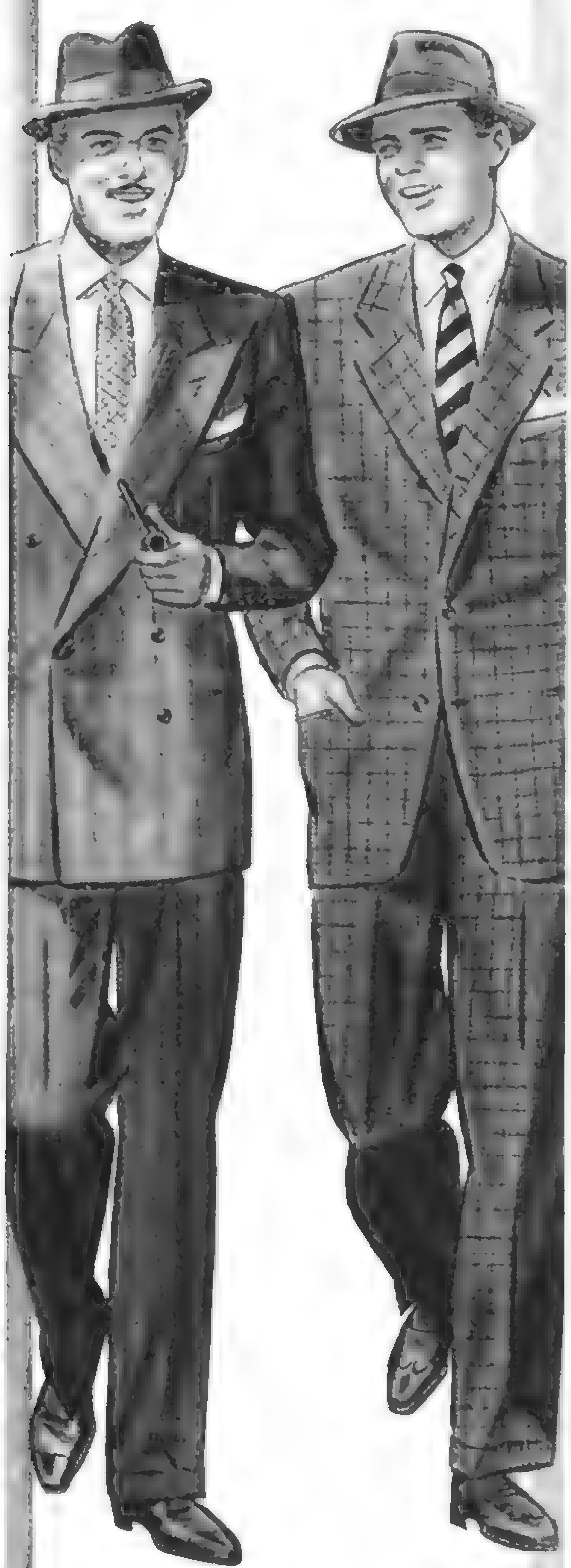
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

B S

MEN WHO CARE..WEAR

Berkeley (TRADE MARK) Square

CLOTHES



BERKELEY SQUARE has always been an outstanding hall-mark of quality and good taste! The pure-bred worsteds, in eye compelling patterns, are meticulously tailored for faultless fit, unrestricted comfort and long lasting smartness. Linings by Skinner add to the exceptional serviceability. With all this, Berkeley Square Suits live within your budget. At better men's shops.

TAILORED BY PADI CLOTHES, INC.
CADILLAC BLDG • PHILA. 23, PA.

her under mild sedatives for a couple of days, and then they packed up and left. They never came back again.

I studied the thing over and over in my mind, and whichever way I turned I couldn't see that I could have done any different. When I was a young fellow I'd have probably acted the same, if it meant keeping the child from killing him. And then I might have high-tailed it up to the sheriff's office and told him that I'd killed a man. But I figure that I haven't got so many more years to go before I'll be up before Someone a lot more important than the sheriff and I figure I'll just put it up to Him.

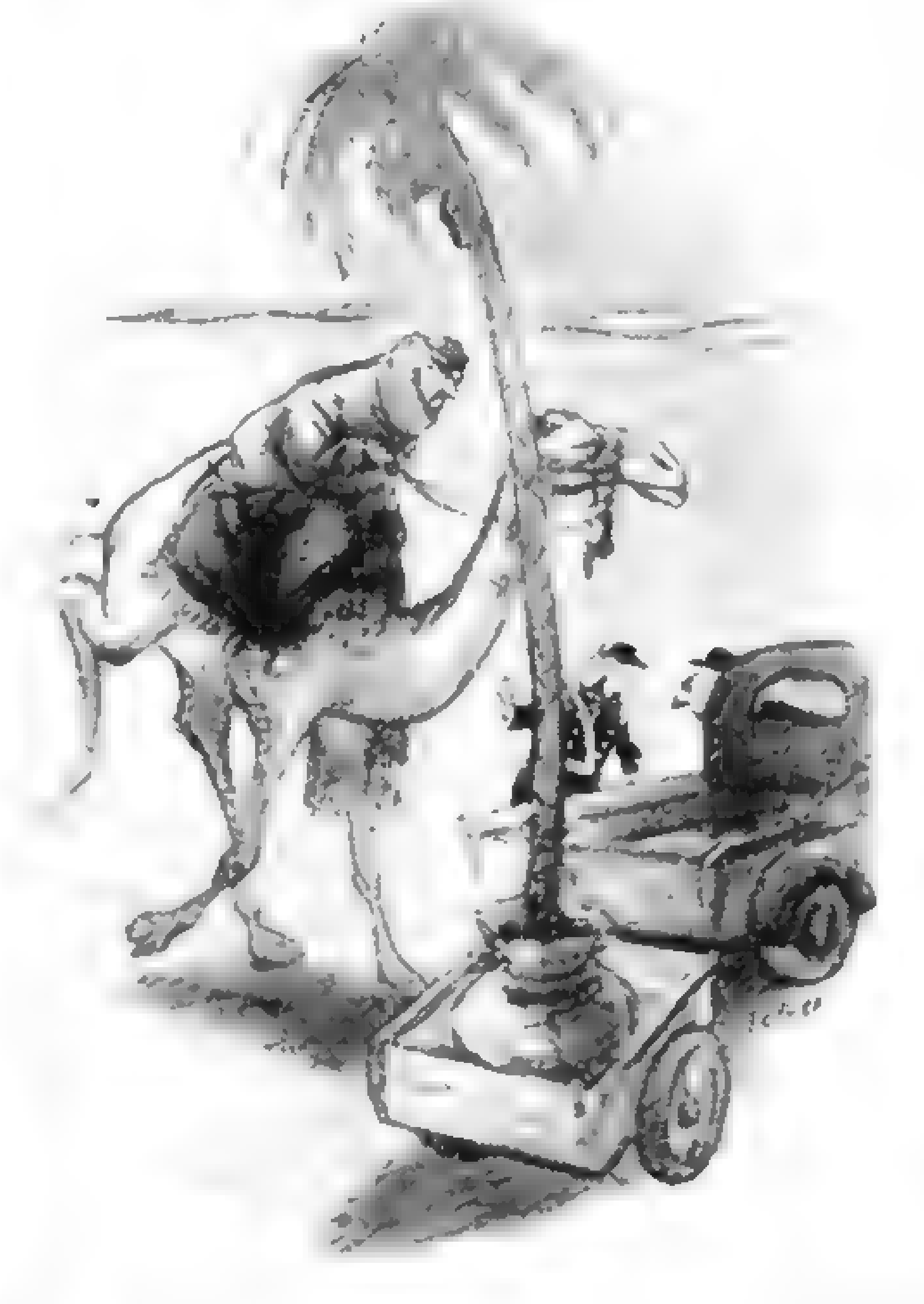
But it didn't end with Fred Engelsen's death.

I've never told anybody about this before now and it happened last summer. I never had anybody I could tell. But the minute you and your wife drove up here I said to myself, "That young fellow is a minister of the gospel," and sure enough, I was right. I'm seventy-three years old but I've got twenty-twenty vision in my left eye and twenty-forty in my right. And I always counted it a blessing except once.

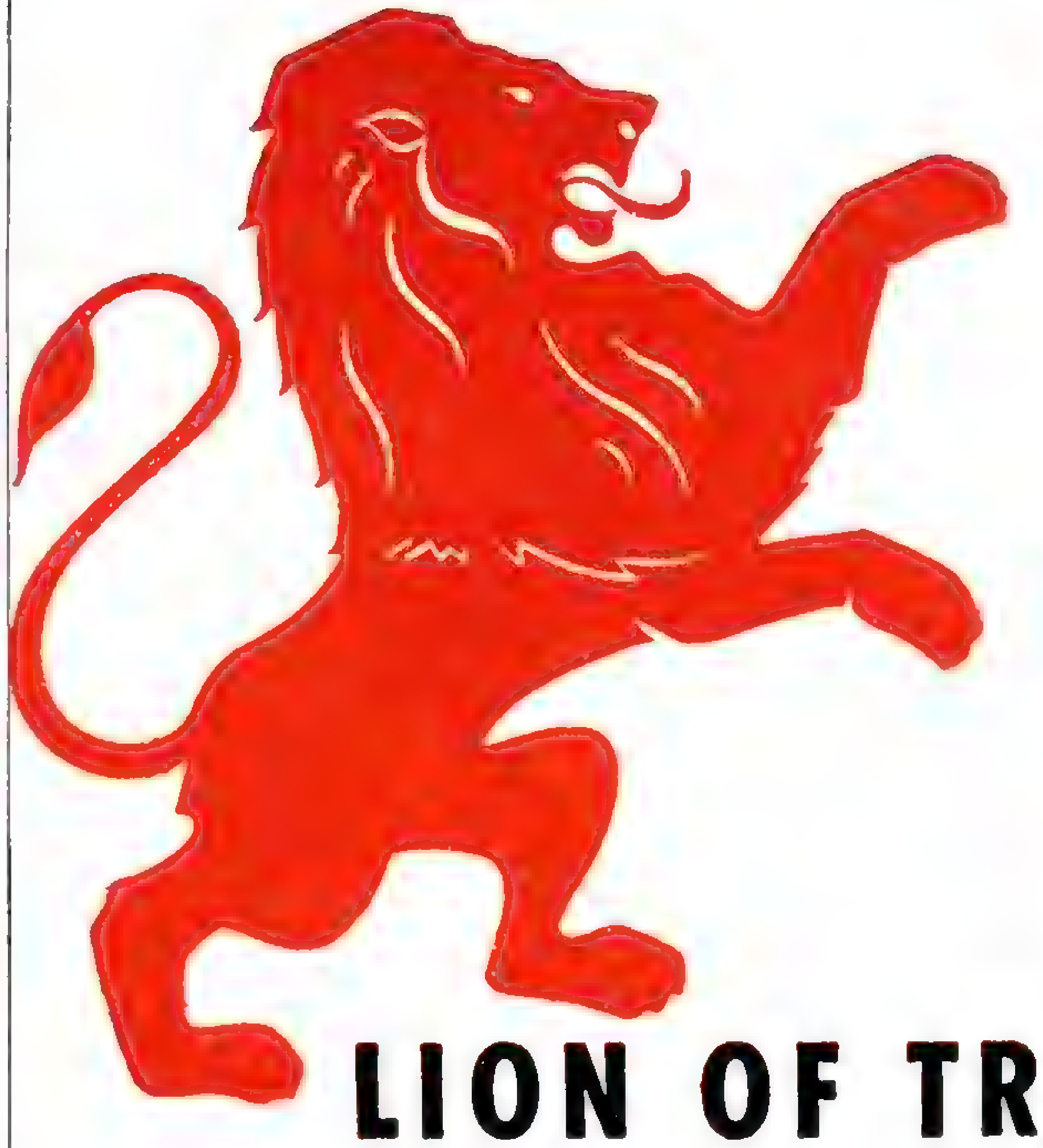
The very next day after Fred Engelsen's death I was up real early since I couldn't sleep. I hadn't put the light on because it was getting light outside. Then I heard a little whine of a door hinge from the cottage next door. I looked over and I saw a man coming out the back door of the Engelsen cottage. He looked this way and that, kind of grinning to himself. Then he lit a cigarette and I could see his face by the match. It was Ed Burgstresser. He set off through the trees, and after a while I heard a car start. He had left it up on the road.

Well, she had fooled me, and —a whole lot worse than that— she had fooled the daughter, Jennifer, into thinking her an angel. You see, everything that poor, tormented devil, Fred Engelsen, had hinted to me about his wife was the gospel truth. He had a dangerous heart condition all right, married to a woman like her. And it was love. ###

Continued from page 54



"He wants to know where the hell we're going with his oasis!"



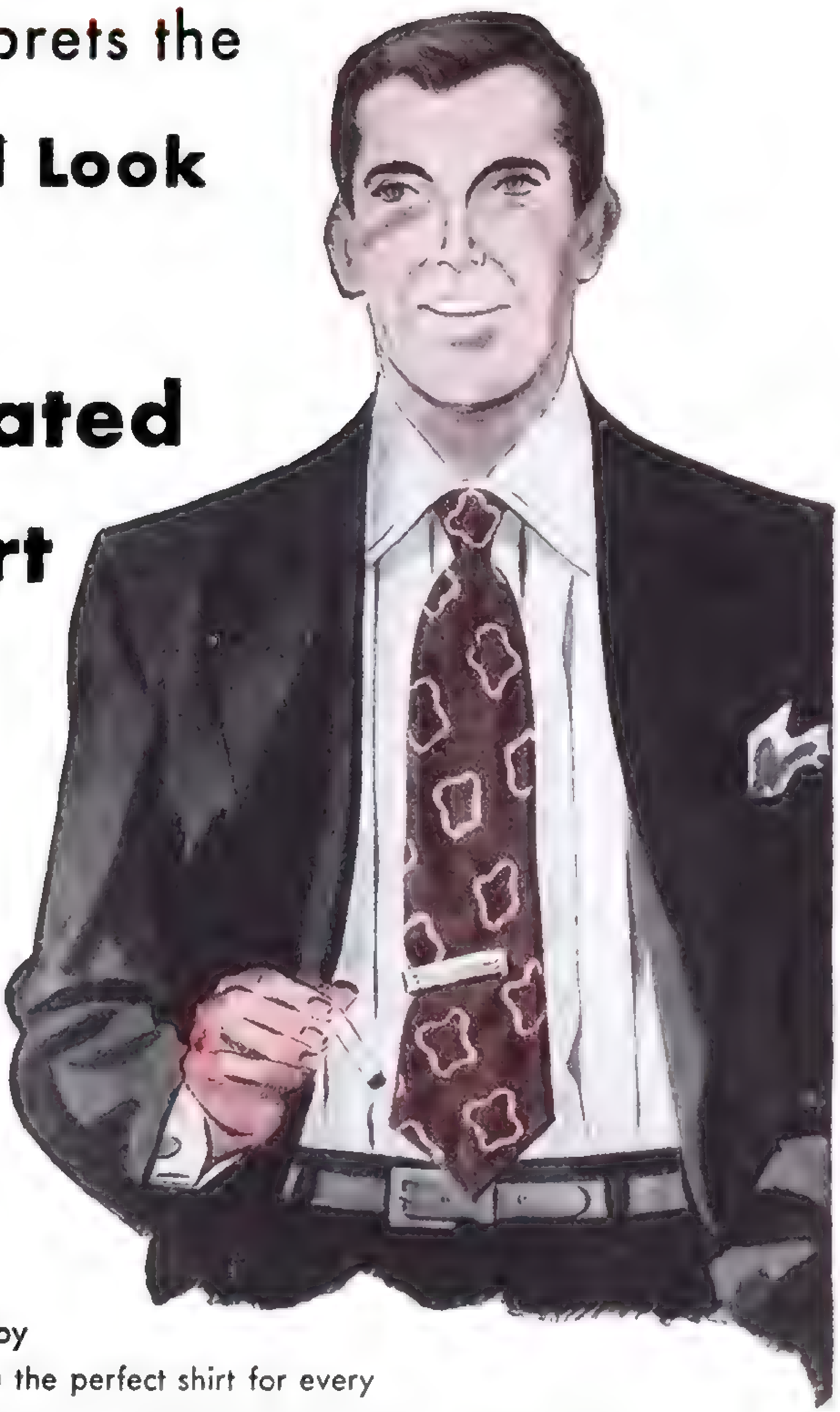
LION OF TROY

interprets the

Bold Look

in a

Pleated Shirt



Lion of Troy
brings you the perfect shirt for every dress-up occasion. Fine broadcloth softly tailored with distinctive looking pleats that add just a touch of formality to a business suit. Seven tasteful colors: Bamboo, Pink, Helio, Tan, Green, Blue, Grey. Also White. About 5.50.

Lion of Troy
SHIRTMAKERS

Lion of Troy shirts are sold at leading haberdashers. For information write:
M. NIRENBERG SONS, INC., 1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

The Bonnie
BELL'S
of Scotland
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD

They always ring true... Because they're distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland from the fine old Highland Whiskies of Dufftown-Glenlivet, Blair-Athol and Inchgower distilleries. (Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Proprietors, Perth, Perthshire, Scotland. Est. 1825.)

86 proof. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn., sole agents for U.S.A.

BELL'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

China's Captain Kit

Continued from page 81

scows carrying cargo and passengers up and down the coast. Running in two's and three's, Wong's boats would approach a lone vessel and fire on it to force it to stop; his men would then board it at gunpoint, transfer the cargo, and either kill or capture the crew. Wealthy passengers were held for ransom, the others were killed or thrown overboard. The victimized junk, if it were a good one, would be taken over as part of Wong's growing fleet.

Back in Macao, the Wong Kung Kits had two fancy residences up on a hill. Macao is a charming, old-world town that lies at the end of a peninsula stretching out from the broad mouth of the Pearl River into the Pacific Ocean about forty miles southwest of Hong Kong. It has always been a colorful and somewhat purposefully iniquitous spot, known for its gambling and vice, its celebrated fan-tan and dice parlors, its opium dens, and its exotic houses of prostitution. After Pearl Harbor, Macao, which was a Portuguese colony, assumed a role of importance as the only neutral point in the whole Far Pacific, except for Vladivostok. For a long time a fabulous British consul, John Pownall Reeves, who also represented United States interests, flew there the only Allied flag between Port Moresby, in New Guinea, and Chungking; and Reeves fought the Japs secretly at every hand. Japanese troops maintained a constant cordon at the head of the peninsula. Completely dependent on the Chinese mainland or Hong Kong for rice, the Portuguese and the large Chinese population of Macao were at the Japs' mercy. And at the sea end was Wong Kung Kit, whose pirate fleet had by now almost reached its ultimate strength. Wong had fitted several of his best junks with extra-powerful engines and had taken over for the Japanese the job of patrolling all the waters around Macao. There is evidence that he was partly responsible for supplying the Japs with information that led to the sinking of the British warships, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*.

The story of Wong's downfall begins in late August, 1945, a fortnight after the atom bombs had finally crushed the Japs. The sudden end of hostilities had caught scores of American secret agents deep in the South China interior. Two of them—Captain Frank Farrell of the Marine Corps and First Lieutenant Marvin Gray of the Army—remained in the area after the war to investigate war crimes; and, as one of their first tasks, they began tracking down a beautiful half-Japanese, half-Formosan Mata Hari named Rosaline Wong (no relation of Wong Kung Kit's), who had run an elaborate network of

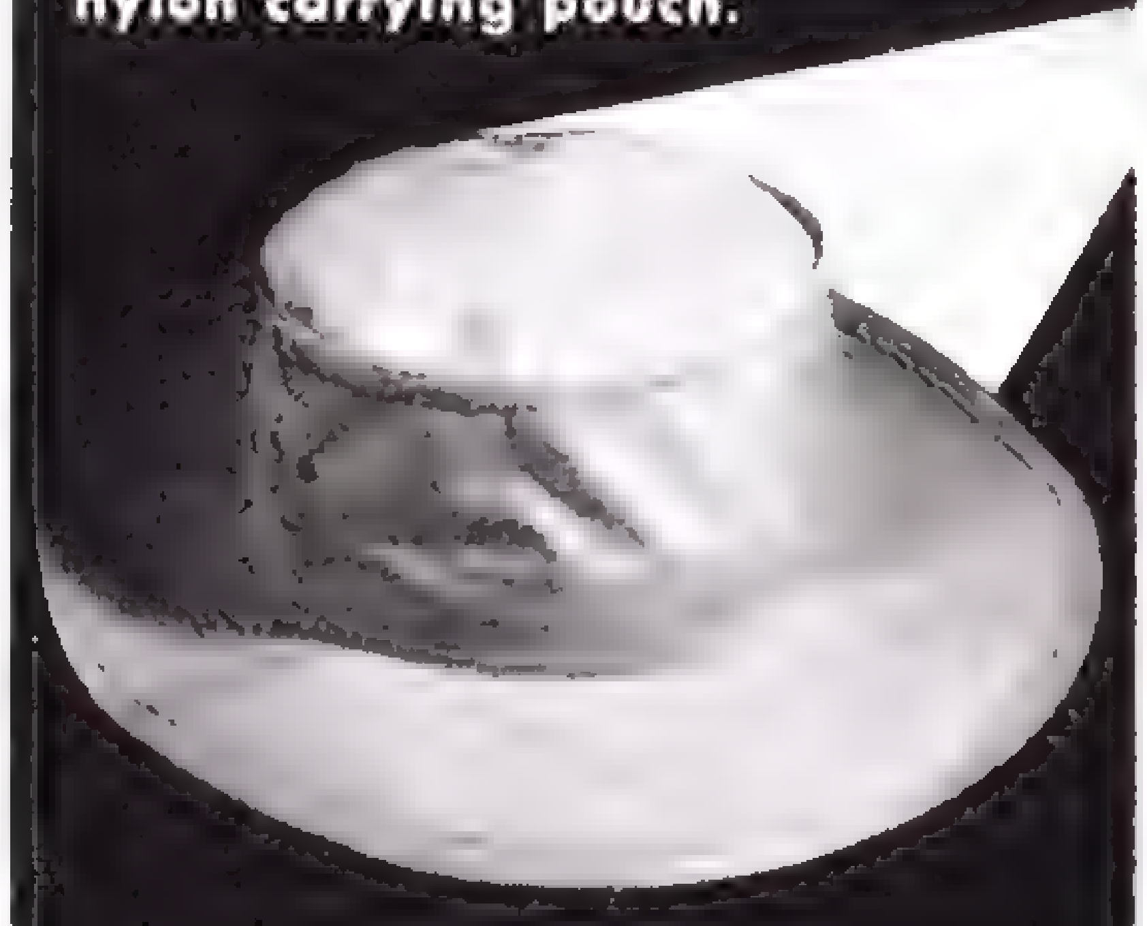
RAIN OR SHINE—WEAR

Flip-It

SCOTT BRADY
appearing in
"Canon City"
Eagle-Lion Films, Inc.

Yes it's NYLON

Here's another chance for you to enjoy the unique qualities of nylon—the miracle fabric. It gives you complete protection from the rain, yet it's so light and so foldable that you can tuck it into a corner of your suitcase, the glove compartment of your car or even your pocket. About $20, including the nylon carrying pouch.



SPOTLIGHT ON THE HAT

You'll like the matching Flip-It hat in Nylon—the "Folderol." Sheds the rain, shields you from the sun and is foldable and packable. About $3.50.

Flip-It

HATS • RAINWEAR • SPORTSWEAR

AT YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S STORE—OR WRITE
FLIP-IT, Inc.
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
413 W. REDWOOD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

An early clue
to the
Christmas Problem

by CROWN

Washable
PLASTI-TONES
TRAIN BOX

Mirror in lid and adjustable bottle loops. Maroon and white or Navy and white:

About 17^{95} *Plus taxes*

Washable
PLASTI-HIDE*
SINGLE SUITER

Lightweight, compact, invaluable for a short trip! Russet:

About 19^{95} *Plus taxes*

Available in matching pieces.
Write for name of nearest dealer.
**A tough, handsome, washable plastic.*

CROWN
LUGGAGE CO., Inc.
BALTIMORE 1, MARYLAND

dazzling female spies and who had had dealings both with the Japs and the Nazis in China. Rosaline had been involved in a Macao murder, and so Farrell and Gray decided to go to Macao. That was the beginning of the end for Pirate Wong Kung Kit.

It was no easy task to get to Macao at this time. The trim peacetime steamers had not yet resumed their daily runs, and practically every available junk had been conscripted for transporting Chinese troops to Hong Kong and then north. Finally Farrell and Gray got hold of an ancient, weather-beaten junk, forty feet long, and at ten o'clock on the morning of September 17th, 1945, they started down the muddy Pearl River. As a result of a breakdown of the engines and bad weather, they were unable to reach Macao before dark; at ten p.m. that evening, with the lights of Macao just visible, they had drifted to a spot between the port and the island of Ma La Chao, one mile southeast. Here, although Farrell and Gray did not realize it at the time, began their acquaintance with Wong Kung Kit. As Farrell stood in the bow of the junk seeking out buoys with a flashlight, a mortar shot from the tip of Macao landed a hundred yards ahead, and it was quickly followed by a burst of machine-gun fire. In another moment, fresh machine-gun bullets came from Ma La Chao, spattering the water a few yards from the boat, now perilously caught in a crossfire. Remembering his wartime training, Farrell used the flashlight to inform the Portuguese ashore that the junk carried Americans. The shore fire ceased, and nothing more was heard from the island either. The junk, badly damaged, was shipping water at a fast rate when a Portuguese launch slid out of the darkness to guide it to the dock. There, a Portuguese army officer was waiting, to apologize for having ordered the junk fired on; he explained that he had thought they were pirates.

Farrell asked him who had fired at the junk from the island. "That was Wong Kung Kit," the officer said, "the pet of the Japs and the richest scoundrel in South China." Wong, he went on, still had twelve hundred of his best bandit-pirates left on the island, plus an undisclosed number of junks. Also on the island with him was his stylish trigger-wife. "Watch out for her if you see her," said the Portuguese. "She's a better shot than he is, and she thinks even less before shooting!"

Farrell and Gray soon learned more about Wong Kung Kit and his wife from Reeves, the British consul, whose undercover activities during the war had included everything from rice-smuggling and espionage to supplying a pro-Allied paper with surreptitious radio news of Allied victories. As Reeves talked to them, the Wongs crept into his account time and

Continued on page 178

Mansfield cuffs
the folded-tip toe

New wrinkle —self pleat on the toe—the new, trim look! All 'round style and Famed Fit in economy-wise Mansfields . . . from $8.95

Mansfield
Whitman, Massachusetts

China's Captain Kit

Continued from page 177

again. And, during the next few days, Farrell and Gray heard enough about Wong Kung Kit to convince them that they had run up against something more than a colorful old pirate—that here was the proverbial Chinese Number One, a man who had outdone the Japs at their own game, gathered a huge private fortune for himself at the expense of his countrymen, and made off with his gains and the blood of countless victims on his pirate hands. What the two young American investigators did not get from talking to Reeves and to Portuguese officials they picked up in Macao's fan-tan parlors and night clubs, all of which Wong Kung Kit had in effect ruled, and where, amid the garish noise and drunken gambling, the still-whispered name of Wong was an indication of his lasting gangster prowess. Everyone knew about Wong and his wife, and everyone feared them—the man who shook the dice box, the youth who flipped the cards, the Filipino dance-band leader, the half-caste behind the bar, and the pretty Fukienese girl who sold black-market American cigarettes.

This fear was all the more remarkable for the fact that Wong had spent only part of his time in the port, preferring his junks to his estates on land. He had seldom been seen on Macao's streets, and on the rare occasions when he walked he was always accompanied by bodyguards, tough-looking mugs who flanked him, and a "trailer" or two. Usually he rode around in one of his three black limousines, specially glassed and armored. Except when they appeared together in the clubs or gambling places, Wong and his wife traveled about separately.

Farrell and Gray soon discovered that Wong had his fingers in everything, that there was scarcely a line of endeavor in Macao out of which he did not get his "take." At the bottom of the heap he had organized the beggars, pickpockets, and prostitutes, all of whom paid "protective dues" to Wong's "clubs." Every gambling establishment, every ricksha coolie and, finally, every shopkeeper paid for "protection." And, in the best gangland tradition, Wong never hesitated at kidnaping and murder. In fact, he employed kidnaping as a general means of increasing his income, going after members of the richest Chinese families. When it came to assassination, Wong was too clever to attend to killings personally. But Farrell and Gray gathered a list of victims who had been eliminated by Wong's men, and high on the list were several loyal Chungking agents who had operated from time to time in the port. As a supreme organizer, Wong had

YOU'RE A 'Gay Blade'
ANYWHERE!
ANYTIME!
Esquire AUTHENTIC BOLD LOOK

THE PLEASURE JACKET WITH THE AUTHENTIC 'BOLD LOOK' ...AS ENDORSED BY ESQUIRE'S OWN FASHION COUNCIL

IN BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN WOOL GABARDINE
...for the man who wants something NEW ...just the right touch of casual smartness ...with the new 'sta-roll' collar ... superbly tailored ... completely lined ... and so easy to wear!

Retails about $45

In colors of: Skipper Blue, Silver Grey, California Beige, Rum Brown, Forest Green, Maroon, and Mocha.

AT FINER STORES EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE LOS ANGELES SPORTOGS CO.
916 Wall Street • Los Angeles 15, California

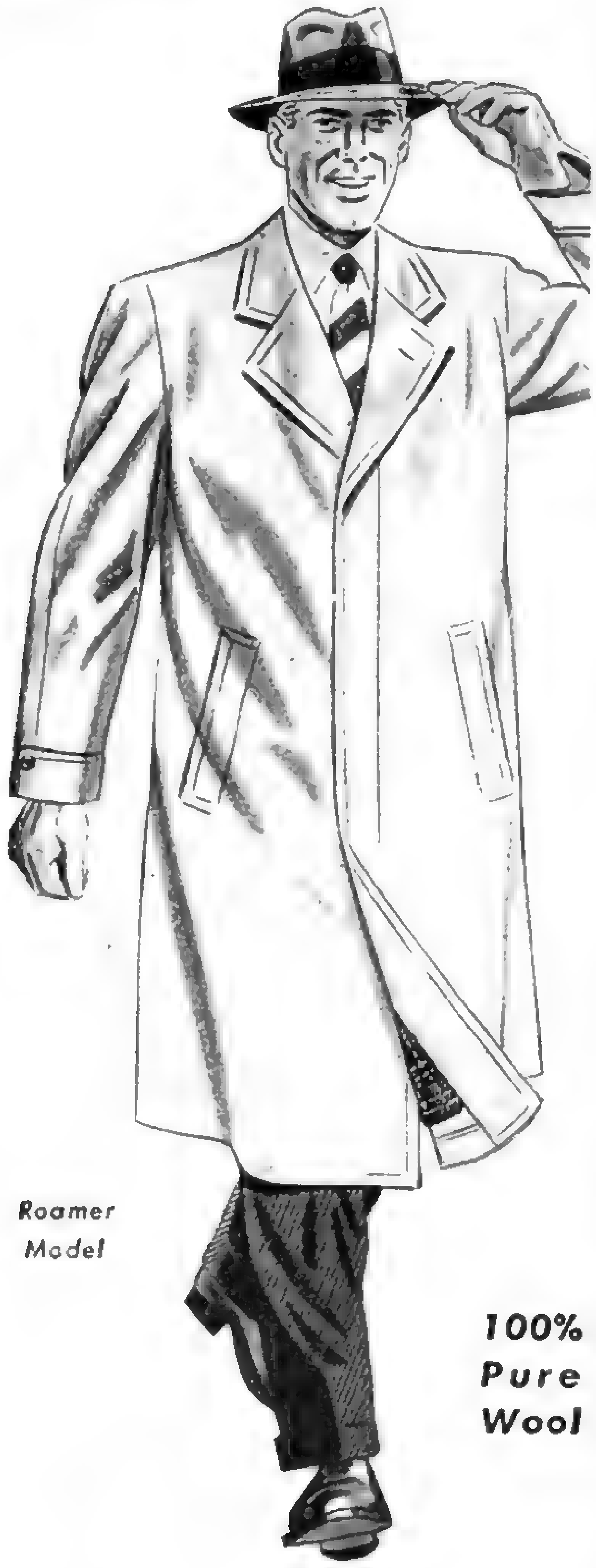
she's PHOTOGENIC

you're HAT-OGENIC

IN YOUR Society Club HAT

A model of smartness—that's you in your HAT-O-GENIC Society Club hat. Try one on. See how it flatters your face, how comfortably it fits. Then run your hand over the body. Feel the fine, smooth, soft fur felt. Good! you'll say. Good looking! you'll be complimented. Good value! you'll discover. At good men's stores.

Society Club HATS
25 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK
FACTORY: FALL RIVER, MASS.



100% Pure Wool

Zip...

. . . the lining out, and it's a handsome outercoat! When winter comes, zip it in again, and you have a warm overcoat! And all for the price of an ordinary topcoat! The Zipperu by Manly is made in your choice of soft Shetlands, hard-finished Cheviots, or smooth Coverts. In distinctive new shades of Pearl Grey, Tans, Heather Green, Spruce Blue and a deep rich Brown. All of them are 100% pure wool! Even the colorful authentic Scotch plaid Zip-Out lining is 100% pure wool! No wonder the Zipperu is America's best all-season coat value!

from $35.00 to $55.00

AUTHENTIC
MANLY
Fashion

AT BETTER STORES

The Ohio Overcoat Co.
Galion, Ohio
GOOD COATS SINCE 1917

quickly become the power behind the throne of the Japanese Special Bureau in Macao, which had been the top enemy police organization and a sort of rackets holding company. He had also headed several of the spurious brass-knuckle ministries of "co-prosperity" which the Japs set up throughout the Far East; and, although he was chiefly in charge of maintaining a sea blockade, Wong's private troops had also helped the Japs patrol the narrow corridor at the head of the peninsula that cut off Macao. He had issued all passes in and out of the town, and with his security guard and border patrols he had seen to it that not a pound of rice or a pig or a thumbnailful of opium passed over the line unless he got his cut in the form of a "tax."

After nearly a week in Macao, Farrell and Gray had amassed a considerable dossier on Pirate Wong. They discovered, among other things, that the Portuguese were anxious to settle a few accounts with him and had set a price of 100,000 *patacas* (about $25,000 in U.S. currency) on his head. The two Americans were under blanket orders to investigate all war crimes. Most certainly, they reckoned, there was enough evidence against Wong Kung Kit to classify him as a war criminal. Besides, it wasn't every day an agent could revert to his youthful fancies and go pirate-hunting!

In their suite at the fancy Riviera Hotel, Farrell and Gray talked it over and decided that Wong Kung Kit was definitely worth meeting, and that maybe his wife was even more so. As it turned out, neither pleasure was ever to be theirs, but the chain of events that followed, right up to Wong's being shot in Macao, was directly traceable to this hotel-room decision.

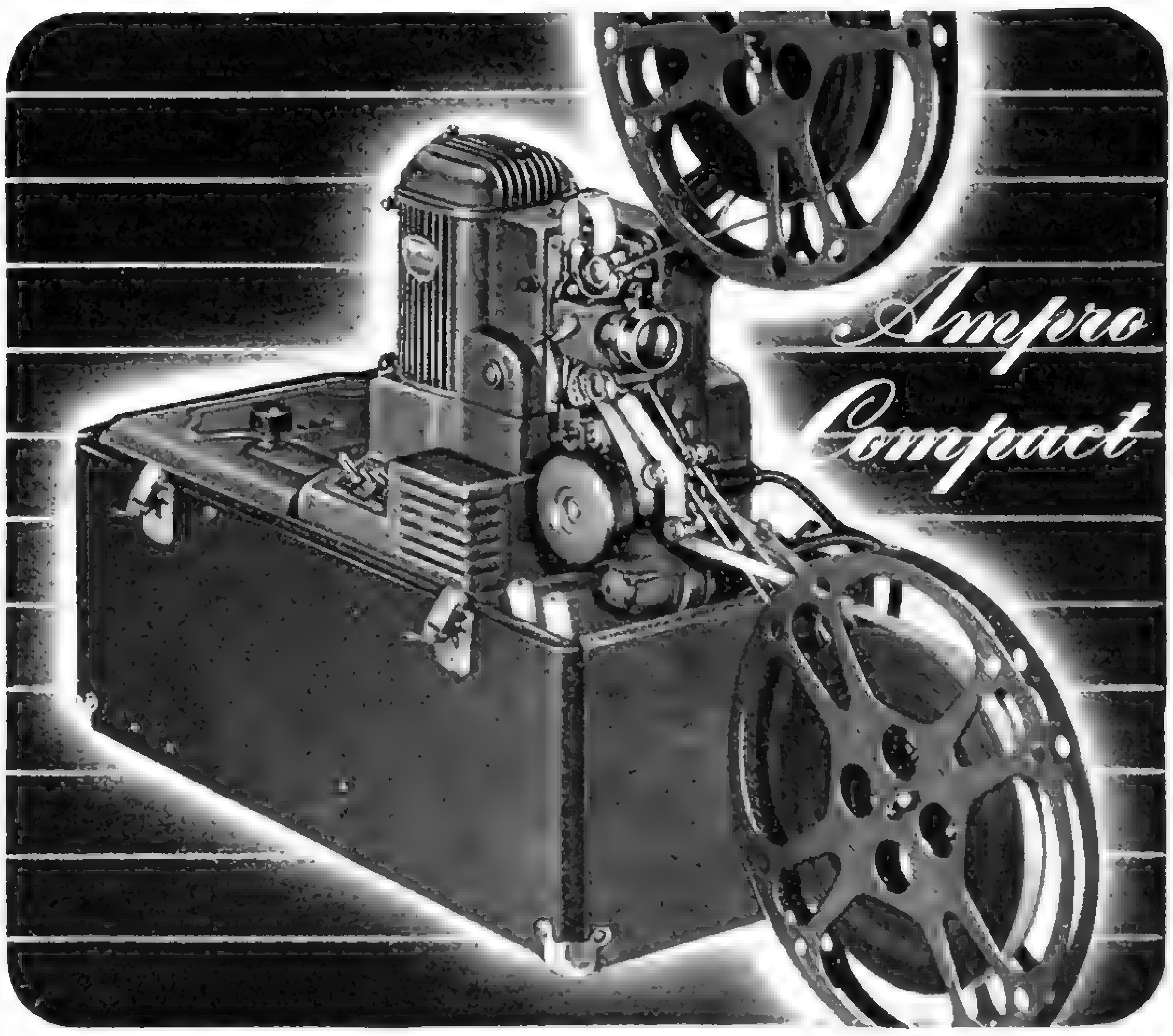
First they got hold of some former Chinese guerrillas who were in sympathy with their project. The guerrillas provided a few Thompson sub-machine guns and a valuable pair of bazookas. Farrell and Gray had carbines, grenades, and pistols. Next they arranged a deal for a junk with a grizzled pirate veteran named Lo Chai, who had been squeezed out of the pirate trade during the war by Wong Kung Kit.

On the morning of September 27th—a few days, incidentally, after Wong's pirates had held up and robbed several hundred passengers right in the middle of Hong Kong harbor—Lo Chai and his junk, with Farrell and Gray and the guerrillas, set out from Macao on what looked like a harmless fishing expedition. Nothing happened that day, but the next morning at ten they suddenly spied two fast-moving junks approaching them flankwise. The guerrillas spread themselves along the deck and hid in the rigging with their rifles. Farrell and Gray manned the bazookas. As the first junk drew near, they were

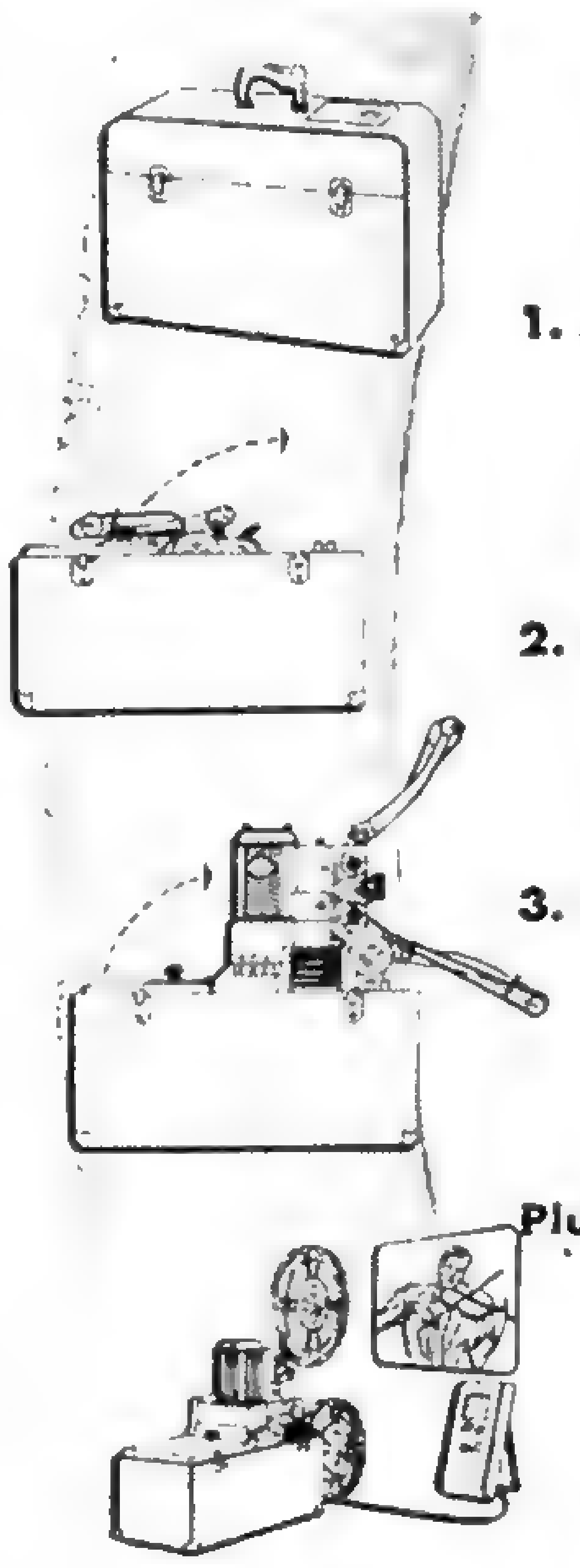
Continued on page 180

this new kind of portable projector

for 16mm. sound motion pictures



Revolutionizes 16mm. sound projection for homes, schools, churches and industry



A new day is here for 16mm. talking pictures. Rental and free libraries of 16mm. entertainment, educational, religious, training and advertising sound pictures are expanding rapidly. And to match this—more popular priced, compact, efficient Ampro projection equipment is available—which offers:

1. Amazingly Compact One-Case Unit
A complete full size 16mm. sound picture projection outfit—including projector, amplifier, detachable 8" speaker and cord, plus room for extra 400' reel and film—all in one portable case. Measures only 15" x 21½" x 9¾".

2. New Remarkably Quick Set-Up
Through new, counterbalancing mechanism, in less than ten seconds the Ampro Compact is ready to thread, connect and operate. Speaker can be instantly removed and set up near screen for best sound reproduction.

3. Full Professional Quality Projection
The many Ampro quality features, tested in thousands of projectors over many years and through millions of performances, are fully maintained. Not a new untried unit—but rather an ingenious adaptation of a proven 16mm. sound projector. Unusually quiet-running.

Plus New Lower Price and many other new features
Including a new free flow streamlined cooling system—and special cushioning to protect projector mechanism against shocks. An ideal unit for both silent and sound projection for moderate sized audiences where compactness, ease of set-up, portability, quality of projection, are important factors.

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT OFF
AMPRO*
8mm. Silent • 16mm. Silent
16mm. Sound-on-film • Slide Projectors
16mm. Arc Projectors

Send for Booklets

Mail coupon for full details on the new Ampro Compact. Also send for interesting booklets "The Amazing Story of 16mm. Sound Motion Pictures" (the illustrated story of how sound pictures are made and projected)—"A New Tool for Teaching" (the story of sound films in the classroom)—"Toward a Better World" (how churches are utilizing sound pictures). These informative booklets will be mailed to you postpaid for 10c each.

AMPRO CORPORATION,
2835 N. Western Ave., Chicago 18, Ill.
Please send me full details and price of the new Ampro Compact Projector.
☐ I enclose 10c for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The Amazing Story of 16mm. Sound Motion Pictures."
☐ I enclose 10c for "A New Tool for Teaching."
☐ I enclose 10c for "Toward a Better World."
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State______ E 1148

AMPRO CORPORATION • CHICAGO 18 • A General Precision Equipment Corporation Subsidiary

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock

Rare as a jewel in quality

- from the treasured stocks of a Century-Old House

Park & Tilford "Private Stock" is a luxury-blend of rare straight whiskies. It is *all* whiskey. Its mellow richness of taste is without peer. That is why it is the largest selling whiskey of its type in America.

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

China's Captain Kit

Continued from page 179

able to detect figures aboard it. It flew the Chinese flag, and on deck was a group of men in Chinese army uniform. Wong Kung Kit frequently disguised his marauders in this fashion; and, a moment later, a machine gun from the approaching vessel opened up on the Americans' junk. The fight lasted for ten minutes, during which bazooka shots twice struck the sixty-foot pirate junk. But the pirate had a Sunday punch left—Vickers sub-machine guns. When they started to blaze, luckily inaccurate because of the heavy seas, Farrell and Gray decided that they were being outslugged. Meanwhile, they had noticed Wong's second junk moving to block their escape up the river, so they ordered Lo Chai to turn back toward Macao. The partly disabled junk they had fought gave no chase. The only casualties aboard their own vessel were two guerrillas with leg wounds.

Back in Macao, Farrell and Gray were widely toasted as combinations of Lord Nelson and Lawrence of Arabia. But there were some exceptions in the night clubs and behind closed doors in the dingier gambling dens; among the Portuguese there were those who were not so anxious for Wong Kung Kit to be caught. Wong knew too much. He knew, among other things, just who had done what for the Japs and when. In the next twenty-four hours, Farrell and Gray received oblique warnings—some friendly, some not—that it might not be wise to go on chasing Wong—at least not without a bigger stick than they had.

The two Americans returned to Hong Kong by launch the following morning. That same afternoon, at the offices of the British Intelligence in Hong Kong, they related what they had learned about the pirates and especially about Wong's wartime and still-flourishing career. They added what Reeves had told them just before they had left Macao—that there were reports of an impending attempt by Wong Kung

Who will create a new mechanical toy?

and—

Win an Income for Life!

Test your wits and your hands. You can earn big money if you design a new or different motor driven toy, powered by the mighty MINI MOTOR

The manufacturer of the MINI MOTOR (also the famous "75" water pistol and "500" machine water gun) offers you a 5% royalty for the rest of your life on all sales of your "brain-child," if it is manufacturable.

Used to operate toy airplanes, racing cars, speed boats or whatever you may design, the MINI MOTOR (flashlight battery operated, wgt. 2 oz.) is light as a feather, built with hairbreadth precision and is powerful enough to run a toy bulldozer. You may find unexplored uses for this wonder motor which costs only $2, yet may make you rich.

Fill in the coupon below and mail it with your check or money order for $2. You will receive your motor by return mail with full instructions and suggestions to help you get started in this toy award plan, and also a contract for your protection. Nationally known engineers and scientists will judge the designs. Don't tell us your ideas until you receive your contract.

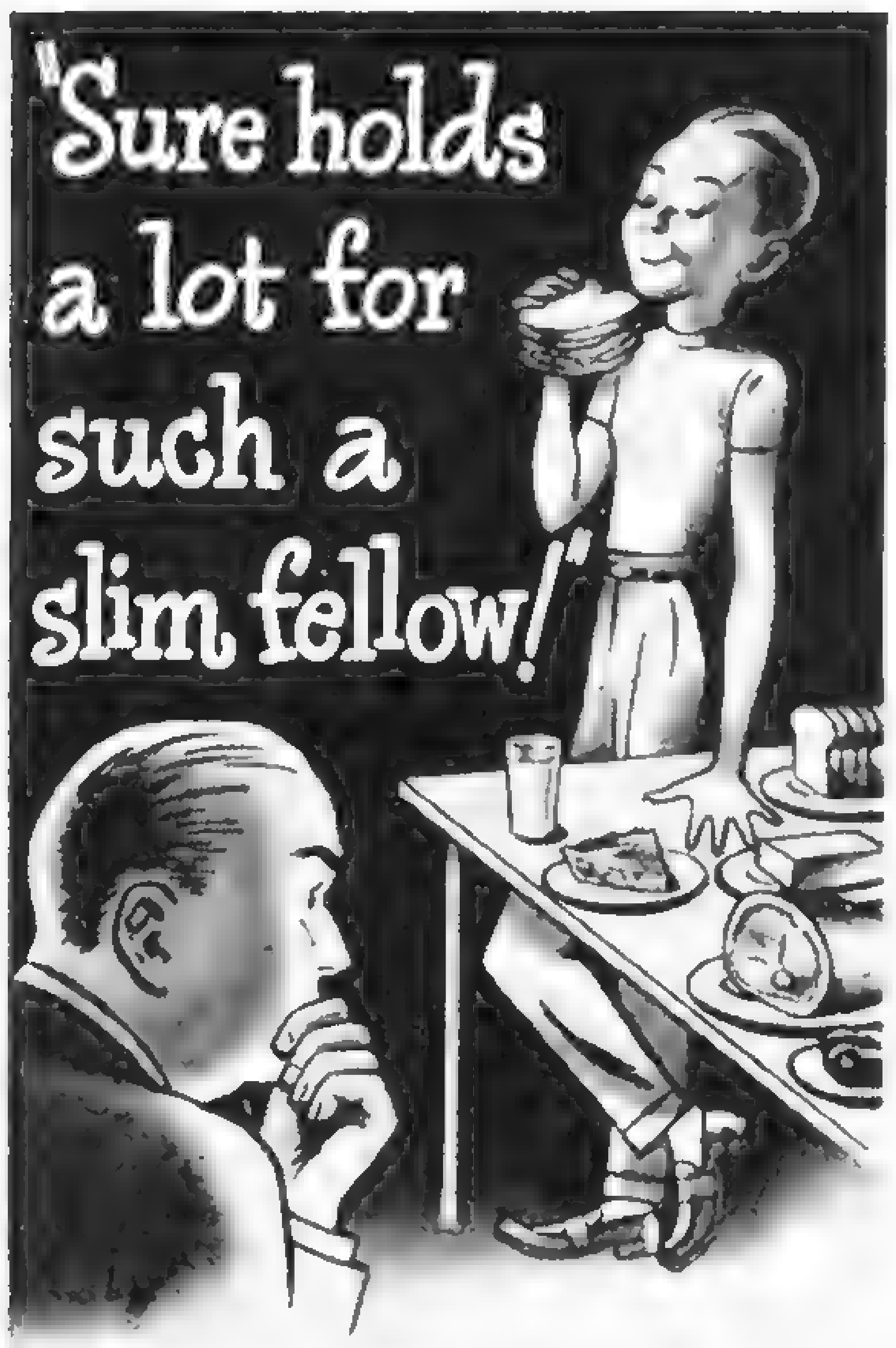
You have four months to work—so get in line early and be a winner.

•

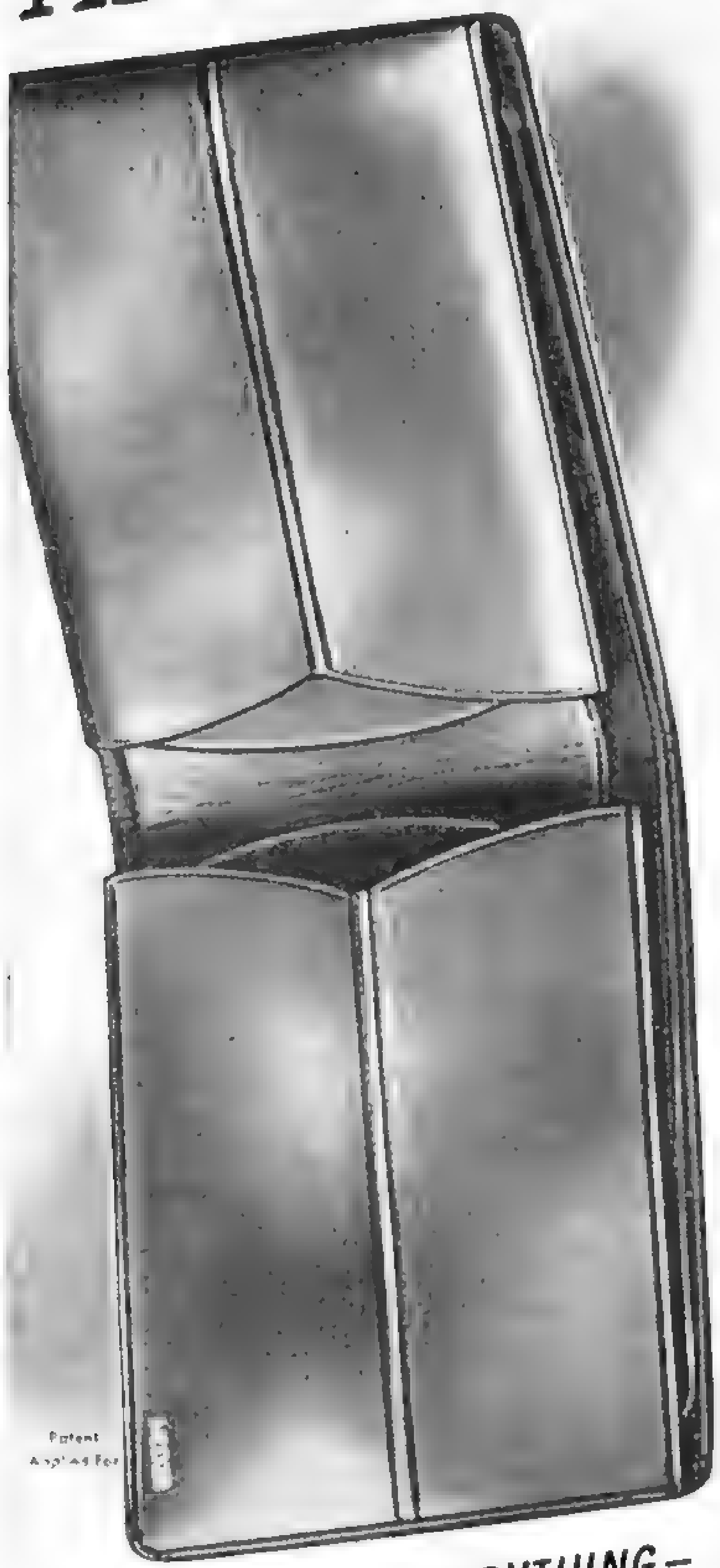
ARPIN PRODUCTS, INC.
431 ALDEN STREET
ORANGE, N. J.

Enclosed money order ☐ check ☐ for $2. Please send the MINI MOTOR and my contract to me at once.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City..............Zone....State......


"Sure holds a lot for such a slim fellow!"

MEEKER 340 BILLFOLD



HAS A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING—YET THIN, SMART, STREAMLINED!

No other billfold has the unique construction of the MEEKER 340. That's why it can be positively loaded without getting shapeless. Has two compartments for currency, checks, etc., besides a secret pocket. Removable pass case holds 8 cards, licenses, etc. Smartly fashioned in many rich, fine leathers. A beauty of a billfold!

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Look for MEEKER-MADE Billfolds, famous for over 25 years, in various styles and prices, at dealers everywhere.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. • JOPLIN, MO.
New York: 347 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Kit to take his best seagoing junks and make off to Formosa, where the degree of postwar chaos and carpetbagging profiteering seemed to be made to order for someone of Wong's peculiar talents. Farrell and Gray suggested that the British elaborate on their own improvised plan to capture Wong. And at this point, having set the wheels in motion, Farrell and Gray reluctantly returned to Canton to carry on other investigative work.

Two weeks later, on October 11, two innocent-looking junks were attacked by four of Wong's pirate sloops about thirty miles south of Hong Kong. The innocent-looking junks were loaded with British commandos in their hulls, and three of the pirates were quickly sunk. The biggest, which had hovered in the background, was damaged, but escaped and put in to the coast just below Macao. Before he knew it, Wong Kung Kit, pirate supreme, wealthy collaborator, boss of Macao, found himself a prisoner of the Chinese Communists, who held the area!

The final chapter of Wong's life moved fast. The Red commander of the area knew all about Wong and his past. None of Wong's entreaties or offers of large cash bribes moved him. Instead, he kept Wong in chains for several days and then turned him over to the Portuguese in Macao for only 20,000 *patacas*. Thus Wong returned to the scene of his former glory in disgrace as a beaten, grimy prisoner. He was placed in a cell and questioned by Portuguese and Allied investigators; but he was not anxious to talk, and when he did he mostly lied. At last, on the early morning of January 2, 1946, he was accorded a treatment he had himself so masterfully adopted—he was taken for "a ride" by the chief of police and a detective. Hypocritically, Wong proclaimed his patriotism. "I am ready to pay for my crimes," he said, "but before this I cannot let my spirit of love for Macao die without remembrance. God can see my loyal heart."

His "loyal heart" was beating its last fierce strokes. As they rode through the darkened city before dawn, and as they passed close by one of the two fancy residences where Wong and his wife had lived, he made a sudden break, flung open the door of the limousine, and dashed out. Two shots cracked after him. And Wong went down in the gutter, a bullet in his head and another through his back.

There were many, including British and American officials, who were disappointed and disturbed at the suddenness of Wong Kung Kit's death. He had not begun to tell what he knew, and he would probably have been an important witness at countless trials before going to the gallows.

Word quickly reached the island of Ma La Chao, where the remnants of Wong's pirate gang,

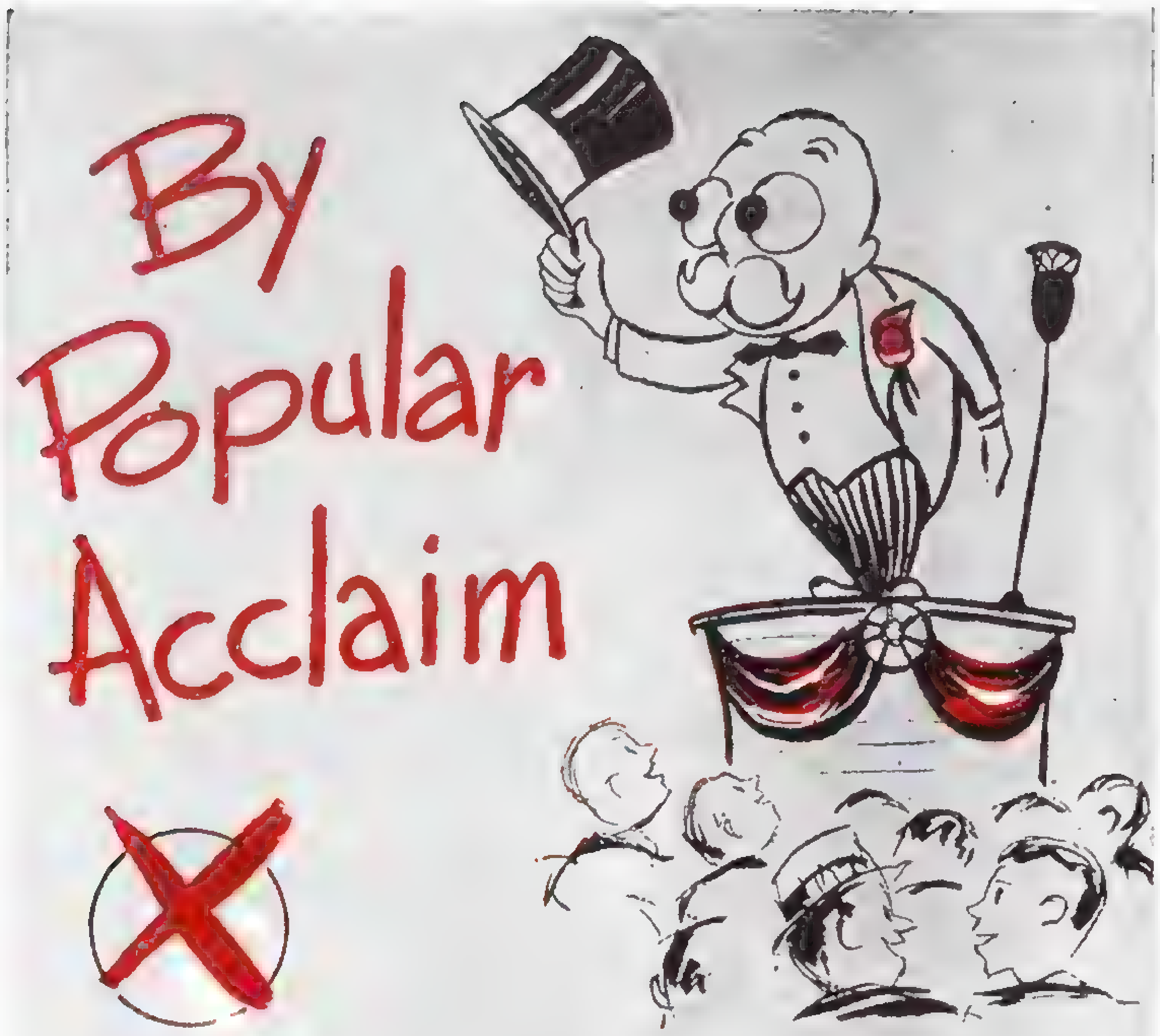
Continued on page 182

"How come he's such a hit?"
It's his handsome new Superba Tie!
Royal Ranger

The famous *crushless* Superba tie that ties more mornings than you'll remember. 100% virgin wool. In 30 beautiful solid colors. Superbly cut—superbly tailored, $1.50. Other Superba fashion-first cravats — $1.00 to $5.00. At fine stores.

FASHION IS FIRST
Superba
CRAVATS
Rochester, N.Y.

© 1948


By Popular Acclaim

Overwhelmingly elected . . . and selected . . . as the ideal candidate to solve the nation's problems (Christmas Gift Problems, that is.)

And Esquire, campaigning for good living around the calendar, is the favorite of all parties. (Twelve issues everyone agrees on.)

Esquire promises to balance the budget (your gift budget) with a platform of amazingly low Christmas gift rates.

STRAIGHT ENTERTAINMENT TICKET

(IN EFFECT UNTIL DECEMBER 31)

☐ Three 1-year gifts (saves you $5) $13

☐ Two 1-year gifts (saves you $2) $10

☐ One 1-year gift (regular rate) $6

☐ Each additional gift (saves you $2) $4

So, this year when giving gifts, vote the straight entertainment ticket... vote for Esquire.

Your Christmas Gifts of Esquire will be announced to your friends by a beautiful full-color Christmas Card, with your name hand-penned as the donor.

send your orders to

Esquire the magazine for men

ESQUIRE BUILDING • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

China's Captain Kit

Continued from page 181

including Madame Wong, were still hiding. Within twenty-four hours, the pirates had all taken to sea. Later, at a rendezvous in one of the hundreds of Bias Bay coves to the north, Madame Wong, acting swiftly, apparently whipped her husband's remaining henchmen into line by threats and blandishments, and thus she formed her own firm empire out of what was left of Wong Kung Kit's before it had a chance to disintegrate into brawling cliques.

In the months that followed new stories began to be told, and they are still told today—usually by destitute boatmen in Canton or Hong Kong whose junks have been robbed and seized: Wong's old gang still operates, and at the head of it is "the woman pirate," who, unlike her late husband, often gets right up in front with her two guns and leads the assaults.

With the civil war in north and central China, the waters around Hong Kong have more than ever been crowded with smugglers. From Hong Kong to Canton, Macao, or other southern ports go guns and gold for guerrillas and bandits in the interior, or for the Annamite nationalists, fighting to the south in Indo-China. And back and forth go rich loads of silk and wine and other goods, the junks trying to slip past customs inspectors at dawn and dusk. Everything makes for happy hunting for Madame Wong.

The South China Sea marauders have seldom attacked steamships, concentrating instead on the packed junks. But, less than a year ago, the pirates pulled their boldest stunt. On December 15, 1947, near Hong Kong, they held up a Dutch ship of 4522 tons, the *Van Heutz*. They controlled the ship for fifteen hours after robbing the passengers of $500,000 and jewelry and then took six wealthy Chinese with them for ransom when they escaped on one of their fast motorized junks. Subsequently they demanded 100,000 Hong Kong dollars (about $25,000) ransom for each.

Reports from Hong Kong have attributed this record piracy to a man named Ling Ling, who signed the ransom notes with this obvious pseudonym. But from Macao private information has indicated the likelihood that the hold-up was staged by part of Madame Wong Kung Kit's gang, although she herself took no part in it.

Since Wong's death, his widow has maintained her headquarters somewhere in Bias Bay, authorities believe, in one of the coves which for centuries have been pirate havens. But occasionally she has been seen back in Macao. On one of her recent visits to the port, it is said that she was ac-

Look Better-Feel Better

IN A NEW "Hy-road" BY Paragon

Chamois finish felt—perfection itself. The crown is high, the brim is medium wide, the folded band is handsome. $7.50

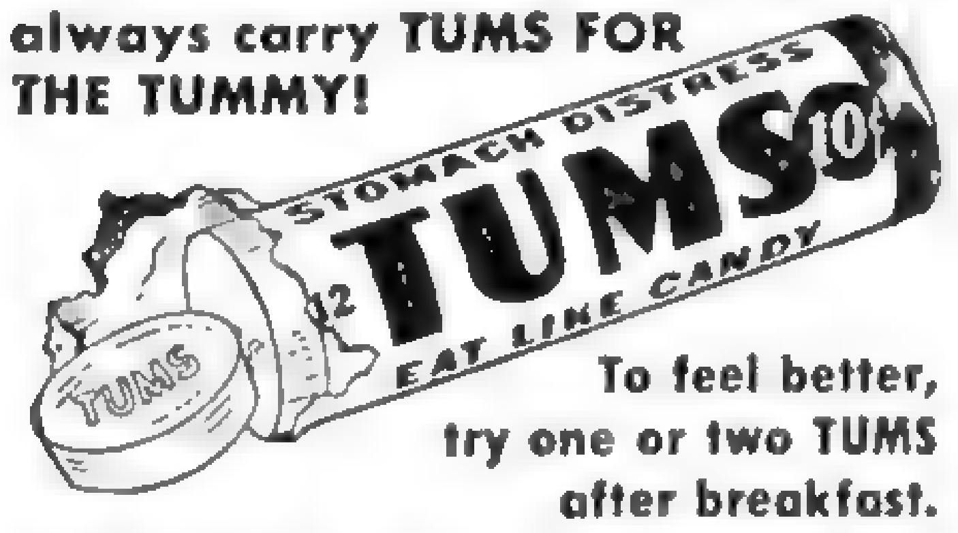
At Good Stores Everywhere
Other Paragon Hats $5 to $10

PARAGON HAT CO., CHICAGO 10

can't sleep don't count sheep—count on TUMS

Acid indigestion is one of the common causes of sleepless nights. So before you slip into bed, slip one or two Tums in your mouth. Tums bring you sweet relief almost instantly—let you get to sleep faster, sleep better. There is no baking soda (bicarbonate) in Tums. No risk of over-alkalizing—no acid rebound. Ask for Tums today.

Night and day, at home or away, always carry TUMS FOR THE TUMMY!


To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

TUMS are antacid, not a laxative. For a laxative, use all-vegetable NR tablets (Nature's Remedy). Try a 25-cent box!

companied by a man named Tong, one of her late husband's top cutthroat aides, who has been rumored as her new romantic interest. They stayed with "friends" on the hill above the town, and in the evenings they are said to have roamed the dance halls and the gambling parlors of Macao. Madame Wong, the story goes, was gorgeously dressed in the best Chinese silk skirts and brocaded blouses. In her pocketbook she carried a small pearl-handled gun, which she did not mind showing, and she had another, smaller gun strapped to the inside of her left leg—her skirt being slit at the right.

If these reports are true, it would seem that Madame Wong is moving about pretty freely these days, and the reasons are easy to understand. In the first place, it would be hard to obtain proof of her postwar piracies. But, more important, there are still too many tender necks that might be broken if she were to tell what she knows of her husband's multifarious doings for the mutual advantage of himself and the Japs during the war.

So Madame Wong goes free and enjoys her landlubber jaunts, while the scared men who want to forget the past hold their breaths until she goes back to sea and to the activities everyone knows she conducts. Since she seems full of petite feminine delicacy ashore, people find it hard to imagine her toting her guns along the decks of her fleet.

In the last year, with the occasional help of British corvettes, the Chinese have had some success in rounding up stray pirates in southern waters. But these are the amateurs. The growing chaotic condition of China as a result of the civil war and inflation is more likely to see an increase in piracy as a whole. And it's a safe bet that if and when the age-old profession is ended by force, one of the last to go will be the fearless and decorative Madame Wong Kung Kit, her motorized fleet and her twin pistols, her jade ornaments, and her ivory cigarette holder; for the lady is a pirate in the best jolly-roger tradition. ##

Continued from page 81

MAYFAIR Slacks

Men who prefer the BEST in SLACKS, say
MAYFAIR SLACKS
CORMAN & WASSERMAN INC.
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND

SCALP FEEL TIGHT AS A VISE ?

LET FITCH'S IDEAL AND THE JIFFY RUB LOOSEN IT UP

THEN LOOK AND FEEL EXTRA GOOD!

Put that feeling of new life into your tight, itchy scalp with Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. Its healthful action with massaging stimulates circulation—relieves itching scalp—helps prevent dandruff — and helps check falling hair. For a pepped-up, tingling scalp and handsome hair, use Fitch's Ideal daily. Ask for Ideal at barber shops and drug counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fitch's
IDEAL HAIR TONIC

Give... Give enough!
THROUGH YOUR COMMUNITY CHEST

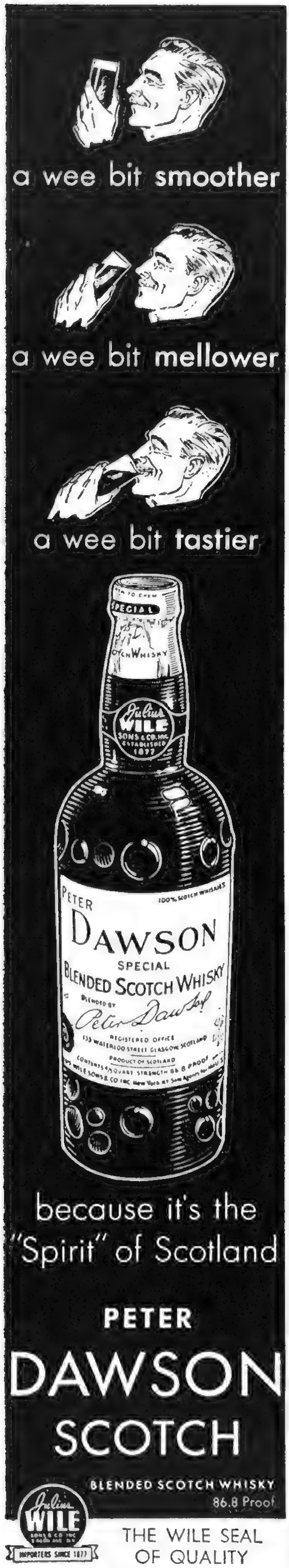
fashion favorite . . .

. . of America's best-dressed men, the Marly casual corduroy coat is seen at the big games, on campus, at the horse shows—at all informal occasions. It's a whole fall wardrobe in one inexpensive jacket, for matched with different slacks you can build four or five handsome outfits around it. Impeccably tailored of rich, supple corduroy that wears like iron! Made in choice new shades of Arabian Tan, Slate Grey, Flag Blue, Maroon, Lovat Green, Bottle Green, and the Briar Brown, pictured. About $19.95

Ayrstar Original

If None at Your Favorite Store Write

STERN APPAREL CORP.
2101 SUPERIOR AVENUE
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO



a wee bit smoother
a wee bit mellower
a wee bit tastier
Peter Dawson Special Blended Scotch Whisky
because it's the "Spirit" of Scotland

PETER DAWSON SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 Proof

THE WILE SEAL OF QUALITY

Since 1877, the Wile Seal of Quality has been an unfailing guide to fine wines and spirits. Always look for the Wile Seal . . . it is your assurance of superior quality. Julius Wile, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

glass houses and stones

I cordially invite Darrell Huff to visit Long Island, home of "Colonial" homes. Now and then a mastermind talks the little lady into functional housing, and spends the rest of his weary days peeking through venetian blinds for a glimpse of the elusive sun.

A neighbor of mine built himself a cute, convenient little one-story ranch house . . . on a 50-foot lot. It is shaped like an "L," with the long arm parallel to the street. The short arm is his living room, and one wall is all glass, facing a terrace which runs the length of the long arm. He built it in a grove of trees a block long, the other 800 feet of which he could not, of course, include with his $10,000 house. At $1000 a lot, that patch of timber came right high.

He settled down to enjoy the view. Oaks, robins and cottontails must have delighted his rugged heart as he sat by his hearth with the world at his feet. However, his house did the trick. Everybody liked it. Everybody bought one of just the same design.

The builder did not want to be accused of putting up "row houses," so each alternate house faces the other way. My neighbor's all-glass living room now looks smack upon another all-glass living room, and this cozy setup is repeated four or five times down the block!

At first he and the newcomer worked out a schedule of who would pull whose venetian blind when, to gain a little privacy and sanctity of the home. He had grown tired of kibitzing Joe's bridge and grabbing a highball every time Joe set up another round. Having wearied of this schedule, he now has a neat little colonial window cut in his venetian blind. When his wife laboriously cleans the venetian wall, she often wonders why it was not plastered and papered to begin with.

Until decentralization permits the average American to buy lots of 100 x 200 or better, and architects ration their "original" designs one to the block, the "great sheets of glass" will only inspire the dubious envy of the Sunday driver who has not learned to appreciate the warm security of a Colonial henhouse, and its small-pane protection from the sordid views of a $10,000 suburban development.

O. G. KLINGER
Babylon, N. Y.

author's outlook

I'm afraid Joe is a victim of something that is worrying many modern architects: misapplication of the good things in design. One principle in designing a glass wall is that it must not face onto anything unreliable, such as trees owned by somebody else. A distant view is usually safe, of course; but lacking that, the owner of the house must have control of the outlook.

On limited lots, the usual answer is a screen in the form of a thick hedge or an attractive wall. Or, as in the case of one house I

17 jewel 14 Kt. Yellow Gold Watch with Key
17 jewel 14 Kt. Yellow Gold Ring Watch
17 jewel 14 Kt. Yellow Gold Watch with 18 full cut Diamonds set in Platinum
17 jewel 14 Kt. Yellow Gold Cuff Link Watch

In Style With
SCHULZ WATCHES
for All Occasions
TRADE JSch MARK

Schulz watches
Estb. 1924
Timed and Styled in our N. Y. Factory
304 East 45th St. New York 17, N. Y.
Available Through Your Own Jeweler

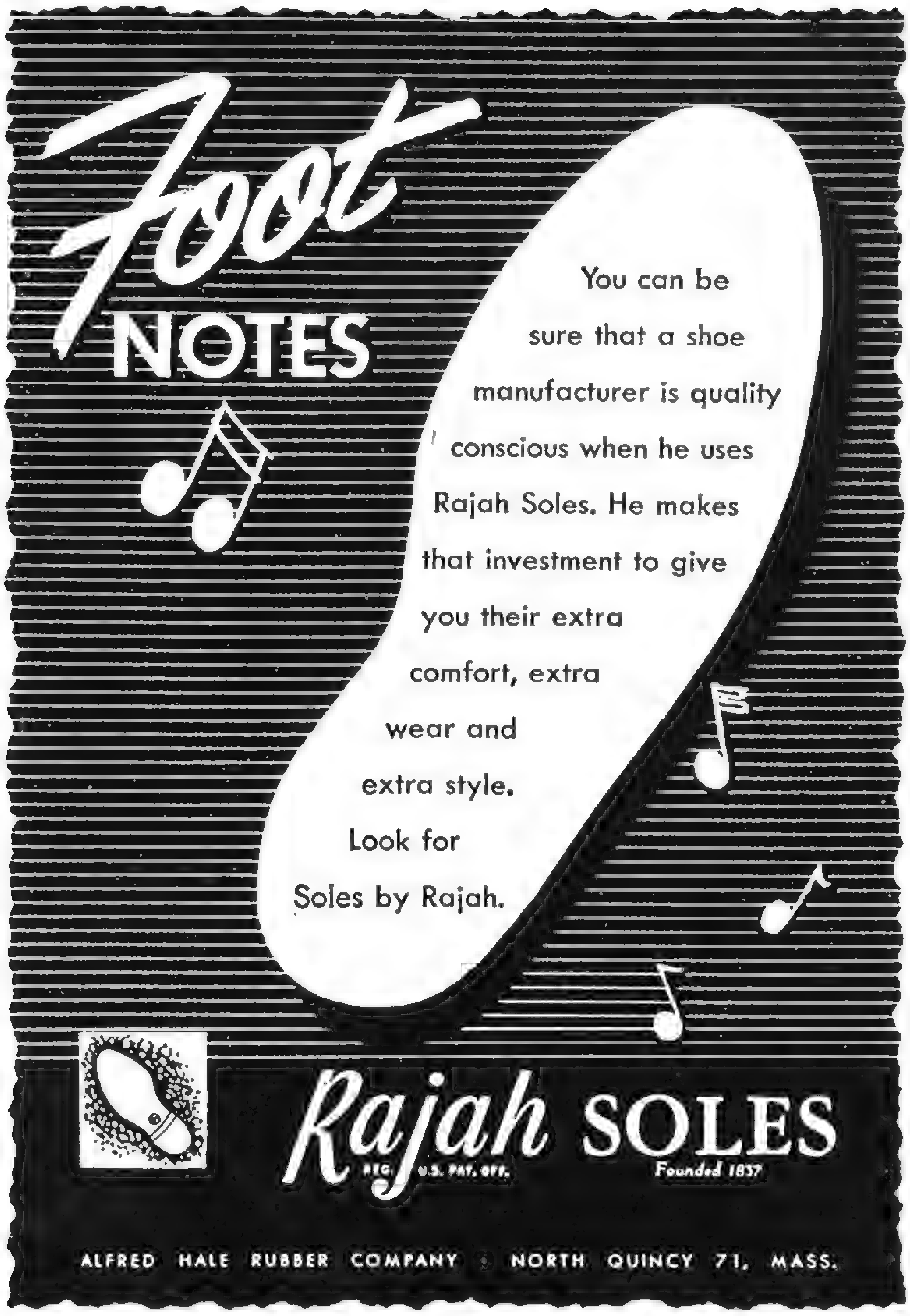
Made by America's proudest leather craftsmen, for men who demand the best! Featured at leading luggage and department stores. Write for booklet.

Illustrated above:
The "REXLOCK" case in choicest cowhide, with the exclusive combination lock.

R
REXBILT
Merry Christmas... Here's the "Rexbilt" you've been wanting!

GUARANTEED . . . BECAUSE IT'S BETTER!

REXBILT, 151 West 26th St., New York 1, N. Y.



Foot NOTES

You can be sure that a shoe manufacturer is quality conscious when he uses Rajah Soles. He makes that investment to give you their extra comfort, extra wear and extra style. Look for Soles by Rajah.

Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY · NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

GUNNING FOR FINER CORDUROY?

Insist upon Juilliard Featheroy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In corduroys, it's smart to aim for the extra softness and suppleness that assure fine tailoring, easy comfort. You'll find these qualities in Juilliard FEATHEROY . . . the original super-fine, super-light combed yarn corduroy, with *21 tiny ribs to the inch!* Look for the Featheroy label...it identifies the truly *different* corduroy!

Flightmaster Shirt by Mack (styled by Cavu) in Juilliard FEATHEROY. For list of stores featuring this shirt write to A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Juilliard Featheroy
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
VAT DYED-COMBED YARN

Juilliard
"Fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"

know, the house plus its extensions are combined with a fence until the major part of the lot is surrounded. The glass wall then looks onto lawn, garden, barbecue and wading pool—a limited vista, but an attractive one with total privacy.

My part of the country especially is full of houses that are traditional except for grabbing at one cliché of contemporary design—a glass wall or a "picture window." Either to impress the passerby or to grab customers (this from the builder's point of view), the big window is in the front of the house.

As with Joe, the window must be curtained all the time or the occupants have roughly the privacy of the people in the back apartments along the Chicago El.

I don't think Joe's experiences are any argument against contemporary design and glass walls. But they are a well-put warning against careless adoption of the clichés when not accompanied by the purposes that make them work. I'll even agree that a Cape Cod is better than a misdesigned "modern." But a good modern house is better than either.

I am watching the changing landscape through my plate glass wall as I write this.

Darrell Huff
Sonoma, Calif.

design for a huff

Mr. Huff's article in your July issue confirms my private contention that the male knows little or nothing about his dwelling. This is unfortunate, since for centuries male architects have been inflicting their short-sightedness upon the long-suffering female population, who must spend twenty-four hours daily trying to make those gloomy dust-catchers livable.

This house of Mr. Huff's for example, looks fine at first glance. But I notice no stairway is provided to the basement. Possibly there is a trapdoor in the kitchen? No? No basement? Then where, pray, is the furnace Mr. Huff mentioned? Or does Mr. Huff beguile himself that he can heat his cave with that flimsy fireplace?

The living-dining area is a hostess' dream. But pity the poor guest who rises late and can reach the bathroom only by traipsing through the breakfasting children and the cooking clothed in his bathrobe and morning fog.

Little faults like a closet that opens into the refrigerator and a kitchen which could not possibly have storage space for more than a fifth and a coffee pot are forgivable to an understanding woman, but, gentlemen, that awful chasm that yawns between His bed and Hers!

Mrs. B. F. Zander, Jr.
St. Albans, W. Va.

a chance to share

I am a Medical Student at the Cardiff Royal Infirmary. I have, during many conversations with our patients, noticed a tremendous liking for Esquire. I wonder, therefore, if I may plead with your kind readers to send me the spare magazines they may have?

Your magazine compared (very much to American credit) with our own rather austere periodicals provides, by means of its glossy pages, advertisements which sa-

Continued on page 1

EVERY TUXEDO ever made is a special suit for special occasions. But only Middishade's new Middi-Tux tuxedo is a SPECIALIZED suit—with all that implies in terms of higher quality, greater comfort, added style.

Middi-tux
TUXEDOS
AND MIDDISHADE SUITS
the biggest 60 dollar value

This specialization—this unswerving concentration on suits at ONE popular price—begins at the mill where the all-wool worsteds are made and ends with our last fine touch of tailoring. That's why no other tuxedo ever made is anything like the midnite blue Middi-Tux ... at anywhere near its price! A penny postcard to Middishade, 16th and Callowhill, Philadelphia 2, Pa., will bring you the name of the dealer near you.

Bed Manners

This investigative, worldly-wise and hilarious work, we assure you, is the last word on Bediquette for married people! It is an assurance against **faux pas** by the perplexed individual whose going-to-bed foibles are sending little roomie out for fittings in a strait-jacket. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to spend thousands of nights. This is called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen just when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this amusingly instructive book today! It's full of roguish wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover.

Now selling in its *12th Edition* — Millions of readers can't be wrong!

• • •

CLEVER GIFT FOR BRIDES AND GROOMS

Only $1.98 postpaid! Money-back guarantee if you are not delighted!

247 riotous pages!

How to be well-bed in 37 sparkling, *wise-cracking* chapters.

Full of devilish illustrations.

• • •

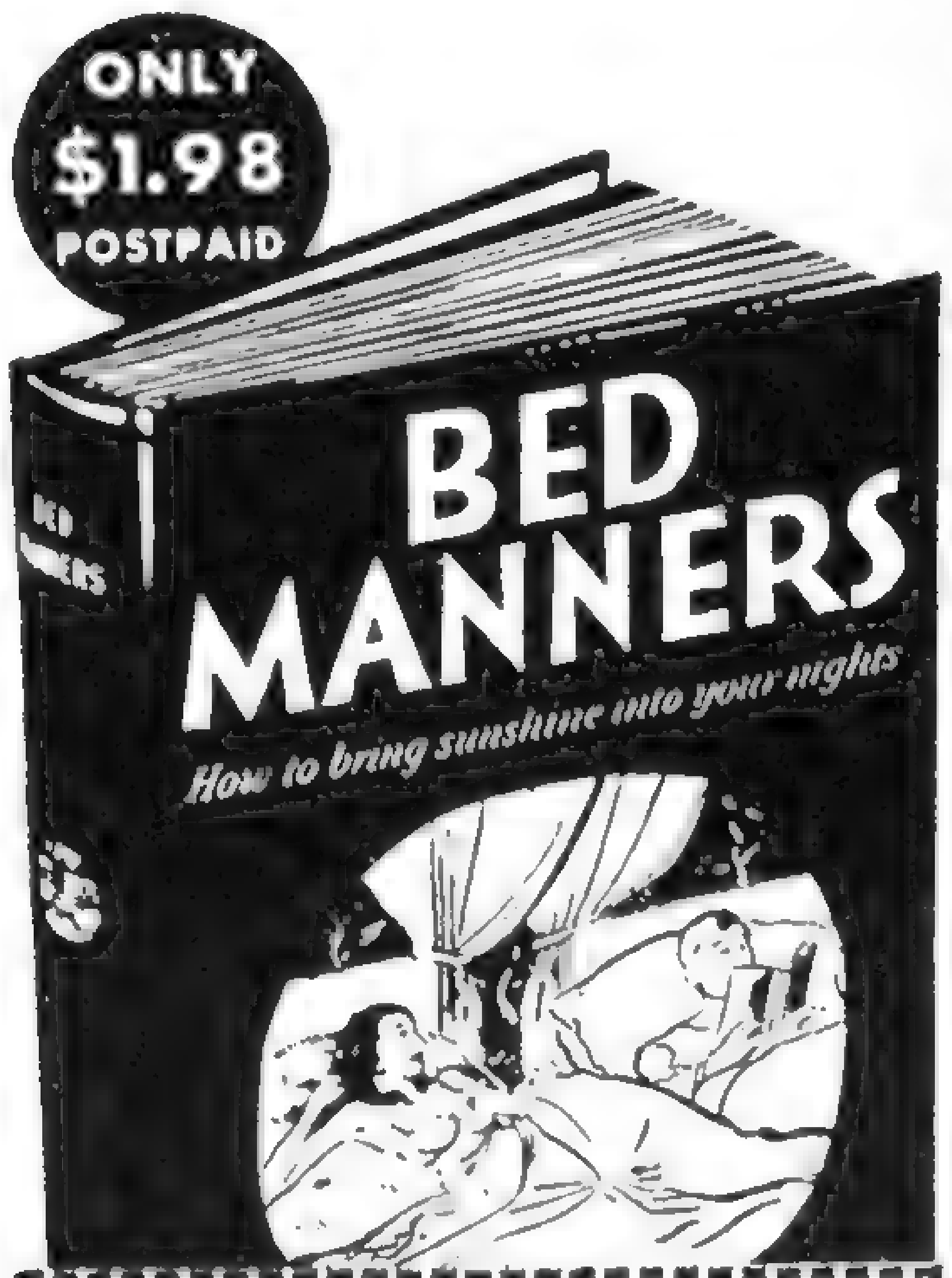
Now in one volume:

BED MANNERS and BETTER BED MANNERS

by Dr. Ralph Y. Hopton and Anne Balliol with illustrations by John Groth

Mail the coupon now, and your little helpmate will never serve you ground glass in your cereal! Anyway, it's worth ten times the amount as a gag for friend wife or husband—for their secret little antics are all here! 37 hilarious chapters include dissertations on "How to Get Undressed," "A Short History of Bed Manners" (the early French had some peculiar ones!) and "The Seven Great Problems of Marriage."

Act Quickly and Get This Rare, Witty, Two-Books-in-One Volume by Return Mail!



ARDEN BOOK CO., Publishers. Dept. 8111
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Rush me my copy of BED MANNERS. It'll delight or my money back in five days.
☐ I enclose $1.98. Send it postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay $1.98 plus postage.
Name ____
Address ____
City and State ____
C.O.D. in U.S. only. Foreign, send $2.50 in U.S. Funds.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 185

vor of paradise, good stories, and Technicolor pictures, a very pleasant means of passing a very wearying time.

Please, good people, do your best, and if I am set a Herculean task in distributing the magazines, I shall be as pleased as a sheep with two tails. And so will the patients!

D. IREHAROE JONES, B.Sc.
Canton, Cardiff
Wales

phone booth finale

Now that Mrs. Mary Munn's letter in July's *The Sound and the Fury* has resurrected the sleeping dog, *Soliloquy in a London Phone Booth,* I should like to suggest that no further reference be made to the misadventures of visiting Americans with our kiosks. Heaven knows of what IQ Europeans will suspect my favorite people when they learn Americans cannot follow the simplest instructions of inserting two pennies and either pressing Button A when the desired party answers or Button B when the operator says there is no reply. What could be less complicated?

For Mrs. Munn's information the emergency button is not black; it is white, with the word EMERGENCY clearly printed across it.

MCKENZIE IAN DOW
Aberdeen, Scotland

what about McCarthy?

So Mr. Charles B. Roth, writing in your July issue, said that Mr. Louis Cyr was the strongest man who has ever lived, that his crowning achievement was a backlift which totaled 4300 pounds.

But what about the Mr. P. J. McCarthy of St. Louis, who in 1898, using his arms, legs and back, raised a platform holding a load of stone which weighed 6370 pounds? Certainly, that put Mr. McCarthy at the head of the class.

WILLIAM D. WILHITE
Franklin, Ind.

stronger than fiction

Before I will admit that *anyone* belongs at the head of the class in strength above Louis Cyr, I would have to have more evidence of this McCarthy feat. I have searched diligently in strength records without finding his name—and I am still searching. The two outstanding authorities on strength—the late Alan Calvert and George Jowett—in the books I have, at any rate, do not mention the feat.

I doubt if the total is authentic, because Warren Lincoln Travis, with a platform lift of around 4100 pounds, is regarded as the holder of the American record.

CHARLES B. ROTH
Arvada, Colo.

bouncing bets

Men do not like—and never could,
The new look of longer hems,
Can they judge the flower of
  womanhood,
When they cannot see the stems?

POLLY MCKIBBEN
Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Continued from page 10

Be warm as a bear in Wool-o-Jac!

Weighs approx. 3 lbs.! Warmth for 20° below!

Enjoy warmth without weight in the new Wool-o-Jac, embodying the most advanced insulated construction. Tailored by Grais with full Laskin Lamb collar, zipper front and roomy pockets. Grand all-weather jacket for students, sportsmen, all outdoor men!

TRIPLE INSULATION

throughout body and sleeves keeps body heat in, and cold air out.

1. **PARA-TWILL** outer shell . . . extremely tight-woven lustrous fabric.
2. **ALL-WOOL INTERLINING** acts as perfect insulator with minimum of bulk.
3. **QUILTED RAYON LINING** prevents shifting of wool interlining and adds to insulative warmth.

SPORTSWEAR WITH GRACE BY Grais

Retails about $17.95. Write for name of nearest dealer.

RUBIN GRAIS & SONS, 325 S. Market St., Chicago 6, Ill.

For early shoppers, Esquire-wise

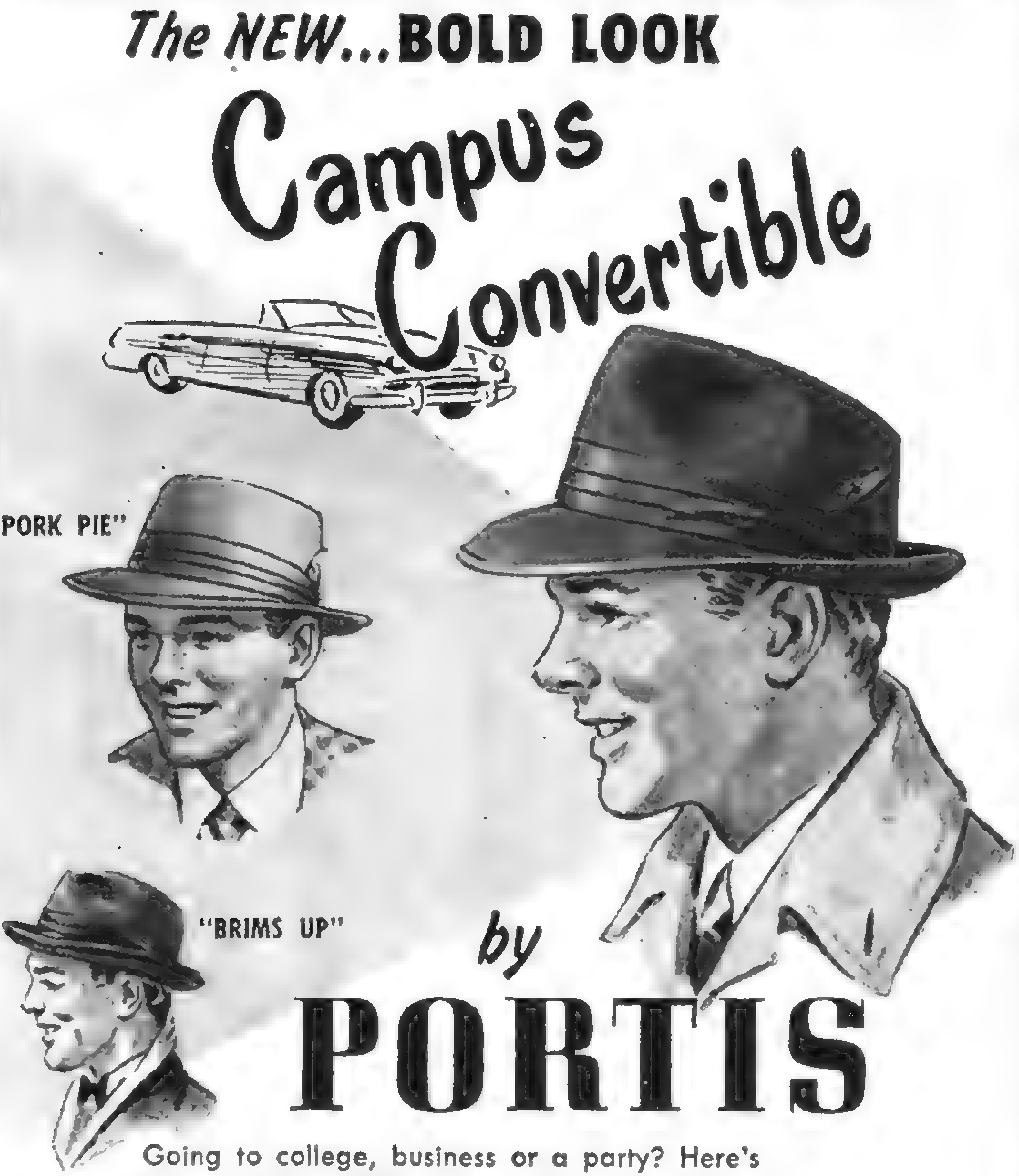
Esquire Offers the 1948 Star Pre-Holiday Package

Esquire's new pre-holiday gift package, carefully boxed and attractively wrapped in distinctive Esquire paper, contains the favorites that will delight you and your friends: the bewitching Esquire Girl Plastic Playing Cards, in their gleaming ebony and scarlet plastic container, and six full color Esquire Girl Score Pads—three Gin Rummy and three Bridge. This superb gift offer is only $7.95—much less than the price of the card set alone.

JUST SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY—(U. S. ORDERS ONLY)

Esquire Inc.—Box 1719—Chicago 1, Illinois
Enclosed is $____ in cash, check or money order. Please send ____ 1948 Star Pre-Holiday Packages to:
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____
Attention, Businessmen: Esquire Plastic Playing Cards with imprinted containers make wonderful advertising specialties. For detailed information, please address inquiries on your business letterhead to: Esquire Calendar Division, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

GET ON THE STYLE TRAIL WITH
ELASTIC TOP
Jerks Socks®
CANYON TONES
FOR FALL AND WINTER
NEW!
COLORFUL!
STYLEFUL!
55c TO $3.50
AT YOUR FAVORITE
HABERDASHERY OR
DEPARTMENT STORE
JERK THEM ON
THEY STAY PUT
JERKS-SOCKS INCORPORATED • CINCINNATI, OHIO


The NEW...BOLD LOOK
Campus Convertible
"PORK PIE"
"BRIMS UP"
by
PORTIS

Going to college, business or a party? Here's the versatile CAMPUS CONVERTIBLE. Snap brim or porkpie for smart everyday wear . . . Homburg for formal style when the brim is turned up. Exclusive corded band, luxurious fur felt. Handsomely lined, here is an individual PORTIS style which is a "three-way" hat wardrobe in itself.

$7.50

See your hatter or write

PORTIS HATS, CHICAGO 10, ILL.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

NOVEMBER, 1948

Aalborg Akvavit (Briones & Co.) 40
Abels, Robert 16
Abercrombie Co., David T. 27
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 15
Acme Plastic Hanger Company, Inc. 20
Adlew Jewelers 28
After Six (S. Rudofker's Sons, Inc.) 172
Air-tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 168
Albert Richard Sportswear 173
Allen-A Company, The 137
Allen Edmonds 189
Alligator Company, The 135
Amherst, Jane 16
Ampro Corporation 179
Ancient Bottle Gin (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 43
Anderson's Giftcraft Co., Horace 36
Angelus (Mercury Clocks, Inc.) 148
Anson Incorporated 161
Anthony, John J. 19
Aquamatic (Croton Watch Co., Inc.) 108
Arden Book Co. 186
Arpege (Lanvin) 133
Arpin Products, Inc. (Mini Motor) 180
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 103
Artkraft Manufacturing Corp. (Bev-Ette) 35
Atlantic Plastics Co. 20
Austin Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's) 110
Auto-Coin 30

Balfour Company, L. G. 18
Bar Mart 40
Barflize 21
Bates, Barbara 30
Battle Creek Equipment Co. (Exerow) 18
Bazar Francais 35
Bell's (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 176
Bendiksen Company, E. H. 19
Benedictine (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 157
Berghman Co., D. 21
Berkeley Square (Padi Clothes, Inc.) 175
Berman's Collateral Loan Bank 27
Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc. (I. W. Harper) 106
Bev-Ette (Artkraft Manufacturing Corp.) 35
Big Dipper (L & H Stern, Inc.) 174
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Company) IV Cover
Bond Clothes 19
Booth's House of Lords (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 38
Breitling Watch Corp. of America (Chronomat) 142
Briones & Co. (Aalborg Akvavit) 40
Bropar Distributors 36
Brown Derby Hollywood Products, The 28, 35
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation (Old Forester) 26
Brownscope Co. 18
Brownstein-Louis Company (Hendan) 145
Bruce Company, The 20
Burger, Joseph 22

Cadillac (K. B. S. Shoe Co., Div. General Shoe Corp.) 153
California Sportwear Company ("Elegante") 154
Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 11
Camp & McInnes, Inc. 29
Campus Convertible (Portis Hats) 187
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Cinzano 188
  Johnnie Walker 127
  Water 167
Carillon Importers Ltd. (Harwood's Canadian) 125
Castle Films 39
Catalina, Inc. 149
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import Corp.) 119
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 15
Christy Co., The 189
Chronomat (Breitling Watch Corp. of America) 142
Cinzano (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 188
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 103
Cobbs 17
Columbus, The 38
Concord Shoes, Inc. 18
Concord Watch Co. 169
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 35
Coopers Inc. (Jockey) 131
Corcoran, Inc. 27
Corman & Wasserman Inc. (Mayfair) 183
Cortina Academy 17
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. ("Great Dane") 131
Crane's 22
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 188
Crestknit (The Greenspoon Co.) 162
Cross Pencil Co., A. T. 15
Croton Watch Co., Inc. (Aquamatic) 108
Crown Craft Products 18
Crown Luggage Co., Inc. 177
Cruver 170
Crystalier Co. (Aqua-maid) 35
Curtis Shoe Company, Inc. 128

Daks (Simpson Imports, Inc.) 156
Davis Mfg. Co. (Hite-Builders) 20
Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 184
Dennis Company, The Martin (Lexol) 38
Detective Book Club 7
DeWitt, Carol 27
Dobbs Hats II Cover
Dresner & Son Inc., S. (Gladiator) 164
Dutch Masters 144

From New York State's Garden of the Vines . . .
From these famous Cellars where "Captured Flavor" is tradition . . .
these two celebrated
Champagnes
BRUT
VERY DRY
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne
BRUT
DRY
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagnes

THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY
Vineyardists and Producers
Est. 1880
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

2 ways to make the world's finest cocktails!

Vermouth makes the cocktail . . . and CINZANO (from Italy and France) makes the world's finest vermouths. Ask for these distinguished imports.

ITALIAN SWEET
FRENCH DRY
PERFECT MANHATTAN
FINER DRY COCKTAIL
CINZANO VERMOUTH TORINO
CINZANO FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH
CINZANO DRY

A delicious aperitif before meals is CINZANO Italian straight, iced with a twist of lemon.

CINZANO

IMPORTED VERMOUTHS

Sole U. S. Importer, **CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.**

ACE SPORTSCASTER

Harry Wismer*

BELONGS TO THE

Spiffy Secret Circle

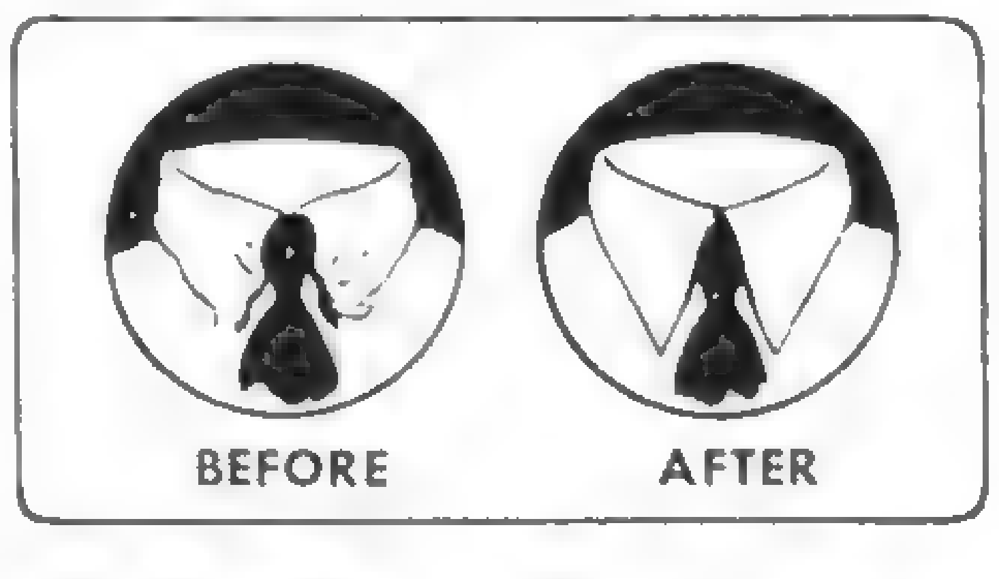
OF COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" SMARTNESS

*Sports Director, American Broadcasting Company, Assistant to the President, Stations WJR (Detroit), WGAR (Cleveland), KMPC (Los Angeles).

CALLING the play for millions is a collar-wilting task . . . but not for ABC'S HARRY WISMER! He knows the secret that *keeps collar points down* and wrinkle-free all day long. It's SPIFFY!

Though no one sees your Spiffy Invisible Collar "Stay-Down" once you slip it on . . . what a difference the world sees in smart, *points-down* neatness. It's featherweight for soft-collar comfort.

Join Harry Wismer and other members of the "Spiffy Secret Circle." Share their secret of that successful look—slip on a Spiffy!



Self-adjustable to all collar lengths. Standard model **25c** . . . deluxe 24 kt. electro **gold** plated Spiffy. **50c.**

Spiffy INVISIBLE COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

At men's wear, department, drug, cigar and variety stores everywhere.

CREST SPECIALTY, 663 W. Washington St., Chicago 6

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Eagle Products 20
Eaton, Charles A. (Etonic) 171
Eddie the Cigar Man 20
Elco Manufacturing Co., Inc. 18
Electrical Industries, Inc. 36
"Elegante" (California Sportwear Company) 154
Elevators (Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.) 21
Elgin National Watch Co. 37
Ely & Walker (Quadriga) 156
Endicott Johnson Corporation (Johnsonian) 123
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 142
Etonic (Charles A. Eaton) 171
Eunice Novelties 22
Excel Garment Manufacturing Co. (Sno Fo) 153
Expanso (Knothe Brothers Company, Inc.) 107

Featheroy (A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc.) 185
Feldstein & Sons, Inc., Max (Tube-O-Loop) 20
Fiction Book Club 9
Fitch's ("Ideal") 183
Flex-Let Expansion Products 147
Flip-It, Inc. 176
Florsheim Shoe Company, The 25
Folker Fabrics Corporation 147
Forstner Chain Corporation 164
Forsts, The 34
Fownes 171
Fox-Knapp Manufacturing Co. (Woolmaster) 118
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) 169
Freeman Shoe Corp. 158
French Shriner & Urner 155
Friedman-Shelby Div., International Shoe Co. (John C. Roberts) 12
Frontier Trading Co. 16
Frye Shoe Co., John A. 15

Gem-Dandy, Inc. 124
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman Shoe Company) 104
General Slicing Machine Co., Inc. 20
Georgia Shoe Mfg. Co. 28
Gift of the Month, Inc. 35
Gilbert Company, The A. C. (Vitalator) 19
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. 188
Gillette Safety Razor Co. 17
Gladiator (S. Dresner & Son Inc.) 164
Grais & Sons, Rubin (Wool-o-Jac) 186
Grant's (Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.). 110
"Great Dane" (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.) 151
Greenspoon Co., The (Crestknit) 162
Gruen Watch Company, The 113

Haig & Haig (Renfield Importers Ltd.) 45
Hale Rubber Company, Alfred (Rajah) 185
Hamley & Company 36
Hammonton Park Clothes (Wm. B. Kessler Inc.) 13
Hanan and Son, Inc. 146
Hansen Gloves 162
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 30
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.) 106
Harris Tweed Association Ltd. 155
Hartmann Company 132
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 151
Harwood's Canadian (Carillon Importers Ltd.) 125
Hendan (Brownstein-Louis Co.) 145
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  Bell's 176
  Club Cocktails 114
Highlanders (Geo. E. Keith Company) 126
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 21
Holt & Company, Henry 27
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A. 18
Horn (Rice-Stix) 161
House of Crosby Square, The 163
House of Murphy 40
Hudder (Society Brand Clothes, Inc.) 115
Hull Mfg. Co. 20
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) 142
"Hy-road" (Paragon Hat Co.) 182

I. L. Tobacco Company, Inc. 27
"Ideal" (Fitch's) 183
Imco Mfg. Corp. (Top Hat) 28

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) . 130
Jarman Shoe Company (General Shoe Corp.) 104
Jerks Socks Incorporated 187
Jockey (Coopers Inc.) 131
Johnsonian (Endicott Johnson Corp.) 123
Juilliard & Co., Inc., A. D. (Featheroy) 185

K. B. S. Shoe Co., Div. General Shoe Corp. (Cadillac) 153
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) . 134
Keith Company, Geo. E. (Highlanders) 126
Kelly's, Jimmy 40
Kessler Inc., Wm. B. (Hammonton Park Clothes) 13
Kings, The 38
Knapp-Monarch Co. (Sparklet Devices, Inc.) 38
Knipe Bros., Inc. (Ward Hill) 136
Knothe Brothers Company, Inc. (Expanso) 107

The Chocolates of Connoisseurs

GILBERT

Chocolates

There are no finer . . .
Distinctively delicious,
supremely pure, strictly
high quality chocolates.
At fine stores and clubs.

JOHN O. GILBERT CHOCOLATE CO.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

THE 1949 Calendar FOR Sportsmen

From the pages of Esquire, six full color paintings, suitable for framing, of the most dramatic moments in sports history. ESQUIRE'S calendar is bound in handsome plastic cardboard binding. Only 50c. U. S. Orders only.

Just send in this coupon:

Esquire Inc.
ESQUIRE Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill.

Here is my check or money order (no stamps) for $__________

Please send me__________1949 CALENDAR(s) FOR SPORTSMEN. 50c each.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
Zone______ State__________

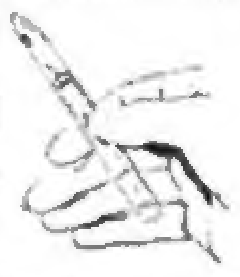
CHRISTY KNIFE
Aristocrat $3.00

NOW
in Smart NEW Gift Case

CHRISTY
Sliding Blade
KNIFE

It's the same slim, trim and amazingly useful Christy Knife—"the handiest pocket knife ever designed" . . . with this smart new brown-toned case to further enhance the attractiveness of the 3 DeLuxe Models. As a gift, or for yourself, this light, neat pocket knife meets the finest standards.

DeLuxe, in rolled gold plate at $3.00, $2.50 and $1.50 (plus Fed. tax). *Standard*, in stainless steel, $1. Chromium plated blade of finest razor steel, locks safely at 3 lengths and when closed. At men's stores, gift shops, tobacco counters, drug stores . . . or direct.



THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio

---

highest
quality
at the
lowest
price

FRUIT OF THE LOOM
GUARANTEE
If the Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price.
FRUIT OF THE LOOM INC.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

unconditionally guaranteed

FRUIT of the LOOM
men's and boys' **underwear**

Union Underwear
Company, Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Knox the Hatter.................. 109
Kuppenheimer.................... 33
Kuris Inc., Jack................. 21

Lakeland Mfg. Co.................. 160
Lanvin (Arpege)................... 133
Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce.... 40
Latt's Tie Bar.................... 17
Laughs Unlimited.................. 36
Law, Jonathan (Smoker's Robot).... 27
Lentheric, Inc.................... 157
Lewis & Conger.................... 21
Linguaphone Institute............. 16
Linnwood Mfg. Co.................21,22
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc.)........................ 175
Literary Guild of America, Inc....... 3
Long, Howard E. (Bar HL Brand)... 36
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.) 11
Los Angeles Sportogs Co........... 178
Lotus Shoes, Inc. (Veldtschoen)..... 143

Mackie Lovejoy Mfg. Co. (Setwell).. 21
Magician, The..................... 22
Mail Mart, Inc.................... 17
Mansfield......................... 177
Marly (Stern Apparel Corp.)........ 183
Martin, Peter...................... 27
Martin Ltd., Sam'l................. 28
Mayfair (Corman & Wasserman Inc.) 183
Meeker Company, Inc., The........ 181
Mendel-Drucker, Inc................ 167
Mercury Clocks, Inc. (Angelus)...... 148
Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart)..................... 111
Middishade (Middi-tux)............ 185
Mini Motor (Arpin Products, Inc.)... 180
Mooresville Mills.................. 129
Mutual Suspender & Belt Co. (Prairie)........................ 22

Namechain Mfg. Co................. 21
National Distillers Products Corp:
  Old Angus....................... 40
  Old Crow........................ 8
National Magic Company........... 21
Native Boot Company.............. 19
Navarro Bros...................... 36
Nettleton Company, A. E........... 121
Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M. (Lion of Troy)......................... 175
Noilly Prat (Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc.)......................... 163
Nosek, Adolph..................... 19
Novelty Products (Bubbl-matic)..... 17
Noveltyme Studios................. 40
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co................ 140
Nusbaum, Knitters, Inc. 143

Ogilvie Method.................... 189
Ohio Overcoat Co., The............ 179
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.).................. 40
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.).................. 8
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.)................ 26
Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Co.).. 112
Old Spice (Shulton)................ 138
Omega............................ 146
Orange Blossom (Traub Mfg. Co.)... 38
Ortho, Inc......................... 27

Pabst Brewing Company (Blue Ribbon)..............IV Cover
Pacific Mills....................... 105
Packalee Morgan................... 36
Padi Clothes, Inc. (Berkeley Square)........................ 175
Paragon Hat Co. ("Hy-road")....... 182
Paris (A. Stein & Company)......... 122
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords........... 38
  Harvey's........................ 151
  Private Stock.................... 180
  Reserve......................... 139
  Vat 69.......................... 31
Pee Wee House..................... 27
Pennock & Associates.............. 19
Penobscot Shoe Company (Trampeze) 28
Perry Sales Co.................... 28
Photo Playing Cards............... 22
Pinnacle Orchards................. 30
Pioneer.....................III Cover
Pleasure Pipe Co.................. 17
Polygator......................... 15
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake).... 134
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.)................. 190
Portis Hats (Campus Convertible)... 187
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.)................. 180
Pulitzer, Ben..................... 174
Puritan Knitting Mills, Inc., The.... 170
Pusch, Howard..................... 28

Q. T. Novelty Co.................. 18
Quadriga (Ely & Walker)........... 156

R-S Mfg. Co., The (Ace)........... 21
Rabsons.......................... 27
Radiant Manufacturing Corp........ 35
Rainbow Plastic Hanger Sales Co.... 16
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.)..... 185
Rand (Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co.)........... 44
Rani Products Co., Inc............. 22
Raxon Fabrics Corp................ 173
Ray Schools, The.................. 19
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.) 169
Renfield Importers Ltd:
  Haig & Haig..................... 45
  Remy Martin..................... 152
Rexbilt........................... 184
Rice-Stix (Horn).................. 161
Richter's 16
Ripon Knitting Works.............. 120
Robbins & Co., D.................. 30

Slipper Comfort
. . . Burly Scotch Grain

Think of it! Barefoot freedom in a ruggedly handsome, long-wearing shoe. No irritating nails . . . no pavement sting . . . no breaking in! That's the kind of comfort you enjoy in the only shoe with U-Turn Flexibility.

The Flying Scott: $18.95 ($19.45 west of the Rockies). Subject to change. See Classified Directory for dealer. Or order direct. Send for booklet "The Shoe of Tomorrow," Dept. EN.

"U-TURN" FLEXIBILITY
Perfect Support Without Confinement

THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

Allen Edmonds

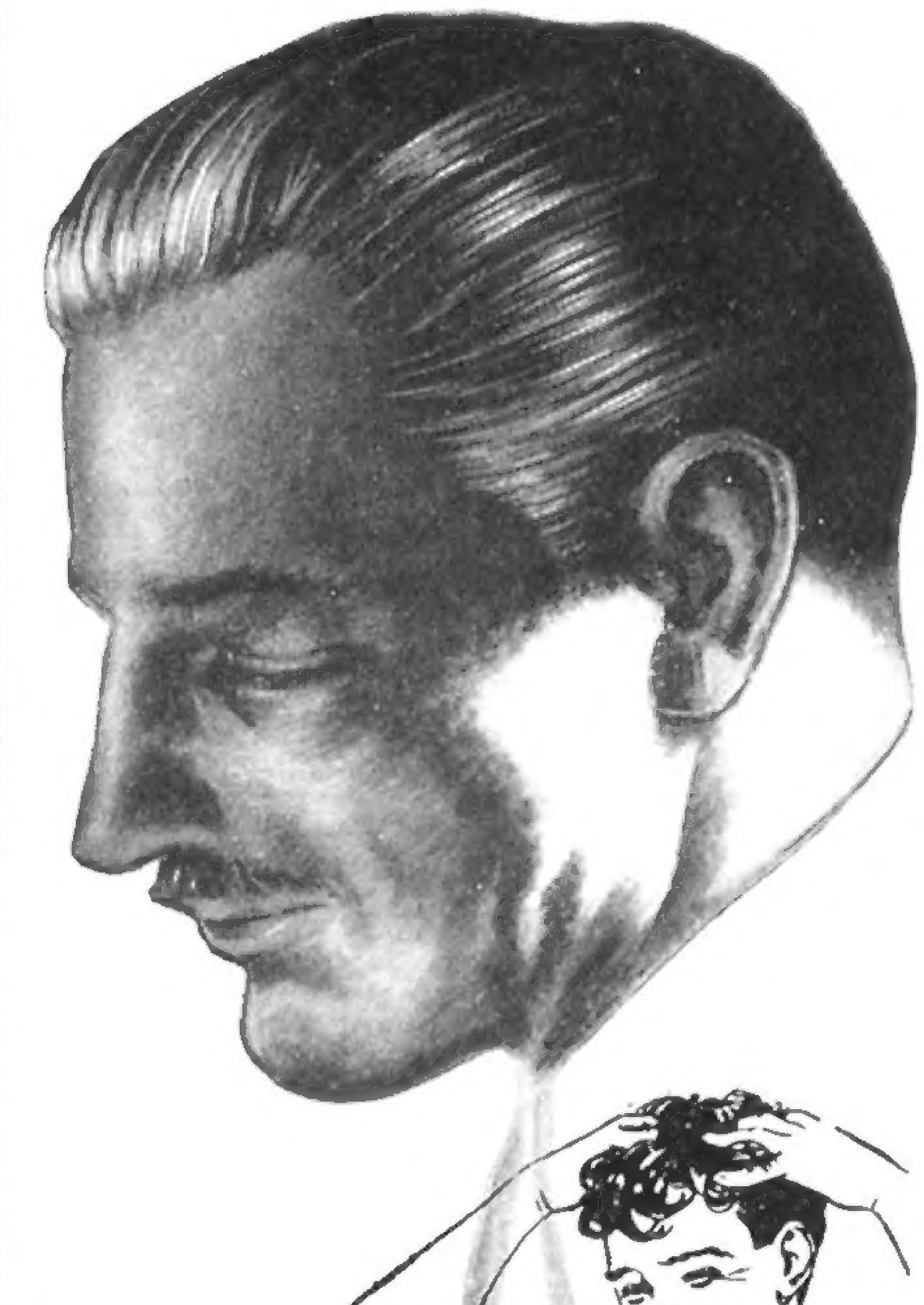
Allen Edmonds • Belgium, Wisconsin

IMPORTANT

especially at the top!

Good hair grooming is especially important to *leaders*. That's why so many top executives...and juniors who look to the future . . . rely on Ogilvie Method SPECIALIZED HAIR PREPARATIONS.

Write for Hair Care Booklet F-4



Ogilvie Method
HAIR
PREPARATIONS
FOR MEN

50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

At Drug, Dept. Stores

CASTILE SOAP SHAMPOO • POMADE • CREME HAIR DRESSING • LOTION FOR DRY HAIR

Portage
Shoes

Top-rank
STYLING

Portage designers *took the lid off* in creating the features of this *new* and really swagger pattern. Expertly crafted of rich, burgundy leather, its sharp styling is accented by the bold hand sewn vamp, reverse storm welt, and heavy triple sole. The traditional Boulevard quality built into this great shoe is your assurance of ace-high satisfaction.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

PORTAGE
THE ZIPPO
Model 6889

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Roberts, John C. (Friedman-Shelby Div., International Shoe Co.)...... 12
Roberts, Johnson & Rand Div., International Shoe Co. (Rand).... 44
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-tite)...... 168
Rudofker's Sons, Inc., S. (After Six).. 172
Rum and Maple.................. 30

Sandeman (W. A. Taylor & Co.)..... 141
Sanford Ink Company............ 158
Schieffelin & Co. (Trader Vic's)...... 38
Schulz Watches.................. 184
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (Ancient Bottle Gin)..................... 43
Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper).. 41
Shaw Co., Inc., Munson G. (Noilly Prat)................... 163
Sheraton Hotels.................. 38
Shulton (Old Spice).............. 138
Siesta Novelty.................. 16
Silvertex Company, The.......... 168
Simmons Slicing Knife Co.......... 172
Simpson Imports, Inc. (Daks)....... 156
Ski-Mo (Weldon Pajamas).......... 159
Sloves Silver Centre, J............ 20
Sno Fo (Excel Garment Manufacturing Co.)................... 153
Society Brand Clothes, Inc. (Hudder) 115
Society Club Hats................ 178
So-Lo Works, Inc. (Totes).......... 21
Spencer, William................ 27
Spiffy (Crest Specialty)............ 188
Sportex Foundations............. 30
Springs Mills.................. 24
Stein & Company, A. (Paris)........ 122
Stern Apparel Corp. (Marly)........ 183
Stern, Inc., L & H:
  Big Dipper.................... 174
  Zeus.......................... 35
Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve)............ 154
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators).. 21
Stoutfitters.................... 22
Stratojac (Winer Mfg. Co., Inc.)..... 144
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Company, Inc.)...................... 111
Stylepark Hats (Templeform)....... 141
Superba Cravats................. 181
Swank, Inc...................14, 117
Swiss Commerce Inc.............. 28

Taylor & Co., W. A:
  Old Smuggler.................. 112
  Sandeman..................... 141
Taylor Wine Company, The......... 187
Templeform (Stylepark Hats)....... 141
Tendick Shoe Mfg. Co............. 27
Terrace Novelties................ 27
TexTan of Yoakum............... 148
Textron Inc.................... 46
Tico, Inc...................... 15
Timely Clothes, Inc.............. 23
Tracy, Elane................... 30
Trampeze (Penobscot Shoe Co.)..... 28
Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom)... 38
Triangle Raincoat Co., Inc. (Weatherbee)................ 190
Tube-O-Loop (Max Feldstein & Sons, Inc.)...................... 20
Tums......................... 182

Union Underwear Company, Inc..... 189
Universal Geneve (The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc.)............ 154

V-Line Clothes Company.......... 145
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 31
Veldtschoen (Lotus Shoes, Inc.)..... 143
Venus Corp..................... 30
Vitalator (The A. C. Gilbert Co.).... 19

Wakmann Watch Company, Inc..... 152
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)................... 127
Wallis Palmer House.............. 30
Ward Hill (Knipe Bros., Inc.)....... 136
Ward Inc., Ashley F. (Nimrod Pipeliter)...................... 22
Warner Bros.................... 4
Weatherbee (Triangle Raincoat Co., Inc.)..................... 190
Weber Briars, Inc................ 35
Wedemeyer, Inc., Eric............. 28
Wehman Bros................... 22
Weldon Pajamas (Ski-Mo).......... 159
Wembley, Inc................... 116
Westminster, Ltd................ 32
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (Portage Shoe Mfg. Co.)................ 190
Wiesenfeld Co.............16, 18, 20, 36
Wilbar Sales Co................. 36
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius:
  Benedictine.................. 157
  Peter Dawson................. 184
Winer Manufacturing Co., Inc. (Stratojac).................. 144
Winthrop Shoe Company, Div. International Shoe Co............... 150
Wisconsin Cheese Makers Guild..... 22
Wonder Lock.................... 20
Woolmaster (Fox-Knapp Manufacturing Co.)................... 118
Wool-o-Jac (Rubin Grais & Sons).... 186

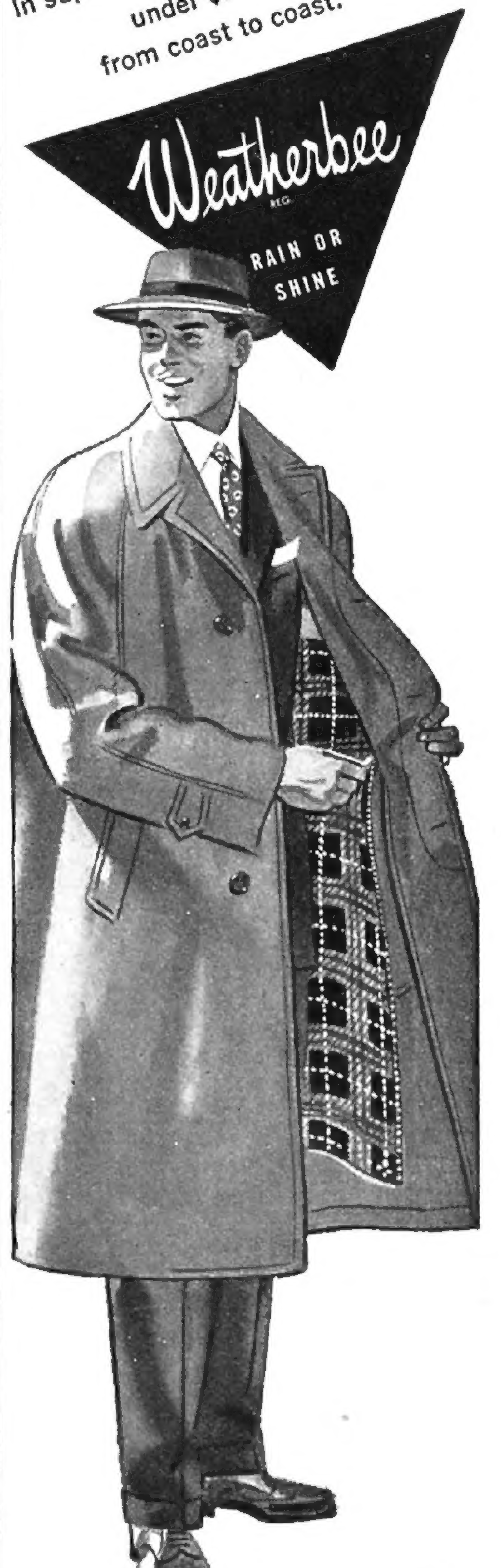
X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc... 18

Yield House.................... 16
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.)... 15

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Don't be a Damper Dan

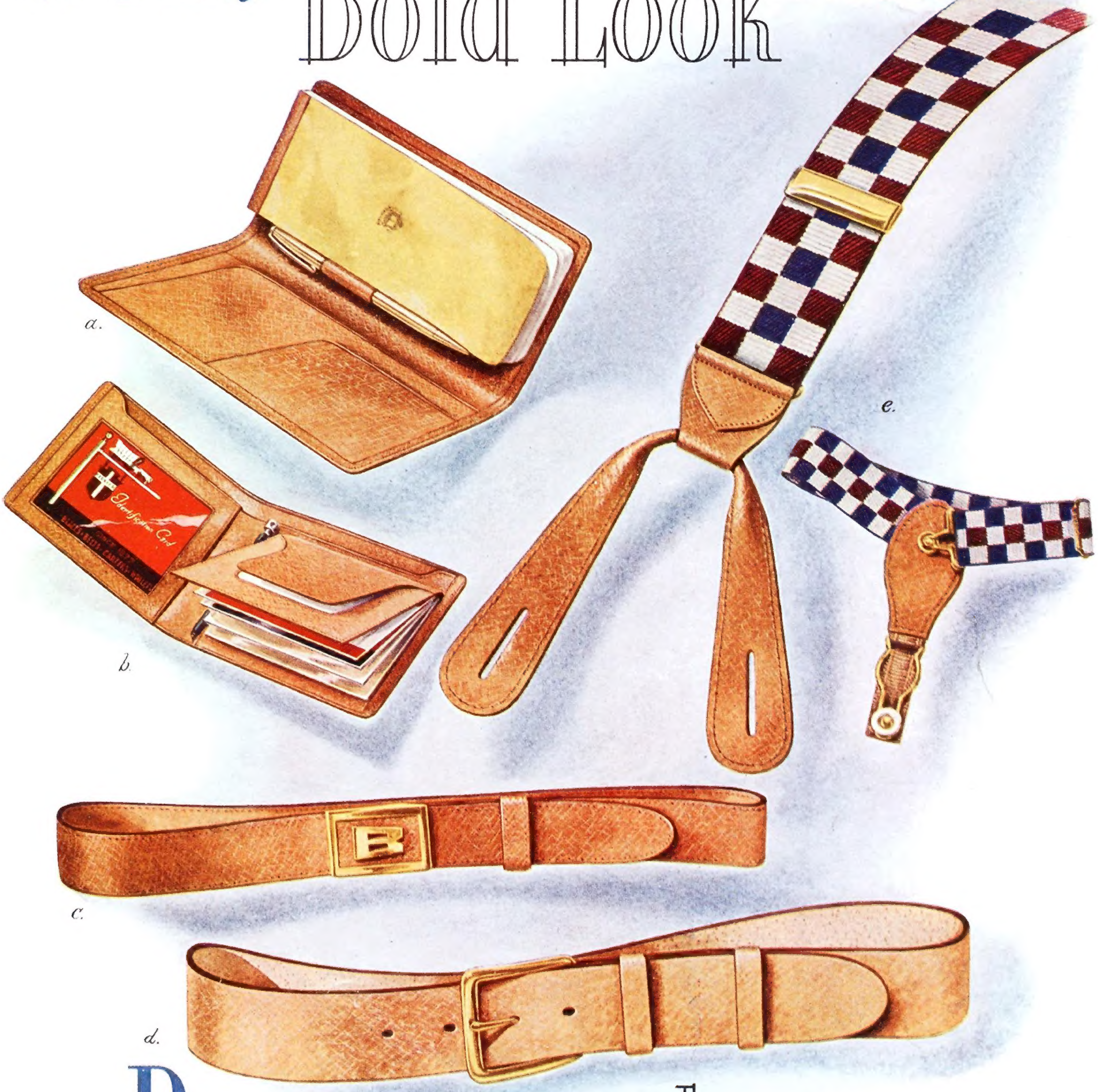
Three jeers for the guy in a droopy coat! Three cheers for a man who knows his Weatherbee way around—all year round! This showerproofed Weatherbee features an all wool zip-in warmer. In worsted and rayon gabardine, about **$37.50.** In superb Piedmont cotton gabardine, under **$30.** At fine stores from coast to coast.



Triangle Raincoat Co., Inc.
New York 18, N. Y.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For Smart Bold Look Accessories



Pioneer pigskin

Esquire
AUTHENTIC
BOLD LOOK

Esquire's Fashion Council has awarded the authentic Bold Look Seal to these handsome Pioneer pigskin accessories.

a. Pocket secretary, with note pad and gold-plated pencil . . . . $\$8^{50}$ plus tax

b. Wallet with note pad and ball-point pen . . . $\$5^{00}$ plus tax

c. Personalized (initialed) jewelry buckle with pigskin inlay; matching belt . . . $\$5^{00}$ plus tax on buckle only

d. Extra wide (1¼″) pigskin belt with solid brass buckle . . . . $\$4^{00}$

e. Bold Check all-elastic brace and garter set; pigskin trim . . . . . . braces $\$2^{50}$ garters $\$1^{00}$

At better men's wear counters everywhere

PIONEER U·S·A·
PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Served at "Fiddler's Green," the Home of

Jonathan M. Wainwright

Hero of Bataan, Defender of Corregidor

JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT

Holder of Congressional Medal of Honor; Distinguished Service Cross; Oak Leaf Cluster for distinguished service in the Philippines; Presidential Citation with two Oak Leaf Clusters for Valor.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer

Pabst
Blue Ribbon

Happy Days for *Jonathan Wainwright* and You!

JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT, relaxing in the den of his Texas home—or you, taking life easy in *your* favorite nook—will *both* find Pabst Blue Ribbon a pleasant, friendly companion.

That fine, real beer flavor was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing* and the *Science of Blending*. By tasting, by comparing, you'll see why millions have settled down to blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Pabst, Blue Ribbon, and the representation of a blue ribbon, are the registered trade-marks of Pabst Brewing Company. Copr. 1948, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin